June 22, 1940

# THE NEW YORKER

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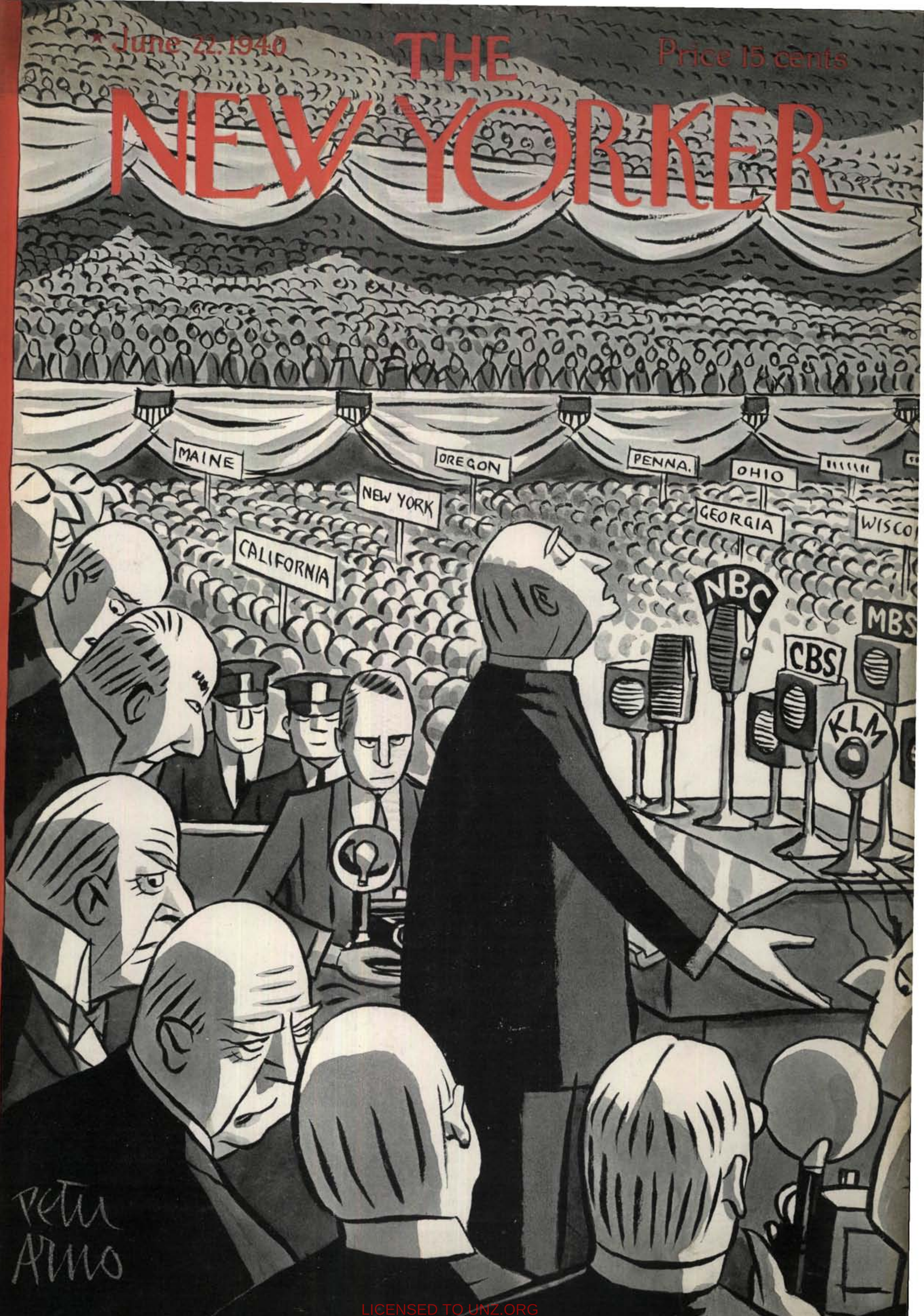
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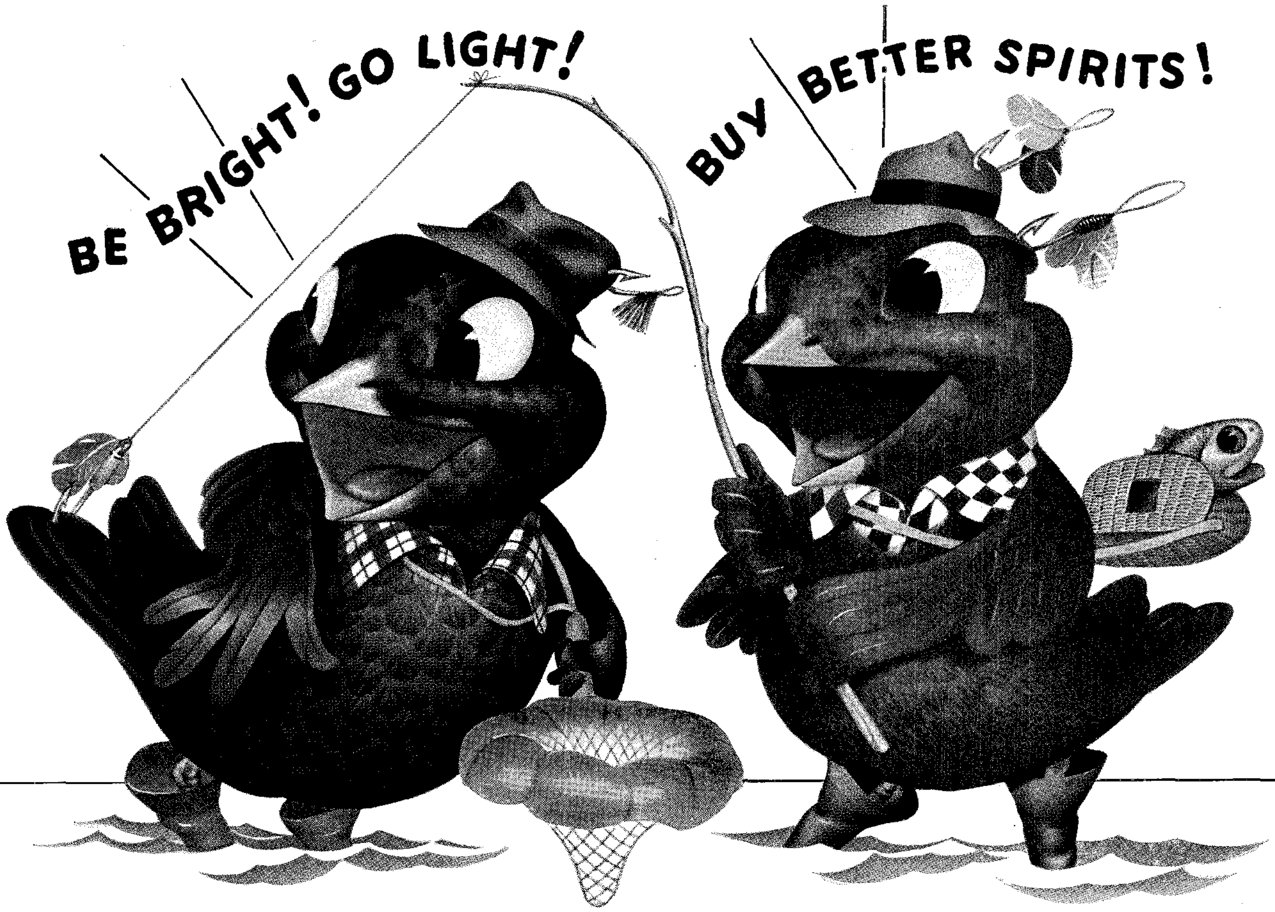
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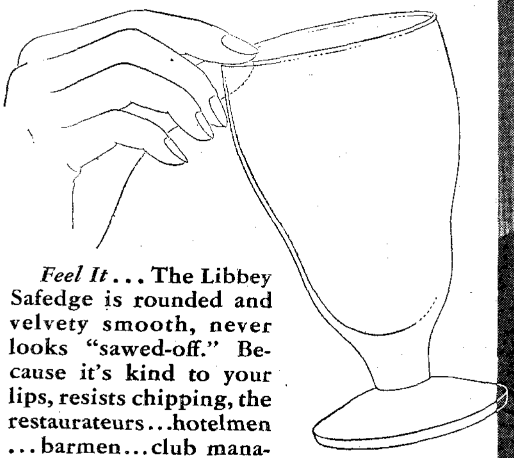

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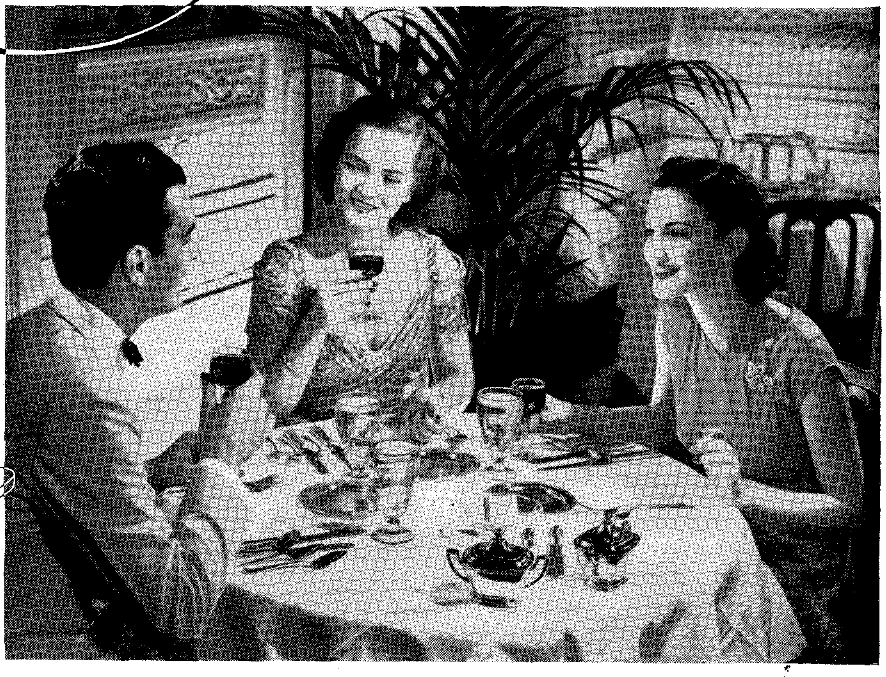

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 29. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.**

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Ladies in Retirement**—Poor Miss Fiske objects to having her guests track up the house with dead birds and driftwood and winds up in her own oven. One of the best English melodramas in years, with Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Life with Father**—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are excellent as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Male Animal**—Academic freedom made the subject of a real comedy which is more free than academic, thanks to James Thurber, one of the authors. The other author, Elliott Nugent, heads a gifted cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**There Shall Be No Night**—The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolation a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect in it. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Tobacco Road**—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Du Barry Was a Lady**—Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr at their clowning zenith in a musical which is handsome to look at and funny to listen to when it is not being *too* dirty. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**Keep Off the Grass**—A fairly routine musical, helped tremendously by Jimmy Durante, Ray Bolger, Ilka Chase, and many others, including a troupe of educated monkeys. James McHugh wrote the music and Al Dubin and Howard Dietz attended to the lyrics. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

**Louisiana Purchase**—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**New Hellz-a-Poppin**—A revised version of the rough-and-tumble vaudeville acts insanely led by Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**New Pins and Needles**—The Labor Stage's highly entertaining and instructive revue. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., June 22.)

**Walk with Music**—Kitty Carlisle, Mitzi Green, Betty Lawford, Frances Williams, and Art Jarrett are among those mixed up in this musical comedy, which is nothing if not summery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

### SUMMER STOCK

(No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

**Amherst**—Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler in "No Time for Comedy": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Kirby Memorial Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Clinton**—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

**Dennis**—Gertrude Lawrence in "Private Lives": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

**Great Neck**—"Some Call It Madness," a new comedy by Edith Ellis: through Sat., June 22. "Outward Bound": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:50.)

**Holyoke**—Alison Skipworth in "Criminal at Large": through Sat., June 22. (Mt. Park Casino, Holyoke, Mass. 8:30.)

**Ivoryton**—"The Astonished Ostrich," a new play by Archie Menzies: Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Fri.)

**Jutland**—"Susan and God," with Eddie Nugent and Louise Larabee: through Sat., June 22. "The Pursuit of Happiness," with Eddie Nugent: Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N. J. 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**Litchfield**—Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound": through Sun., June 23. "Springtime for Henry": Tues. through Sun., June 25-30. (Litchfield Playhouse, Litchfield, Conn. 8:45.)

**Maplewood**—Florence Reed, Julie Haydon, and Romney Brent in "Criminal at Large": through Sat., June 22. Sinclair Lewis and Frankie Thomas in "Ah, Wilderness!": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

**Mt. Kisco**—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., June 22. "French Without Tears," with Jane Sterling and José Ferrer: Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Route 117, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.; extra Mat. Fri., June 21.)

**New Hope**—"The Royal Family," with Peggy Wood, Louis Calhern, and Effie Shannon: through Sat., June 22. "Personal Appearance," with Lenore Ulric and Louis Calhern: Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

**Ogunquit**—Jimmy Savo in "Mum's the Word": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

**Pawling**—"A Lady Passed This Way," a new play by James Hagen: through Sat., June 22. "The Weak Link": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. at 3, Thurs.)

**Portland**—Helen Twelvetrees in "His Wife's Holiday": through Sat., June 22. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Maine Civic Theatre, Portland, Me. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed. and Sat.)

**Ridgefield**—Jane Pickens in "Tonight or Never": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

**Skowhegan**—"The Gorilla": through Sat., June 22. Vincent Price in "Poet's Corner," his own play: Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Lakewood Players, Lakewood, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

**Stamford**—"No Time for Comedy," with Helen Craig and Lloyd Gough: Sat., June 29. (Stamford Community Playhouse, 45 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn. 8:40.)

**Stockbridge**—Mady Christians and John Emery in "The Guardsman": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

**Suffern**—Ruth Weston and McKay Morris in "Mazeppa": Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:35.)

**Westboro**—Gloria Stuart in "The Animal Kingdom": Sat., June 22, and Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30.)

**White Plains**—"Two Weeks with Pay," a new revue by Ted Fetter and Richard Lewine: Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

**Woodstock**—"Something Gay," with Irene Purcell: Thurs. through Sun., June 27-30. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

**Ambassador Garden,** Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing.

**Biltmore,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Roof has just reopened, with Alvino Rey's orchestra providing the music and entertainment.

**Coq Rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting place to try if you want to have a casual good time. The Tisdale Trio and Nicki Raymond's orchestra are on hand to help you.

**Larue,** 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Plenty of room to dance in agreeably subdued surroundings. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

**Montparnasse,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A quintet plays for dancing.

**Pierre,** 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things in the new Café, where, at the supper hour, there are songs by Carol Bruce and, through Sat., June 22, music by Eddie Oliver's orchestra.

**Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre and his orchestra are playing in the Persian Room.

**Rainbow Room,** R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—José Fernandez and Monna Montes and Ben Cutler's orchestra will be replaced on Wed., June 26, by George Lloyd and Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael perform in the Rainbow Grill.

**St. Regis,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—It's circus time at the Viennese Roof, with all the trappings, from the big top to peanuts. Mary Parker and Bill Daniel are in the centre of the ring and Hal Saunders' orchestra supplies the oompahs. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

**Savoy-Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is singing in the Café Lounge. Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band. Dress preferred.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, with songs by Tony Martin and music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has a show more or less run by Xavier Cugat, hitherto a rumba specialist, who, in deference to the North American Way, now plays for all kinds of dancing. Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Cugat's at the supper hour.

**Miscellaneous**—At **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): no dancing, but, among other entertainers, there's Paula Laurence singing sly songs. Things start about 11 P.M. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and nice and cozy all around. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . **warwick,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded nook with a mite of a dance floor. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra (to be replaced by Joe Venuti's on Thurs., June 27). . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **st. moritz,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **bossert marine roof,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor is alone worth the trip. Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Connie McLean's band and other Negro folk entertaining late stayer-uppers. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): another lively late spot for the sturdy.

●

**Broadway Atmosphere**—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . . **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . . **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): half Broadway, half tropical, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and, through Thurs., June 27, Mary Jane Walsh. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Nano Rodrigo's orchestra and South American entertainment. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

**Al-Fresco Dining**—With dancing: **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954). . . . Without dancing: **CHATHAM WALK,** Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); **PAVILLON MARGUERY,** 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the Japanese Garden of the **RITZ-CARLTON,** Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the Sunken Plaza, Radio City (CI 6-5800).

**Pure Swing**—At the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with James P. Johnson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with Georg Brunis, the old-timer from New Orleans, and his orchestra playing every night except Sun. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

**Foreign Flavor**—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Two Viennese places started by refugees who carry on with lots of spirit, especially at the supper hour: **ALT WIEN,** 323 E. 79 (RH 4-8966); and **WIENER FIAKER,** 223 W. 80 (TR 4-9245).

## OUT OF TOWN

**Dancing at Nearby Places**—Ben Riley's **ARROWHEAD INN,** Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Ben Marden's **RIVIERA,** at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, and a show. . . . **WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB,** 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Chiquito's rumba band and Jack Towne's orchestra. . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **MEADOWBROOK,** on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Gene Krupa's orchestra.

**Further out of Town**—The Spanish Grill of the **MONMOUTH HOTEL,** Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330), with Walter Feldkamp's orchestra playing from 10 P.M. on. . . . **PERONA FARM,** Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600), with Ray Razzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.

**Note**—Wanderers in search of shore dinners out Coney Island way might try **LUNDY'S,** Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (DE 6-9090); **FELTMAN'S,** Surf Ave., Coney Island (CO 6-0046); or **VILLEPIGUE'S INN,** Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (SH 3-8000).

●

**Dinner in the Country**—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . **AMAWALK, N.Y.:** Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984). . . . **COLD SPRING, N.Y.:** Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . . **NEW CITY, N.Y.:** French Farms (New City 981). . . . **MT. KISCO, N.Y.:** Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **GREENWOOD LAKE, N.Y.:** New Continental Hotel, on Route 201 (Greenwood Lake 63). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . **CROTON, N.Y.:** Tumble Inn, on the Albany Post Rd. (Croton 931); dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves. . . . **SLOATSBURG, N.Y.:** Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.:** Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves. . . . **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.:** Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn, on Route 35 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.:** Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **SOUTHPORT, CONN.:** Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . . **ALPINE, N.J.:** Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.:** Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.:** Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

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## ART

**Abstractionists**—A small group of works by Americans, done mainly in a style midway between Kandinsky and Bauer: Museum for Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

**Boberman, Mège, and Ortiz**—Bold landscapes by Ortiz stand out in this show of three little-known contemporary Frenchmen: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 28.

**Dove, Marin, and O'Keeffe**—Selections from their shows of last season. The Marins in particular look better than ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 25.

**Europeans**—Max Beckmann, Paul Klee, Juan Gris, and Picasso in a lively mixture of German and French moderns: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; through June 28.

**Europeans and Americans**—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

**French Groups**—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: rather run-of-the-mill show of moderns; for the benefit of the French Artists' Aid. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 29. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **FRENCH ART,** 51 E. 57: nineteenth-century and modern paintings, among them a colorful early Picasso; for the benefit of Les Amitiés Féminines de la France. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 22. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: selected paintings from this gallery's collection. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

**Groups**—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: a charmingly tropical Lebduska in a diversified group of modern Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sept. 1. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: agreeably typical pieces by Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and others of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: Lebduska, Gerard Hordyk, and Louis Bosa are the standouts in a mixed collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through July 12. . . . **460 PARK AVENUE,** at 57: George Parker, Byron Thomas, Paul Lantz, and others in a seasonal review. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Brook, Mattson, Marsh, and—for old times' sake—a never-before-shown George Bellows. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: brisk, vigorous work by a group that includes Doris Rosenthal, Frederic Taubes, and Miron Sokole. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **WALKER,** 108 E. 57: a flamboyant Curry and a sunny seascape by Andrée Ruellan liven things up here. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: Benton, Bohrod, Soyer, and a lot of others in an end-of-the-season roundup. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 1.

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

**Persian Art**—Sixty centuries and some $10,000,000 worth of it—rugs, ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and just about everything else. The rugs especially are something to see: 1 E. 51. Weekdays 1 to 10 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 7 P.M.; through June 23.

**Red Cross Benefit**—A handsome, rarely seen Rembrandt and two fine van Goghs head a beautifully selected collection of paintings by Dutch, French, and English masters: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 29.

**Sculpture**—At the **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: plaques and bas-reliefs, with a fine De Creeft as the outstanding item. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 5, and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 22. . . . **ARDEN,** 460 Park, at 57: a new series of Wheeler Williams' pleasantly conventional garden sculptures. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 22.

**Van Gogh**—Fourteen paintings from the Netherlands government collection, most of them never shown here before; also, a collection of Dutch East Indies folk art: Holland House, 10 Rockefeller Plaza. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 28.

**Washington Artists**—Freshly fanciful oils by Bernice Cross lead the list in a showing of works by the Phillips Memorial Gallery's group: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28.

**Water Colors**—Nineteenth-century and contemporary Americans, from Arthur B. Davies and Winslow Homer to Barse Miller and Paul Sample: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 22.

**Women Artists**—Colorful, decorative, and occasionally exciting show of works by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors: Argent, 42 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28.

**Here and There**—At the **SCHOENEMANN,** 605 Madison, at 57: paintings by seventeenth-century Dutch artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 22. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: selected paintings from the 1939 San Francisco World's Fair. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **MORTON,** 130 W. 57: oils by Gerald C. McGerr and water colors by Wolfgang Wolff. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 28.

## MUSIC

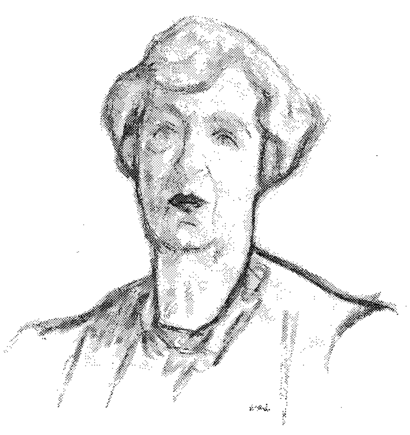
**Stadium Concerts**—Philharmonic-Symphony—Rodzinski conducting, Thurs. through Wed., June 20-26, and Sat., June 29. Smallens conducting, Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28. Special features: Serkin, June 20; Spalding, June 22; Robeson, the Schola Cantorum, and the Wen Talbert Negro Choir, with Mark Warnow as guest conductor for two compositions, June 24; the Ballet Theatre in "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Voices of Spring," June 27-28. (8:45 P.M. Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400.)

**Goldman Band**—At **CENTRAL PARK MALL,** Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves., at 8:30; **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

**Opera**—The Salmaggi Company presenting "Aïda," Sun. Eve., June 23, at 8:20 (CI 7-1233). A performance of "Carmen," presented by Features Presentations, a benefit for British war relief, Fri. Eve., June 28, at 8:30. Tickets: Mrs. George Seymour Repton, Hotel Delmonico. VO 5-2500. (Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55.)

**Out of Town**—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts., at 4. . . . Eigh-

● ●



MRS. CHARLES S. GUGGENHEIMER,

*better known to her friends and associates as Minnie, now in her twenty-second season as chairman of the Lewisohn Stadium concerts committee, and we don't mean honorary chairman. The rainy spring was her doing, she admits; she wished hard for it, so the rain would be all gone by the time the concerts started.*

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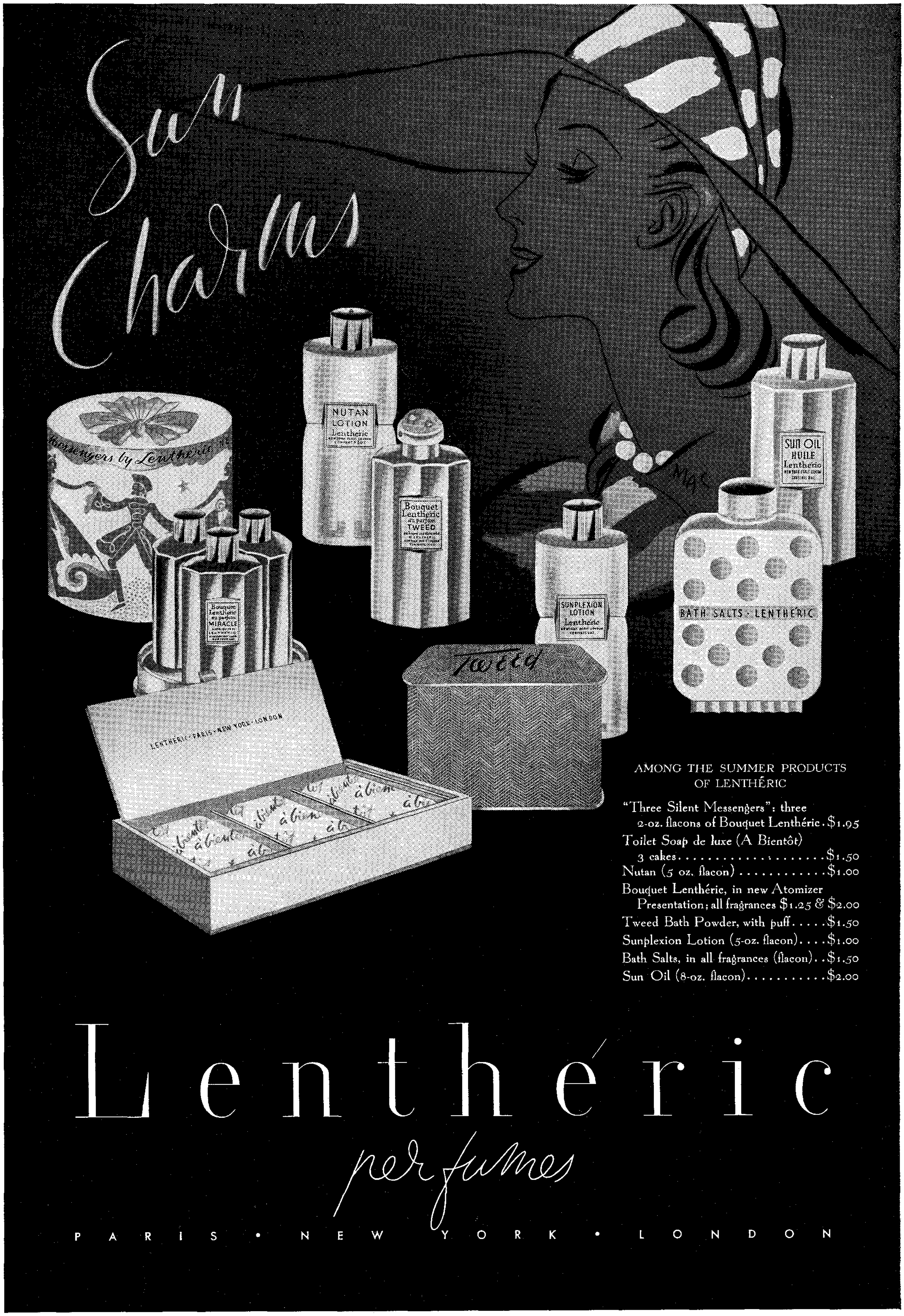
Sun Charms
Messengers by Lenthéric
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Bouquet Lenthéric au parfum TWEED
Bouquet Lenthéric au parfum MIRACLE
SUN OIL HUILE Lenthéric
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| Bouquet Lenthéric, in new Atomizer Presentation; all fragrances | $1.25 & $2.00 |
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| Sunplexion Lotion (5-oz. flacon) | $1.00 |
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| Sun Oil (8-oz. flacon) | $2.00 |

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

teenth-century music by the Bach Circle of New York: The Playhouse, on the estate of William Matheus Sullivan, Ridgefield, Conn., Sun. Aft., June 23, at 4. (Tickets: Bach Circle of New York, 63 W. 56. CI 6-9787.) . . . Lily Pons, in a benefit recital for the American Field Service: Pickwick Theatre, Greenwich, Conn., Fri. Eve., June 21, at 9.

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., June 28, at 3:15; and Sat. Aft., June 29, at 3. . . . **polo grounds**: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs. Aft., June 20, at 3:15. Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri. Aft., June 21, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., June 22, at 3; and Sun. Aft., June 23 (doubleheader), at 2. Giants vs. St. Louis, Mon. and Tues. Afts., June 24-25, at 3:15; and Wed. Eve., June 26, at 8:45. . . . **ebbets field**: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. Aft., June 21, at 3; Sat. Aft., June 22, at 2:30; and Sun. Aft., June 23 (doubleheader), at 2:05. Dodgers vs. Chicago, Mon. and Thurs. Afts., June 24 and 27, at 3; and Tues. Eve., June 25, at 8:45. Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., June 28, at 3; and Sat. Aft., June 29, at 2:30.

**Boxing**—Yankee Stadium, Thurs. Eve., June 20: Joe Louis vs. Arturo Godoy, for the heavyweight championship; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

**Crew**—Yale-Harvard, at New London, Fri., June 21: freshman at 10 A.M., junior varsity at 10:30 A.M., and varsity at 7:30 P.M. (Observation train leaves New London station a half-hour before each race.)

**Dog Show**—Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, N.J., Sat., June 22, at 9 A.M.

**Flying**—National Intercollegiate Air Meet, Lock Haven, Pa., Thurs. through Sat., June 20-22. . . . National Gliding and Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y., starts Sat., June 29.

**Golf**—Metropolitan Senior Championship, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Thurs., June 20. . . . Invitation Best Ball Tournament, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, Fri. through Sun., June 21-23. . . . Annual Father and Son Tournament, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Mon., June 24. . . . National Intercollegiate Championship, Ekwanok C.C., Manchester, Vt., Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. . . . Women's Long Island Championship, Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glen Head, Mon. through Fri., June 24-28. . . . Women's Westchester and Fairfield County Championships, Wee Burn C.C., Darien, Conn., Mon. through Fri., June 24-28. . . . New Jersey Amateur, Hackensack G.C., Oradell, Wed. through Sat., June 26-29. . . . Westchester Seniors' Annual Tournament, Westchester Hills G.C., White Plains, Thurs. and Fri., June 27-28. . . . Westchester Amateur, Pelham C.C., Pelham Manor, Thurs. through Sat., June 27-29.

**Horse Shows**—Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., Fri. and Sat., June 21-22, at 9 A.M. . . . Pegasus Club, Rockleigh, N.J., Sun., June 23, at 10 A.M. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Thurs. through Sat., June 27-29, at 9 A.M.

**Polo**—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Aft., June 23, at 3:30. . . . Championship games at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, beginning Sat., June 22; games Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 4, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30.

**Racing**—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., June 29. The Dwyer Stakes, June 22; Brooklyn Handicap, June 29. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:25 and 1:45 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:50 and 1:45 P.M. on other weekdays.)

**Skeet**—Great Eastern Championships, Lordship Field, Stratford, Conn., Fri., June 21, at 10 A.M., and Sat. and Sun., June 22-23, at 8 A.M.

**Speedboats**—Intercollegiate Championships, Geneva, N.Y., Sat. and Sun. Afts., June 29-30, at about 1.

**Tennis**—Women's New York State Clay Court Championships, Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L.I., through Sun., June 23; daily at 11 A.M. . . . National Intercollegiate Championship, Merion C.C., Haverford, Pa., Mon. through Sat., June 24-29. . . . East vs. West matches, Allegheny C.C., Sewickley Heights, Pa., Fri. through Sun. Afts., June 28-30, at 2:30.

**Track**—Metropolitan A.A.U. Championships, Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Sat. Aft., June 22, at 1:30.

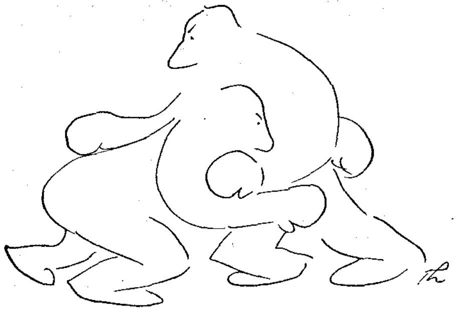
**Yachting**—New London to Marblehead Race, Eastern Y.C., Sat., June 22. . . . Cruising Club of America, Long Distance Race, Block Island to Gloucester, starts Mon., June 24. . . . McMillan Cup Series, Intercollegiate finals, Mantoloking Y.C., Barnegat Bay, N.J., Wed. through Fri., June 26-28.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Knickerbocker Y.C., Sat., June 22; New Rochelle Y.C., Sat., June 29.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Republican National Convention**—Opens in the Municipal Auditorium in Philadelphia on Mon., June 24.

**Garden Exhibitions**—At the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, Lloyd Neck, Huntington, L.I.: Sat. Aft., June 22, from 2 to 6. (Tickets: Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. CH 2-4140.) . . . The garden of Miss Lily Pons, Silvermine, Conn.; a benefit for the American Friends of France: Sat., June 22, from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.



**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 29. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.**

**Polish Benefit**—A Polish wedding festival, with native songs and dances: Promenade Café, Sunken Plaza, Radio City, Wed. Eve., June 26, at 9.

**Barnard Abbaye**—The museum, with its collection of Romanesque and Gothic sculpture, stained glass, and other works of art assembled by the late George Grey Barnard, is now open to the public: 700 Ft. Washington Ave., at 189. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

**Morgan Library**—This year's exhibit of rare literary and artistic works includes illuminated medieval manuscripts, autographed manuscripts by Milton, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, and Mark Twain, and drawings by Hogarth, Raphael, and Dürer: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

**Auctions**—At **cannon hill**, Tuxedo Park—Spanish and Italian furniture, and rugs, silver, tapestries, and other art objects, belonging to Joseph E. Stevens: Sat., June 22, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M.

**shadow lawn**, West Long Branch, N.J.—The estate formerly owned by Mrs. Hubert T. Parson, and once the summer White House of Woodrow Wilson, and all its contents: daily through Sat., June 22, at 1:30 P.M.

**coleman galleries**, 160 E. 56—Fifteenth-through seventeenth-century arms and armor collected by the late Major Philip Rhinelander; also paintings and other works of art, from the collections of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., June 20-21, at 1.

## ON THE AIR

**Boxing**—Joe Louis vs. Arturo Godoy, for the heavyweight title: Thurs. Eve., June 20, at 10, WJZ.

**Racing**—At Aqueduct: the Dwyer Stakes, Sat. Aft., June 22, at 4:30, WJZ; the Brooklyn Handicap, Sat. Aft., June 29, at 5:30, WOR.

**Track**—National Collegiate Athletic Association Meet: Sat. Aft., June 22, at 6:15, WABC.

**Republican Convention**—Highlights of the proceedings in Philadelphia: John D. M. Hamilton, Sun. Eve., June 23, at 7:15, WABC; Governor Harold E. Stassen's opening speech, Mon. Eve., June 24, at 10, WABC; Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Tues. Aft., June 25, at 3:30, WABC; Herbert Hoover, Tues. Eve., June 25, at 9:30, WABC.

**News Commentators**—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, Mon. Eves. at 7:15, and Wed. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: Sun. at 3:30 P.M., and Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Sun. at 7 P.M., WJZ and WABC.

**Television**—The Republican National Convention: Mon., June 24, at 11 A.M. and 9 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., June 25-28, at 11 A.M. and 2:30 and 9 P.M.; W2XBS.

**Some Weekly Features**—(Times are P.M. unless otherwise noted.)

**thursday**—WOR Symphony, Sodero conducting, 8, WOR. . . . Bing Crosby, 10, WEAF. . . . Glenn Miller, 10, WABC (also Tues. and Wed. at the same hour).

**friday**—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. . . . Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR (also Mon. and Wed. at the same hour).

**saturday**—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. . . . "Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. . . . Mozart Opera Series, Wallenstein conducting, 9:30, WOR. . . . Summer Symphony, Black conducting, 9:30, WEAF (also Sun. at 8, WJZ). . . . Bob Crosby, 10, WEAF.

**sunday**—Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Barlow conducting, 3, WABC. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, 4:30, WJZ. . . . Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby, 5:30, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. . . . Stadium concert, Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, 8:45, WNYC.

**monday**—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. . . . Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

**tuesday**—Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 8, WOR. . . . "Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, 10, WEAF. . . . Karl Ulrich Schnabel, 10:30, WQXR.

**wednesday**—Burns and Allen, 7:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

## MOTION PICTURES

**The Baker's Wife**—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse you and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

**Gone with the Wind**—It has its moments. Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh, and some thousand others are in it. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; weekdays at 10:15 A.M., and 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; Sun. at 3 and 8:15 P.M. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., June 20-22; daily at 11 A.M., and 3 and 8 P.M.)

**The Mortal Storm**—Of a German family in 1933, and how events changed the lives of all its members. Powerful and not overdone. With Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Robert Young, and Frank Morgan. (Capitol, B'way at 51; opening Thurs., June 20.)

**Our Town**—Frank Craven again interpreting Thornton Wilder's New Hampshire, this time in a beautiful screen version. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, and a generally expert cast. Directed by Sam Wood of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., June 26.)

**Rebecca**—Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson in a picturesquely grim account of life in an English manor house. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Tues., June 20-25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Wed., June 26.)

**The Shop Around the Corner**—A mere pleasantry, with charm and on the gentle side. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan are involved. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., June 21.)

### REVIVALS

**Ballerina** (1938)—French, with Mia Slavenska. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., June 22-24.)

**The Birth of a Nation** (1915)—With Lillian Gish. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Sun., June 23.)

**Desire** (1936)—Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 25-27.)

**Elephant Boy** (1937)—With Sabu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 25-27.)

**Holiday** (1938)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., June 20-21.)

**La Maternelle** (1935)—French film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., June 21-22.)

**Le Million** (1931)—René Clair film. French, with Annabella. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 20.)

**The Scoundrel** (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., June 22-24.)

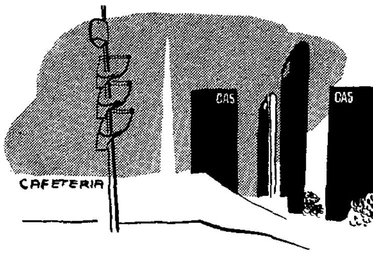
**Sous les Toits de Paris** (1930)—René Clair film. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., June 23-24.)

**Stand-In** (1937)—Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., June 25-26.)

**Theodora Goes Wild** (1936)—Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., June 24-26.)

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following Douglas Fairbanks films weekdays at 4 P.M., and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "The Thief of Bagdad," Thurs., June 20, and Fri., June 28. "The Black Pirate," Fri., June 21, and Sat., June 29. "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," Sat., June 22. Excerpts from "The Lamb," "The Mollycoddle," "Say, Young Fellow," "Knickerbocker Buckaroo," "A Modern Musketeer," "Don Q," and "The Taming of the Shrew," Sun., June 23. "Manhattan Madness" and "Wild and Woolly," Mon., June 24. "When the Clouds Roll By" and "The Nut," Tues., June 25. "The Mark of Zorro," Wed., June 26. "The Three Musketeers," Thurs., June 27.

# THE WORLD'S FAIR



## A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

**A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 20, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26.**

### GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, *transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10* A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:30, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

### TRANSPORTATION

**By Rail**—The **L.I.R.R.**: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . **I.R.T.** and **B.-M.T.**: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

**By Auto**—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

**By Bus**—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

**At the Fair**—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

### ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

#### MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

**Ford** (G)—Once an hour, the Ballet Caravan puts on a gay little sketch suggesting that Mr. Ford, among others, has set the horse free. By day, a flock of tractors goes through a lively drill in a field outside and winds up by tilling the soil in earnest.

**Gardens on Parade** (A)—Special exhibits: delphiniums, through Thurs., June 20; sweet peas and roses, Fri. through Sun., June 21-23. Admission, 25 cents.

**General Motors** (F)—The queues of visitors waiting to see the Futurama on crowded days are a sight in themselves. Your chances of getting in, if you want to take a look at this year's refurbished version, are best on weekdays. Opens at 9 A.M.

**House of Jewels** (C)—It's wise to tackle this at off hours, too. Quantities of precious stones displayed to make the most of their costly glitter and glamour. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

**Masterpieces of Art** (C)—A show of some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. Perhaps not quite what it was last year, but still good. Admission, 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

**Railroads** (F)—"Railroads on Parade," a historical pageant with real locomotives and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," a thirty-minute show of model trains, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M. Admission, 10 cents.

**Telephones** (C)—Somebody's always winning a free phone call to the folks back home, and everybody's invited to taste the joys of a party wire by listening in.

**Trylon and Perisphere**—Inside the great sphere you get a rosy picture of the way we may, or may not, be living a few years hence. Admission, 25 cents.

**World of Fashion** (D)—A handsome display of fashions and feminine accessories arranged by some of the leading shops and designers in these parts. A fashion show, with models appearing in the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

**Others of Interest**—At **AMERICA AT HOME** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas. . . . **AMERICAN ART TODAY** (A): a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art, with artists on hand to show you how they work. . . . **AVIATION** (G): up-to-the-minute fighting planes, indoors and out. . . **BORDEN'S** (D): cows without a care on their minds. . . . **CHRYSLER** (F): a talking car full of wisecracks, and an apparently three-dimensional movie of how a Plymouth is put together. . . . **CONSOLIDATED EDISON** (D): a diorama of the city, with trains in action and everything. . . . **DU PONT** (D): studious young men demonstrating how the test tube has created such things as nylon. . . . **ELECTRIC UTILITIES** (E): New York in its gaslit days. . . . **ELECTRIFIED FARM** (A): just that. . . . **FIRESTONE** (G): turning out tires on a real production line, and a menagerie of wild animals well displayed in a jungle setting. . . . **GENERAL ELECTRIC** (E): an artificial bolt of lightning that seems terrifyingly real; next door, calmer electrical tricks. . . . **GLASS CENTER** (D): glass-blowers blowing glass. . . . **GOODRICH** (F): daredevil driving, with a cast that includes two ladies; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **KODAK** (D): colored photographs impressively enlarged on several screens all at the same time. . . . **PETROLEUM** (D): if there's oil under Flushing, the full-sized derrick, endlessly drilling here, will surely find it. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): what's going on in television. . . . **STAMP EXHIBIT**, in the British Building (A): an unusual assortment that was to have been exhibited in London this summer to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the stick-on stamp. . . . **WESTINGHOUSE** (E): a flash of light killing the denizens of a drop of water in a show now called the Microblitzkrieg. . . . **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS** (H): in addition to a panda, an electric eel, and a colony of penguins, there's Mr. Beebe's old bathysphere.

●

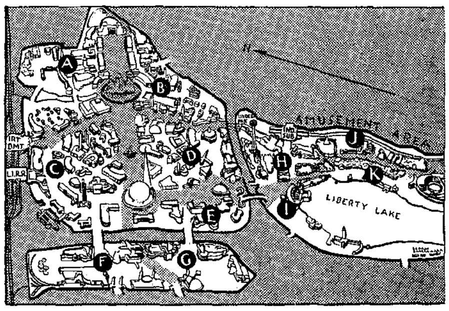
**Foreign Buildings**—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland, and Brazil. Whether the two large buildings of France and Italy will stay open is, of course, questionable. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and attractive bars.

**State Exhibits**—Most of these are top-heavy with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an attractive coral beach on the lake front and an attractive interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a schooner, which children like to clamber over.

#### THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

**American Jubilee** (K)—A huge and rather heavy-handed historical pageant, with plenty of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, Wynn Murray, and Paul Haakon head the cast. Daily at 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.; extra show Sat. and Sun. at 3:30 P.M.

**Aquacade** (I)—Billy Rose has made some changes in his song-and-water hit of last year, but the general pattern remains the same and it's still one of the Fair's best shows. With Eleanor Holm, Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.



**Barbary Coast** (J)—Kay Parsons and some singing waiters leading the customers in harmonizing, more or less, on the old chestnuts.

**Dancing Campus** (I)—An outdoor dance floor for the antic young and those who like to ape or watch them. Dancing from about 6 P.M. on.

**Gay New Orleans** (H)—A new one this year and already a success. Michael Todd's sprawling arrangement of restaurants, bars, and an outdoor platform on which Negro and white revues, handsomely staged by Hassard Short, alternate almost continuously.

**Girl Shows**—By and large they're a humdrum lot this year, but if you want to sample them, you might drop into one of these: **LIVING MAGAZINE COVERS** (H), one for the gawks—the girls don't move, so it gets by as art. . . . **TWENTY THOUSAND LEGS UNDER THE SEA** (J), the dregs of the old Dali underwater show, plus a lady who tussles with an octopus on dry land. . . . **WHITE WAY CASINO** (K), Rosita Royce and her doves, if you don't mind sitting through a dull half-hour variety show to see her. . . . **ZORIMA** (K), all about the luckless savage girl who goes, unclad, to the happy hunting grounds.

**Rides**—Among the better speed-and-swoop devices are: **AERIAL JOYRIDE** (K), steerable planes attached to a whirling pole; **BOBSLED** (K), a fast trip down and around a trackless chute; **COMET** (K), a new and speedy chute-the-chutes; **CYCLONE** (K), you may remember this roller coaster from last year; **FLYING SCOOTERS** (H), more whirling planes which you help guide; **OVER THE TOP** (K), gondolas on the ends of a pole spin you around and turn you upside down; **SKY RIDE** (H), a placid, joltless view of the Fair from about 150 feet up; **SNAPPER** (K), circular cars darting from one revolving platform to another; **WATER BUGS** (J), a Dodgem done with boats in a big tank.

**The Streets of Paris** (H)—Gypsy Rose Lee stripping, frankly and amusingly, in the Fair's big Music Hall. Abbott and Costello will be in it, too, through Fri., June 21. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

**Winter Wonderland** (J)—A show done on skates, skis, and toboggans. Frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

**Zombie** (J)—Music and drinks in a tropical setting—a sidekick of the Beachcomber on Broadway. John Kirby's orchestra and a rumba band.

**Some Others**—**JUNGLELAND** (J): Frank Buck's circus in the shadow of a mountain swarming with monkeys. . . . **MIDGET TOWN** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **ODDITORIUM** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people, an offshoot of the one on Broadway. . . . **WALL OF DEATH** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome.

### RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of a few eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another, seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory, both foreign and domestic, scattered about the grounds. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

**BAGDAD** (A): the Iraq Pavilion serving the kind of food that makes the Arabs strong. . . . **BALLANTINE'S** (H): simple, adequate food and a new outdoor bar—a handy oasis in the amusement area. . . . **BELGIAN BUILDING** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the fireworks on the Lagoon. . . . **BRAZILIAN BUILDING** (A): a gay, lighthearted place, with dancing at dinner. . . . **FRENCH BUILDING** (A): one can only hope that it will be possible for this popular and superior restaurant to remain open. . . . **GARDENS ON PARADE** (A): a shady terrace, good, plain staples, and an admission charge, which helps thin out the crowds. . . . **HEINEKEN'S** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer. . . . **HUNGARIAN BUILDING** (A): goulash at a standup bar and other native dishes in a smallish restaurant. . . . **MCGINNIS** (C): a big, gay place for sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks. . . . **NORWEGIAN BUILDING** (B): Norwegian beer and superior *smörgåsbord* in a new dining room. . . . **PABST** (K): beer-garden fare in an attractive lakeside setting. . . . **POLISH BUILDING** (A): still the same fine Polish cooking, even if the larder is now almost entirely domestic. . . . **PONCE DE LEON PATIO** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE** (J): the setting alone is enough to convert you to Chinese food. . . . **RUMANIA** (B): reasonably good fare in a charming restaurant and a gay garden. . . . **SWEDISH BUILDING** (D): a large courtyard where snacks are served; more formal meals inside. . . . **SWISS BUILDING** (A): pleasantly informal, whether you eat upstairs in the restaurant or down in the garden under the maples. . . . **WASHINGTON HALL** (K): one of the amusement area's few places for leisurely meals that show the French influence; you're served on a screened veranda overlooking the lake.

BIG BUSINESS — NO. 28

# National Defense

A GREAT and perhaps unconscious tribute is being paid to American industry in connection with the country's program of national defense. Nowhere has any doubt been expressed as to the ability of industry and its leaders to perform this gigantic task. Instead, there is a confident and unanimous assumption that American industry has the capacity, skill and ingenuity to solve the tremendous production problems involved.

Regardless of where our first line of defense may lie geographically, the public is coming to realize that our real strength lies in our great steel mills, oil refineries, chemical plants and automobile and airplane factories. America's industrial capacity is greater than that of any other nation in the world. Devoted ordinarily to the peaceful pursuits of trade and industry, it can quickly be converted to the purposes of national defense.

The production problems involved, however, call for the talents of practical industrialists. The success of the program will depend upon the extent to which private industry is allowed to perform the task. If, in spite of former differences of opinion, the Government will entrust the job to industry, it will not only assure the success of the defense program, but will contribute greatly to much-needed national unity.

*As bankers for industry, and as trustee for the funds of others,*
*it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a*
*better understanding of the facts about private business.*

## BANK OF NEW YORK

48 *Wall Street — New York*

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

*Established* 1784 *Personal Trusts Since* 1830

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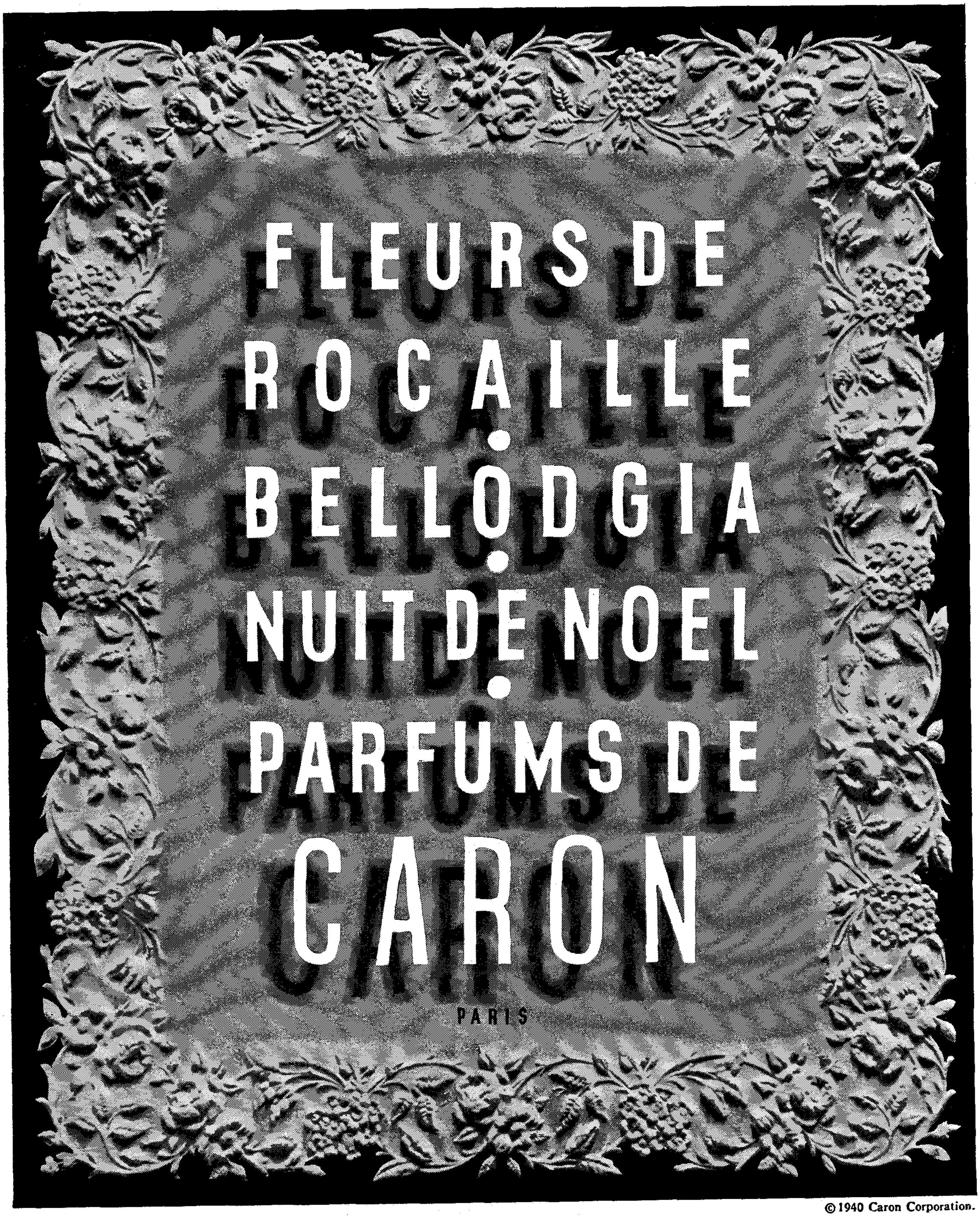
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These will be filed away, against future emergencies.

## *Contribution*

AN item which seemed incredible came to us from Brooklyn this week, but investigation proved it true. Twenty years ago a German cook named Rosi went to work over there for a Jewish family named David. Her pay was sixty dollars a month and she never cashed one of her salary checks. Mr. David advanced her small amounts for clothing and other needs, and, through the years, carried a balance in his bank account to cover the accumulated checks. Recently, Rosi brought her checks to Mr. David and asked that he give her one check for all she had coming. Mr. David figured up, deducted the advances to Rosi, and found that she had coming a little over fourteen thousand dollars. What, Mr. David asked, was Rosi going to do with the fourteen thousand dollars? She told him she was going to hand it over to a local Bund, which would in turn forward it to Germany as a contribution to the Nazi war chest. "And don't you believe all those lies you read in the papers about Hitler persecuting the Jews," she added. "Why would he be so stupid?" Mr. David brought forward what arguments he could, but it was useless; Rosi said the Bund had assured her that German Jews were as happy as larks. The money is now on its way to Germany. Rosi has left the Davids' employ, with references which narrate in detail the story of the fourteen thousand dollars.

## *Contact*

ONE of those typical Hollywood problems arose a while ago when Walter Hampden was summoned by Paramount to play the part of an Indian chief in "Northwest Mounted Police." It's a Technicolor picture, with plenty of closeups, and to the horror of all concerned, Mr. Hampden was found to have bright-blue eyes, flatly in the face of the research department's findings that all Indian chiefs have dark-brown eyes. Mr. Hampden, confronted by this seeming impasse, asked for a month's leave of absence to see what could be done, and turned up, before the month was over, with a fine, brown, Indian-like pair of eyes. He accomplished this by getting in touch with the Better Vision Institute in New York City, which directed him to Theodore Obrig, an optician at 7 East Forty-eighth Street who specializes in making contact lenses—the invisible eyeglasses that fit over the eyeball—out of a plastic material called Plexiglas. Mr. Obrig, after some experimentation, found that by inserting liquid caramel between Mr. Hampden's eyeballs and lenses he could simulate brown eyes, harmless to Mr. Hampden and realistic enough for Technicolor. "They were the prettiest pair of brown eyes you could ever hope to see," Mr. Obrig told us reflectively the other day. He added that while sporting them, Mr. Hampden had fooled even Mrs. Hampden, who spent five minutes with her husband before she realized there was something chromatically abnormal about his face.

In addition to the actor, there are some eight thousand people in the country today wearing contact lenses, made either of glass or of Plexiglas, which is known technically as a thermoplastic acrylic resin, and is unbreakable. Glass contact lenses cost a hundred and forty dollars a pair; Plexiglas ones, a hundred. Fitting lenses to the eyes is a delicate, lengthy process. To begin with, an impression of each eyeball is taken by means of a jellylike substance called negocoll. Then a cast is made, a lens molded from this, and the actual visual properties of the lens fashioned by hand grinding. The finished lens rests on the whites of the eyes, since the corneas are too tender to support any weight. Between the cornea and the lens is a "liquid lens": a solution of sodium and potassium chlorides and phosphates which has the same chemical properties as the lens-wearer's tears, and which in some ophthalmological way contributes to the correction of visionary defects. In Mr. Hampden's case, the solution was mixed with the caramel. In testing to see that the outer lens and the cornea do not touch, Mr. Obrig uses a fluid called fluorescein, which is yellow-green and glows. One prospective contact-lens user, a nearsighted, blue-eyed, red-headed lady, was so impressed by the appearance of her eyes with fluorescein in them that she borrowed some of the stuff and began to use it at night under her contacts, thus giving her eyes a strange, catlike fascination.

JUNE BRIDE SPECIAL EASY TERMS
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Mr. Obrig, a gray-eyed man who wears ordinary bifocal spectacles because contact lenses can't be made bifocal, produces twenty-five pairs of the lenses a week. The idea isn't new; it goes back, in fact, to 1827, when an English astronomer suggested that a glass shell might protect healthy eyes from diseased eyelids. As sight correctives, the lenses have been used since 1888. They're not hard to put on, Mr. Obrig told us, and can be worn in some cases for more than twenty hours at a stretch, though most people like to remove them every four hours. Their popularity is strongest among women, who don't like to wear regular glasses, and among athletes, who don't dare to. Some of Obrig's clients keep their lenses on while engaged in exceedingly strenuous activities. Among these folk are a prizefighter, football players from Princeton and Minnesota, a basketball player from Duke, a couple of Olympic skiers, and an astigmatic deep-sea diver who helped raise the Squalus and felt uncomfortable with spectacles on inside his helmet.

## *Lew Lehr Dept.*

AS quaint a bit of huntin' lore as we've heard in years is intelligence we have received from Wilmington, Delaware, to the effect that the Vicmead hounds there are in charge of an organ-grinder's monkey named Jimmy. About a year ago, the M.F.H., Mr. J. Simpson Dean, heard that monkeys are useful in kennels. Mr. Dean had a friend who kept a monkey as a stable mascot and was willing to lend his pet for an experiment. The monkey, Jimmy, worked out so well in the new job that there was never any question of his going back to the stables. For one thing, he can stop fights among the hounds twice as fast as the most agile groom—jumps on the animals' backs and shakes them. He can't run with the hounds, of course, because his wind is short, and anyway it would be undignified, but he waits for them in the kennels and goes over their coats for burrs and other foreign objects. He also makes the rounds to see that all the hounds turn out when the huntsman calls "Hounds!" and he takes a last look at night to see that they're all in their proper beds. Lately he has been given a mate, Polly, who is fast picking up the ways of the kennels. Early in his career with the Vicmead Hunt, Jimmy was subject to inexplicable spells of surliness. Mr. Dean found, upon investigation, that he had been engaging in drinking bouts with the grooms and suffering, just like the other primates, from hangovers. When he leaves the stuff alone, Jimmy is as good a family man and has as good a hand with the hounds as you could wish.

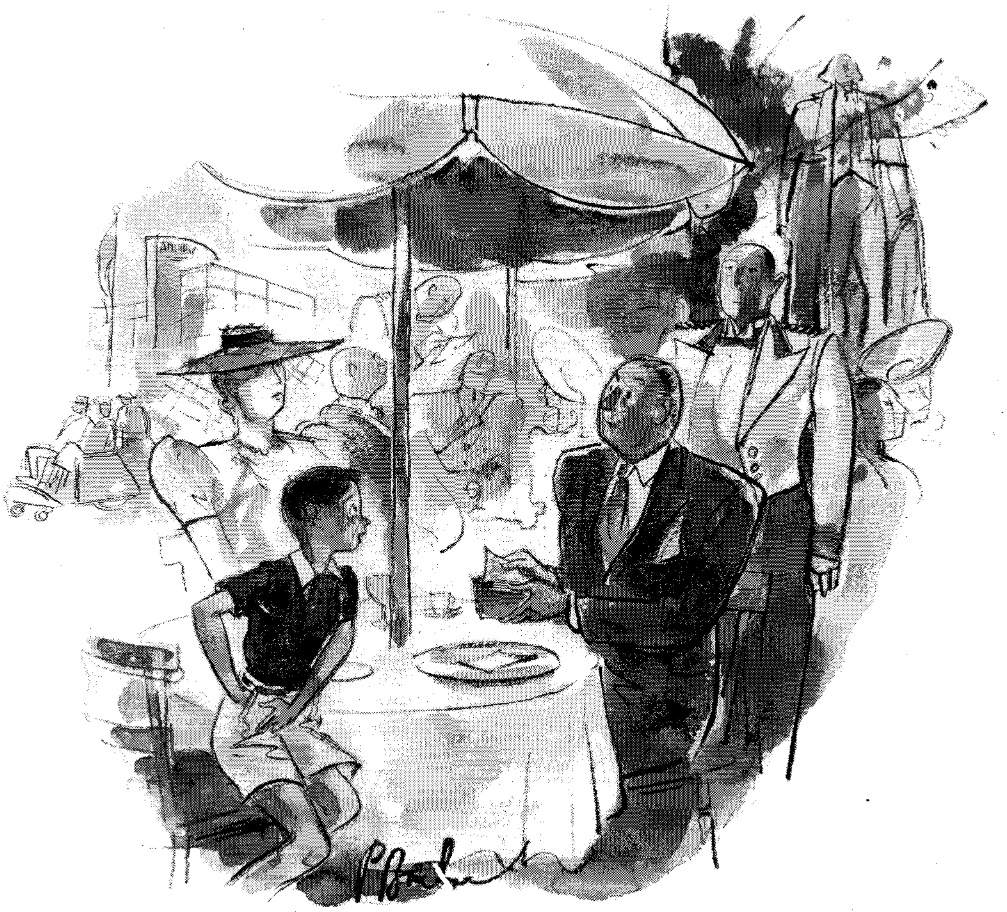
## *Churchill's Relatives*

IN a story a couple of weeks ago, about the two Winston Churchills, we mentioned that the British Prime Minister's mother was American, and that he has a quite considerable number of American cousins, since his maternal grandfather, Leonard K. Jerome, was one of nine brothers. The family at one time lived in Pompey, a little town upstate. Leonard Jerome was born in Rochester, went to Princeton, and, while still a young man, served three years as the American Consul at Trieste. He was back in New York in time to lay the foundation of the family fortune by cleaning up $6,000,000 in the panic of 1857. For the next ten years he led a dashing, man-about-town existence, driving his own coach-and-four, backing plays, and devoting much time to horse racing. He was a charter member of the American Jockey Club, helped establish two race tracks, and was the owner of Kentucky, a famous horse who never lost a race. Jerome Park and Jerome Avenue, in the Bronx, are memorials of the family. In 1867, he took his wife and their three daughters to Paris. There his daughter Jennie met and married Lord Randolph Churchill, the third son of the Duke of Marlborough. Winston Churchill was their son.

Now, about the American cousins. We mentioned five whom we could list offhand: Miss Jessie Fanshawe and Mr. Howard J. Hildt, of New York; Mrs. Loomis L. White, of Shrewsbury, New Jersey; Mrs. Raeburn Parker, of Tuxedo Park; and William Travers Jerome, a son of New York's famous District Attorney, now living in Bennington, Vermont. Since then we have dug up seven more: Mrs. Willard Evans Hoyt, of Williamstown, Massachusetts; Mrs. Douglas Olcott, of Albany; and Mrs. Isabel Lindsley, Mrs. Samuel A. Clark, Mrs. Henry Slocum, Mrs. Gordon Willis, and Mr. J. Henry Alexandre, all of this city. Strictly speaking, these twelve people are second cousins, and it is a curious fact that all the men are, or have been, stockbrokers.

A number of the American cousins have met Churchill, here or abroad. He was last in this country in the winter of 1931-32, on a lecture tour. Shortly after his arrival he was struck down by an automobile while crossing Fifth Avenue against the lights. During his convalescence, in Lenox Hill Hospital, he was visited by Mrs. White and her sister, Miss Fanshawe, whom you should recognize as the well-known social adviser and organizer. They tell us that Churchill took all the blame for the accident, presented the driver, an unemployed man, with an autographed copy of his "The Unknown War," and even offered him a sizable check, which was not accepted. After Churchill was released from the hospital, Mrs. Raeburn Parker and her husband—*he's* a broker, too—called on him in his rooms at the Waldorf. Mrs. Parker remembers one of his remarks verbatim: "Not know about the gold standard!" (Mrs. Parker had said that she didn't.) "Why, my dear lady, it's as important that you know about the gold standard as that you know if your husband comes home drunk at night!"

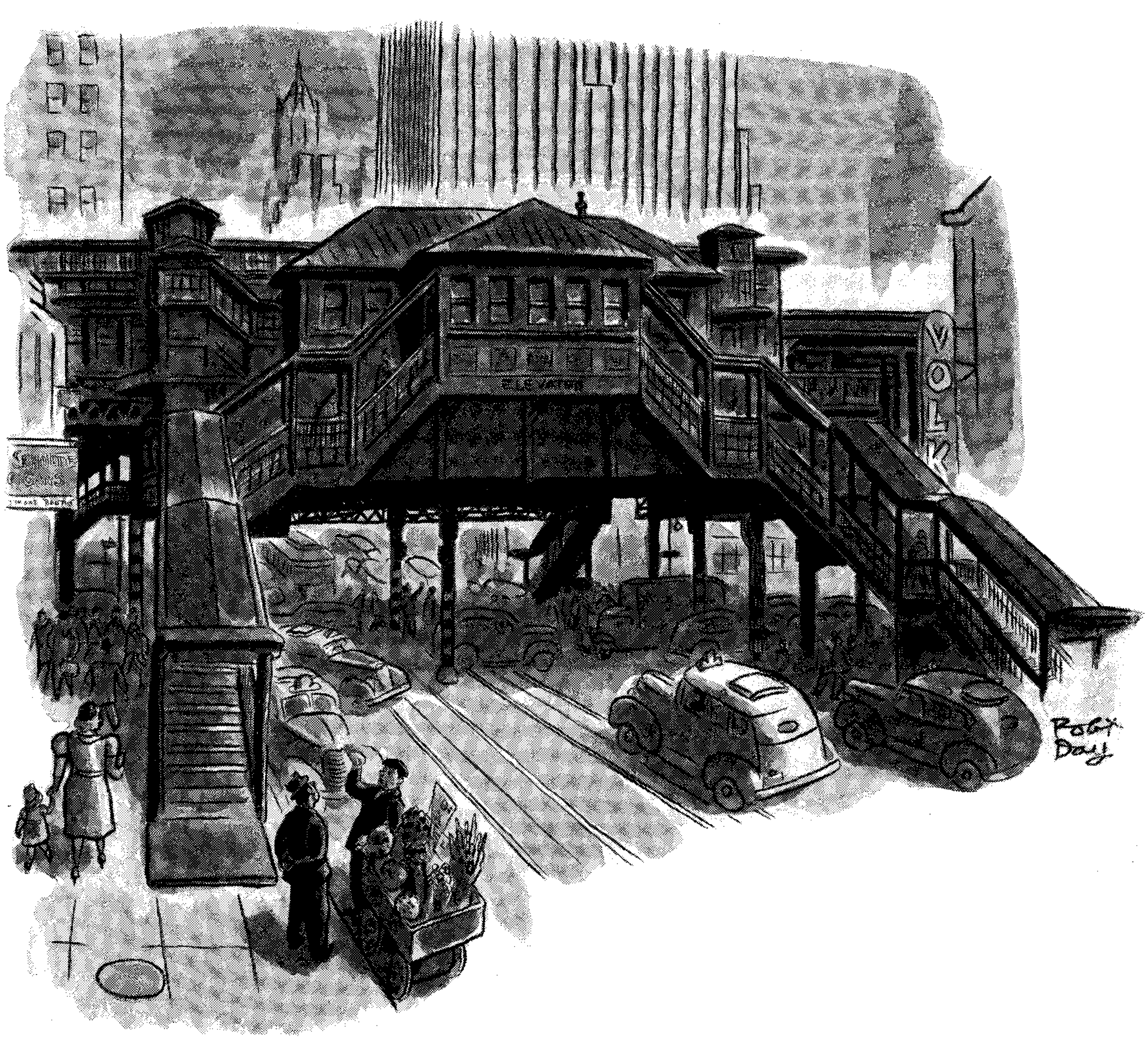
Mrs. Gordon Willis's son, Frederick, has had professional dealings with Churchill. He works for C.B.S., and helped Churchill prepare the manuscript of an interview with Edwin C. Hill on the radio during the lecture tour. Churchill amazed his second cousin once removed by acting the interview, with a careful regard for intonation and emphasis. "He has the enthusiasm of a boy," Mr. Willis told us. "And what painstaking application!"



*"Please now, Uncle Fred, this is on me. You can pay for things when I visit Altoona."*

## *Just a Memory*

A COLLEGE girl, turning out her desk at the end of the semester, dug up a postcard which she had put aside and forgotten. It was a post-office form notifying her that some letters were being held for her at her home town, where they had been posted, and that she could get them by paying six (6) cents extra postage. She sent the notice, and three two-cent stamps, to her home-town post office. Back came another printed form, this one notifying her that because she had not answered their notice within a certain specified time, the mail had been destroyed. To take the sting out of the affair, there was a note pencilled at the bottom: "It was just valentines."



*"But what's LaGuardia got to put in its place?"*

• •

## *Down the Ways*

WE can tell you a good deal about the launching of the battleship North Carolina at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We read all about it in the papers, and besides we were there. We got in on a pass obtained two days earlier from a Navy Yard official, a Lieutenant Scott, on our assurance that we were a citizen and a journalist. Fifty thousand-odd other people were present, too, each one of them (we have Lieutenant Scott's word for it) "known by name" to the naval authorities. We forgot, until after it was too late, to ask how the Navy managed this mass introduction, but it's probably a naval secret, anyway. City cops, Marines, and sailors were on duty at the launching, and we were told that the vessel herself had been under a twenty-four-hour guard since her keel was laid.

Grover Whalen, giving his all for national defence, arrived, wearing a somewhat unpressed Palm Beach suit. The Mayor was with him, also unpressed, and looking hot. The mechanized forces included one fire engine, one ambulance, and two television trucks. "Fifty-four thousand pounds of grease have been smeared on the ways," Lieutenant Scott told us informatively. (He was officiating at a stand erected for the press, conveniently near the bow of the North Carolina.) On the platform for speakers and the sponsor, a short man with a crew haircut was nervously holding a bottle of champagne which was attached to the North Carolina by a cord. From under the great hull, we could hear the noise of chocks being knocked out. The sponsor, Miss Isabel Young Hoey, and her father, the Governor of North Carolina, arrived. The Governor got flourishes, ruffles, and nineteen guns from the Seattle, somewhere nearby. He then inspected the band, by mistake, and corrected the mistake by inspecting the guard of honor. Secretary of the Navy Edison arrived, and hit the guard of honor right on the nose, first time. After a good deal of argument with a couple of rear admirals, Miss Hoey took off her hat, which was whipping dangerously in a high wind. We glanced at a program of the event, which said that Miss Hoey was a graduate of Duke University, had taken a course in store management at the Prince School in Boston, and lived with her parents in Raleigh.

Rear Admiral C. H. Woodward led off the ceremonies with a speech in which, at least once, he referred to the vessel under consideration as the South Carolina. "It's Fiorello *H.*, isn't it?" an N.B.C. man whispered to us. Miss Hoey's father took off his topper and made a speech, and then she let fly with the champagne, liberally sprinkling Grover Whalen and the other guests of honor. After an agonizing wait of two minutes, the North Carolina slid into the water, and another unit was well along in the process of being added to the American Navy.

## *Variety*

THIS is a story that may have been left over from the last war, or maybe the incident really happened in both wars. It's about a young lady who turned in to the British War Relief Society a sweater she had knitted, and requested more wool. The woman at the supply desk handed her several hanks of navy-blue wool, but the girl wouldn't accept it. "The last sweater I knitted was blue," she said. "Do you suppose I want people to think I'm still working on it?"

## MR. WILLIAM SAROYAN AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

EVER since reading an article by the late Evangeline Adams which stated that people who, like myself, were born between the twentieth of January and the nineteenth of February are Aquarians, and are more likely to fall in love with an institution than with a private individual, I have realized that I have a crush on the Public Library. I am fond of Cooper Union, Sailors' Snug Harbor, and the New York Historical Society, and I once had a brief, unhappy affair with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but for a real, lifelong flirt give me the Public Library, Central Building. I like the Library because it contains such paintings as "Deer Drinking," by Rosa Bonheur; "Grandmother's Birthday," by V. Brožik; "Lesson in Embroidery," by Em. (J. B. Antoine Emile) Béranger; "The Petition to the Doge," by Carl Becker; "The Foundling," by H. Salentin; "Sheep in Snow Storm," by A. Schenck; "Thoughts of Liberia," by Edwin White; "Milton Aveugle Dictant 'Le Paradis Perdu' à Ses Filles," by M. Munkácsy; "Pigs in a Fodder Yard," by George Morland; "A Boy in a Red Velvet Dress Leaning Forward on a Green Cushion, Holding a Pen and Paper in His Hand," by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and "A Romantic Woody Landscape, with a Peasant and Two Horses Crossing a Pool of Water, and Sheep on a Rising Ground," by Thomas Gainsborough. I like it, too, because some of these pictures are hung at least eighteen feet high, where no one can really see them. Many of the paintings, along with an excellent collection of shells and minerals, were left to the Library by Mrs. Robert Stuart, widow of a president of the Museum of Natural History, who revoked bequests in her will leaving them to that Museum and the Metropolitan when those institutions began to be open Sundays. I admire the Library the more for accepting and displaying these implausible objects, and for keeping the gallery which contains them closed on Sundays, although the rest of the Library is open then.

Other features which make it difficult for me to dismiss the Library from my thoughts are its impressive selection of United States stamps, from 1840 to 1890, on exhibition on the third floor; the two "Ancient Roman Busts" on the second-floor landing; and the fact that the push buttons have been removed from the elevator entrances, since the elevators are continually going up and down anyway. I like it, too, for its many prints (most of them presented by Mr. Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes), which, if you consult one of the Library's catalogues, you will find include "The Patriotick Barber of New York, or the Captain in the Suds," "A Correct View of the Old Methodist Church in John Street, N. York," "View of an Unidentified Town of Considerable Size, Showing Large Church and Factories," and "View of a Monument Erected in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, by the Sunday School Children of the United States to the Memory of Emanuel Dannan, a Sunday School Scholar Who Chose to Suffer a Cruel Death Rather than Tell a Lie." I particularly admire the Library for hanging "V. o. a M. E. i. M., W., b. t. S. S. C. o. t. U. S. t. t. M. o. E. D., a S. S. S. W. C. t. S. a C. D. R. t. T. a L." in view of the fact that it admits, in this same catalogue, that Mr. M. S. Dudgeon, librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, has written of it, "The picture . . . is, in a sense, a fake. No such monument was ever erected," and goes on to say that in his opinion it is not a view of Milwaukee at all. The Library's attitude on this is straightforward and engaging, and one well calculated to win the heart of any moderately susceptible Aquarian.

THE other day, though, my affection for the Library received an unexpected setback. I was browsing through the "S" section of the card index in Room 315—a gesture which Miss Adams would probably have considered the institutional equivalent of ruffling a loved one's hair. Reading a card which listed "The Coming Reality," an article by William Saroyan which was published in *Theatre Arts Monthly* last December, I noticed, in the lower left-hand corner, the typed words "No subj." I asked one of the young men at the information desk what this meant, and he said that, in the indexing of magazine articles, this space was ordinarily reserved for a brief description of the subject matter and that he had never before heard of a catalogued item being dismissed with the phrase "No subj." Now, I am no authority on Mr. Saroyan, especially in his more obscure manifestations, but I have taken the trouble to read this particular piece and I am at a loss to account for the Library's bewilderment, not to mention downright rudeness to the Pulitzer Prizewinner. Mr. Saroyan's subject is apparent right from the start:

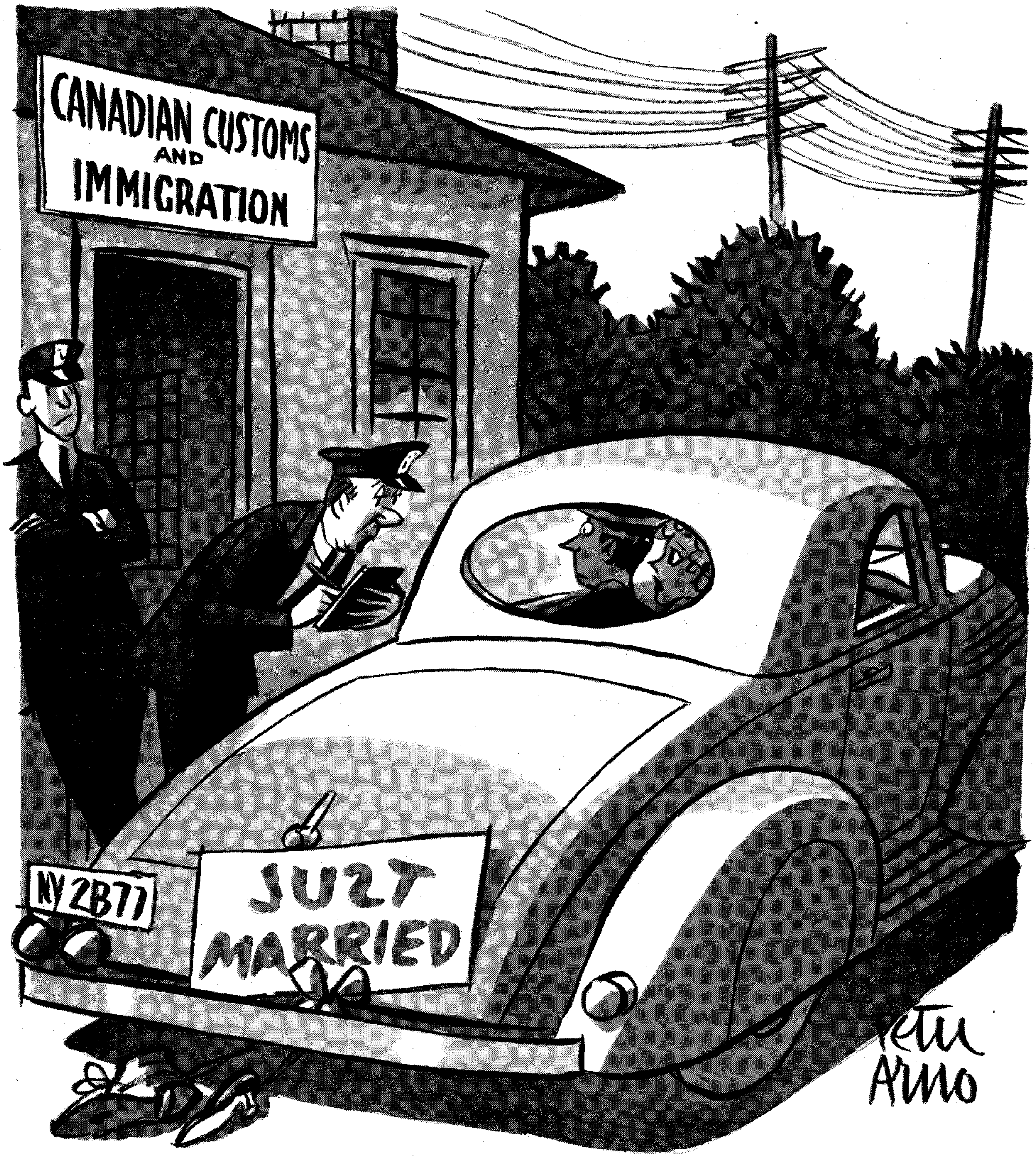
> It is incredible how unimaginative a whole age can be. Our age has been inventive, but always unimaginative. If we have had anything new it has been shabby and pointless and clinical, like da-da or dada, surrealism, et cetera. All feeble. All unhealthy, or rather non-healthy. The operation of imagination in the realm of the normal is practically unknown. Implements, gadgets, and so on: plenty. Anything that has to do with matter: plenty. Anything that has to do with spirit, rhythm, and so on: none. We have plenty of reporters. Practically no creators. There is no imagination.

Obviously, Mr. Saroyan's premise is that this is an unimaginative age, and his conclusion, as well as his choice of title, is made clear in the following passage:

> The reason for all this sorrow in behavior everywhere is that we've had no real imagination. No one has behaved freshly and spontaneously, excepting he was crazy, which doesn't count in the record. I mean to behave freshly and spontaneously and supernormally.

The coming reality is the coming fresh, spontaneous, and supernormal behavior of Mr. Saroyan. The Library may not believe that this is the coming reality, and I am not sure that I do either, but that is no excuse for saying Mr. Saroyan has no subject. "This unimaginative age" or "The coming fresh, spontaneous, and supernormal behavior of William Saroyan" is what should have been typed on that card.

THE trustees of the Public Library include Vincent Astor, William Adams Delano, J. P. Morgan, Frank L. Polk, Elihu Root, Jr., John M. Schiff, Myron C. Taylor, Bronson Winthrop, Mayor LaGuardia, and President of the City Council Newbold Morris—a competent group of men; not one to be easily baffled, one would suppose. Considering the extraordinary problem



*"And what is the purpose of your visit?"*

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involved in the cataloguing of the Saroyan article, it is safe to assume that they were consulted and, unless they take their responsibilities lightly, did all they could to prevent such a public exhibition of their corporate perplexity. Their failure, like a beautiful woman's inability to understand the funny papers, has left me with a slightly let-down feeling. It may be, of course, that they were thrown off by Mr. Saroyan's remarks about the lizard. "All things influence all things," he writes. "A boulder in a desert influences a lizard. Once in a while, though, comes a lizard who influences a boulder, *the* boulder, and therefore all boulders, and everything else." Well, it is true that Mr. Saroyan strays from his subject now and then, but this is one of his chief charms and one that a library which goes in for shells, minerals, postage stamps, and prints of nonexistent monuments certainly ought to understand. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

# THE WILSONS

## THE OTHER SIDE

ALTHOUGH the water in the pool was only sixty-four degrees, Hilda Wilson would have had to be dragged out of it a year ago. Now, on the edge of sixteen, she sat in the June sunshine in her new red-and-white striped bathing suit and looked across the green water without the least desire to enter it. She was watching the girls on the other side of the pool. She sat on the tile floor, and Molly Breeme and Clara Austen sprawled on the bench back of her, talking. Hilda scarcely heard them. She was thinking about her birthday party, which was only two weeks away.

Sixteen ought to be a pretty important birthday. She could get her driving licence if her parents let her. Mother said yes, but Pop said no. I wonder, she thought, why he won't let me call him Father or Daddy? Why does he *like* to be called Pop? Perhaps he'd weaken and give her permission on her birthday, but maybe it would be best to let the Pop business ride until after the licence business was settled. "Mother" was all right as a name, but it would be prettier to call her *Maman*, the way the de Fresne children did. And they called their Granny *Bonne-mère*. That was pretty, too. Their silver had a crest on it. It would be nutsy if there were a Wilson crest. She'd ask Mother. Maybe there was a Curtis crest. Granny Curtis lived in Virginia, and people from Virginia were usually awfully aristocratic. Unless Pop objected. It would be wonderful to marry someone with a title. The de Fresne boy had one, but he was only Chester's age. Goodness, she thought suddenly, will I have to have a little boy like Chester, just because he is my brother, at my sixteenth birthday party? Screaming and running around and bumping into people and saying "Aw nuts!" If Mother would only let her have a dance here at the Beach Club. It would be too late at night for Chester, of course, and it would be divine. Especially if I could have those girls, too, she thought, looking across the pool.

She heard Molly's voice. "Every time she wore something different," Molly was saying. "I'd say, 'Ooh, Miss Vesper, that's *so* chic!' And I always got good marks."

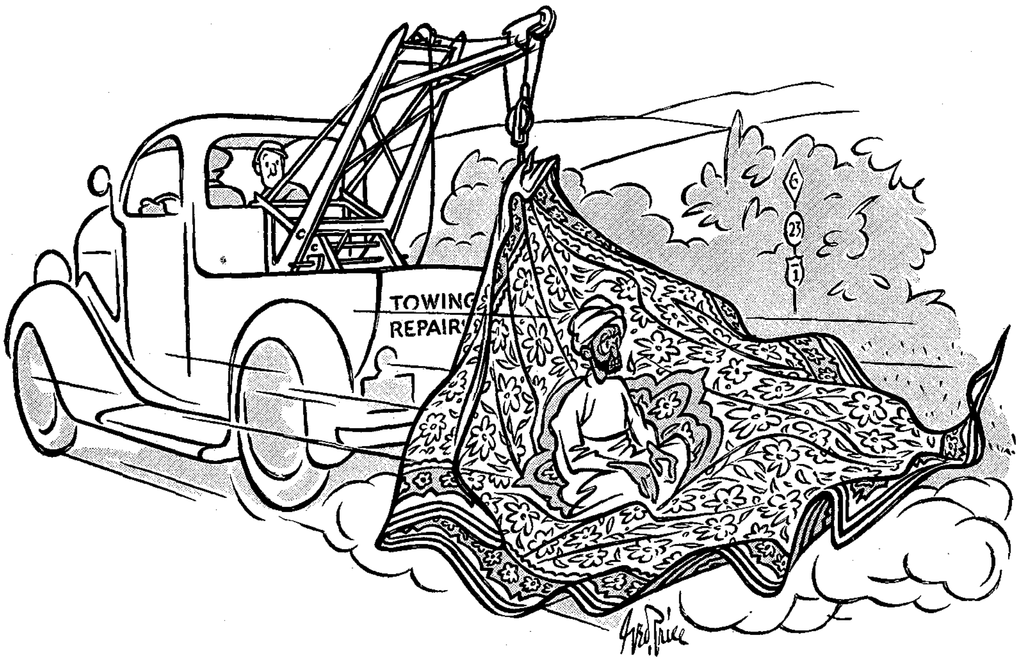
"She's vain," said Clara.

Well, thought Hilda, I suppose I've got to ask *them* to the party. Mother will make me do it anyway on account of Mrs. Breeme and Mrs. Austen. Molly was so big! And neither Molly nor Clara got asked to the Medfords' or the de Fresnes' parties. It was nice now that Pop had more money—Mother let her have so many more things. If she had a dance, maybe she could have an evening dress with no back. Tisdale School was nicer than that old Providence dump where Molly and Clara still went. Much nicer. I hope I never get as big as Molly, she thought. It was revolting. They flopped, and Molly wouldn't do a thing about it. Hilda raised her hand delicately, fleetingly, to her own small breasts. She looked across the pool again. Janice Clark was big, too, but it wasn't revolting. And in spite of her messy hair and not having much money or anything, Janice was *pursued* by the men. What made men pursue you? Even old men, maybe as old as twenty-five or six, pursued Janice. And the girls liked her, too. Look at her now. Marie de Fresne, and Ellen Medford, and that dark Wegener girl from Philadelphia, and Luli Desmond.

And Janice, right there with them, right there across the pool. Oh, thought Hilda, I wish I were there instead of here! The Wegener girl was frightfully rich; Mother said so. I wish, she said to herself, I *wish* I were on the other side of the pool.

How did you do things like that? Could you just get up and walk over there, around by the springboard, perhaps pretending you were going to dive and then not? But Molly and Clara might come too, and then it would all be spoiled.

Marie de Fresne had asked her to one dance, but she'd had a cold and couldn't go. *Wouldn't* she have a cold! Right then! She and Mother had been to tea at the Medfords', but that didn't count, really, because Ellen hadn't asked her again by herself. Luli she knew just a little. She's nice, Hilda thought; she has lovely clothes. Janice was the one she knew well. She could say she'd come to ask Janice to her party. And then ask the others. But if they said yes and then didn't ask her to sit with them, what could she do? Just leave? And have to come back to Molly and Clara?



THERE was a burst of laughter from the other side of the pool. She saw Janice get up, walk about. Acting. Janice's white rubber bathing suit was awfully smart. Hilda looked down at her own suit. Good, too, but not as good as Janice's.

"She's showing off," said Molly.

"She's always showing off," Clara said. "At school she did, too."

"That's Phyllis Wegener, isn't it?" asked Molly. "The one next to Janice."

"Yes," said Clara. "Ooh, and is she rich!"

"I don't like her," said Molly.

"I don't like any of them, and they don't any of them like me," said Clara, "so that's all O.K."

"Me, too," said Molly. "They're stuck-up."

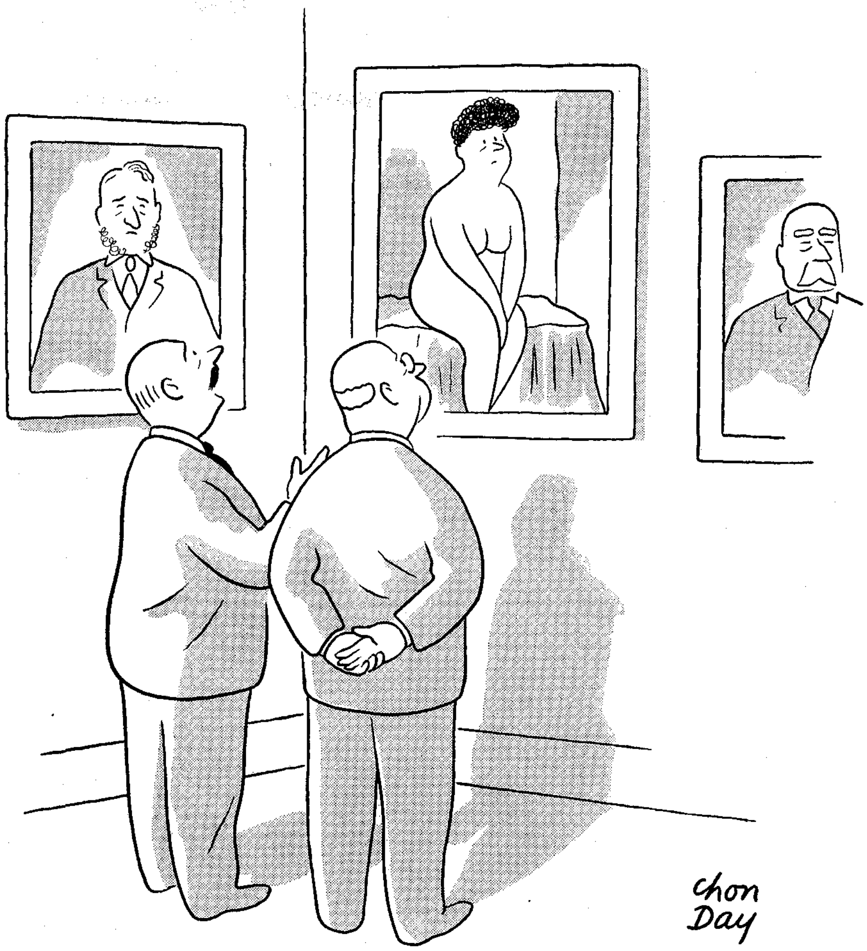
Hilda squirmed slightly. Two weeks and who to ask? And here she was, trapped, absolutely, definitely trapped, with Clara and Molly. And she'd *have* to ask *them*, and Janice, but oh, how could she get to ask the others? Not just through Mother, or writing—that took so long. But now! They were having such fun over there and they were so, well, so . . . They weren't like Molly, or like Clara. Right across the pool. All you had to do was have something happen, change sides—be over there, laughing and looking back at Clara and Molly. And know you were where you wanted to be, and that Clara and Molly were just *green* with envy but saying, "I don't like them." The Wegeners gave *wonderful* parties. They brought people all the way from Boston to Philadelphia in a private car last New Year's Day. Luli Desmond went, and Ellen went, and Janice. And Janice's father ran a hardware store! Not a banker, like Pop. Molly's father was a contractor in Cottrellton—imagine!—and Clara's father had run away and Mrs. Austen made all Clara's clothes. But Mrs. Austen was a lady; at least Mother said she was. "Poor but well bred, poor thing," Mother said. Mother had liked her a lot when she first came to Cottrellton for the summers. She was old Mrs. Collins' daughter. Mrs. Collins was poor too, but she got away with it. Clara was even in the *Social Register*. Hilda wished they were in the *Social Register*; it was awful not being, but Mother wouldn't even talk about it. But Janice wasn't either. Oh, Hilda thought, if *only* I were over there instead of here! Here I am, almost sixteen, and boys don't pursue me the way they do Janice, and Janice knows all those chic girls across the pool and they like her, but they don't like me. It was bitter.

Just then Chester and that awful brat Junior Frissell and little Tony Breeme came raging, absolutely raging, around the corner and flung themselves into the pool. They splashed, they swam, and they made such a frightful noise! You couldn't hear yourself think. It did seem as though Mother, or Pop, or Miss Friederichs, who was *paid* for it, after all, might get Chester to behave properly and not make such a disgusting exhibition of himself. Still . . . I might go into the pool, she thought—just to join him. When all is said and done, he *is* my brother. It's perfectly *natural* to do it. And then climb out the other side? And just see? She stirred, almost decided on it.

"Hiya, Sis!" yelled Chester.

"Hello," she said.

"You gonna get dressed first?"



*"I'm told that the 1929 crash took everything she had."*

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"No," she said. "You go first."

"You'll be late to lunch then!" he yelled. "Like always. Pop's home. He'll be sore."

"You've been in there long enough," she said, very dignified. "This is your third time. Where's Miss Friederichs?"

"Gone to Providence—yay!" he said, and dived. When he came up he spouted water. "She's gone for the day. Yippee!"

"Hurry up then," said Hilda. "You get dressed now. I'll come along after you."

"O.K.," he said. "Fixed up about your birthday party yet?"

Wild horses couldn't have dragged Hilda into the pool then. "You mind your own business!" she said.

"O.K.," Chester called out. "I just wondered who you'd asked to your old party. That's all." He swam toward the steps, racing the two other boys. Hilda lay back, silent. She truly hated him, truly.

"I'd forgotten your birthday came so soon," said Molly.

"Yes," said Hilda.

"You going to have a party?"

"Yes," said Hilda.

"Oh, goody!" said Molly. "A dance?"

"I don't know yet," said Hilda. "We haven't decided."

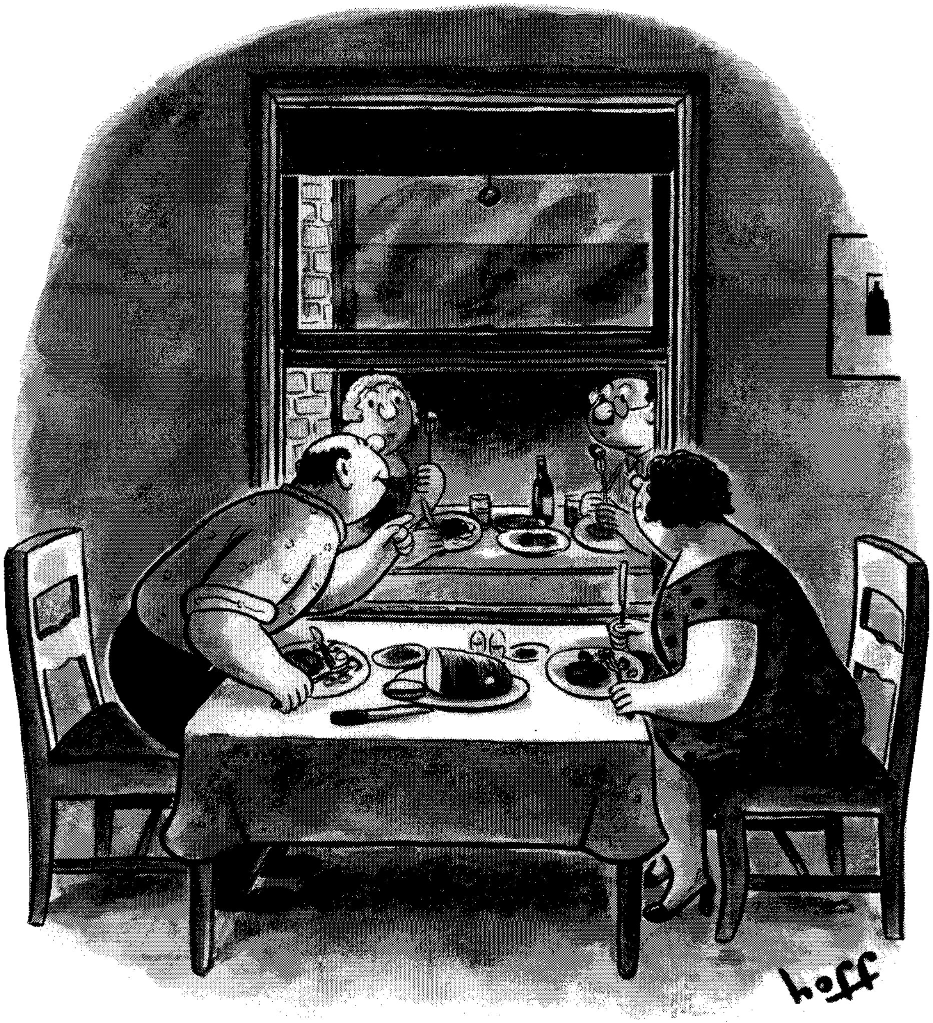
"I hope your mother gives you a dance," said Molly.

"So do *I*," said Clara. They began to talk about dances. They're pretty sure they'll be asked, thought Hilda. They'd be awfully surprised if they weren't asked, too. There'd be no fun in having them, but there'd be some satisfaction in not having them. Though it would be mean.

Another loud cackle of laughter came from across the pool. She looked up. Chester had gone, surprisingly. Well, the water *was* cold. Janice was walking to the springboard. She heard Janice say, "Look, I'll demonstrate, darling." Darling! It hurt Hilda to hear it. Janice went on the board and did a comic sort of belly-flopper swan dive.

"Wow!" she said as she came up. "Wow! It's icy!" But she continued to swim about. "See what I mean?" she called out.

"Yes!" the girls on the other side



*"Pardon me, would you mind passing the ketchup?"*

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chorused, and laughed, and Luli said, "It's *just* like Mary! Do it again, funny face."

"Not me," said Janice, treading water. "Wow, is it *cold!*"

Now or never, thought Hilda. (Did Janice make fun of her when she wasn't there?) She rose abruptly and walked to the springboard.

"Hi, Janice," she said, and immediately dived in and rose from the dive near the other girl.

"Hello, Hilda," said Janice. "Isn't it like ice? I'm going out. I bet you won't stay in long, either." She turned and raced for the side of the pool and hauled herself out, dripping.

Hilda swam slowly back and forth in the centre of the pool, watching Janice. The girl stood and shook herself, spattering the others.

"Don't! Oh, you're *mean!*" they screamed. Hilda turned and swam to their side and grasped the edge of the spillway. She hung there a moment and then gave a heave up and landed on the pool's edge, sitting with her back to the group. She dangled her legs in the water, not wishing to do anything too fast. When she finally turned her head, in its bright-red bathing cap, all the girls were on their feet and Janice was already walking toward the bathhouses.

"Hello, Hilda," said Marie de Fresne. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Icy!" said Hilda. "Are you going?"

"Yes," said Marie.

"Yes," said Luli.

"Time for lunch, isn't it?" said Ellen.

The Wegener girl smiled, rather emptily, and started to go away, saying, "Come along, Mummy is waiting for us."

"O.K.," they said. "So long, Hilda." They moved off in a compact group except for Marie, who ran to catch up with Janice and put her arm around her. Hilda just sat there. She felt trembly inside.

WHEN they were gone—quite gone, right out of sight—Hilda rose and climbed the railing and started walking swiftly toward the bathhouses. Molly called out to her.

"Going *in?*" she said.

"Yes," she called back. It was all she could muster.

"Hey, wait for baby!" cried Molly.

Hilda didn't answer. She walked rapidly to the bathhouses and turned down the long corridor. At the very end was their bathhouse. When she reached it, the door was locked.

"Chester," she said, "Chester!," and pounded on the door.

"Yeah?" his voice replied from the dark interior.

"Let me in," she said. "Hurry and let me in."

"I can't," he said.

"Let me in!" she cried. "Now, at once!" She saw Molly appear at the end of the corridor. "Let me *in!*"

"I can't," he said. "I'm naked. I can't let you in when I'm stark naked, can I?"

"Listen, Chester," she called, and there was a desperate urgency in her voice. "Put a towel round you. Anything. *But—let—me—in!*" Molly was coming fast.

She heard the door lock click and then the door opened. She jumped inside, pushed the door to, and locked it quickly, her hands trembling. Chester was standing with a towel in front of him. She sat on the bench and, putting her head in her hands, burst into sobs.

"Gee," said Chester, "did you hurt yourself?"

She didn't answer him. She couldn't. Then she heard Molly knock on the door and say, "Hilda! Hilda!" In a fierce whisper, tears still streaming from her eyes, she said to Chester, "For the love of God tell her to go away. Please!" Chester looked at her.

"Go away," he called. "Beat it. I'm naked. Absolutely naked. Go away. She's sick."

"What's the matter?" said Molly.

"Go away!" said Chester. "Scram! Beat it!"

"Oh, all *right,*" said Molly. She must have gone, because there was no further sound from her.

"You sick?" said Chester.

She shook her head. She was sobbing again.

"Girls are dopey," said Chester.

—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

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Scientific experiments have reduced the estimated speed of the deerfly from eight hundred miles per hour to a mere 28 miles per hour.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Too bad they can't slow the Stukas down a little!

# A NICE LITTLE HOUSE WITH A CISTERN

IT was nearly two o'clock when the Parkers arrived, and as soon as their roadster turned into the driveway both Tom and Helen came out of the house to greet them. Helen had on a pair of blue shorts and a dark-red jersey, and her childishly rounded legs were all honey-colored with their first coat of tan. As she pelted across the lawn toward the car, Toby Parker eyed her appreciatively. Tom, in stained white pants, followed her more slowly. "Hi, keeds," Toby said, and he snapped one hand to his forehead in a mock salute. "Cap'n Parker reporting."

Helen's run had carried her to the running board. "Well, you made it!" she cried, and for a moment she balanced there, looking happy and healthy and excited, smiling down at both of them. Then, clutching the windshield post with one brown hand, she leaned over Toby to Miriam and kissed her. "Hello, darling," she said. "It's so swell you could come. Really swell."

"Oh, all danger is past," Toby said. He had leaned back a little to let Helen's body crowd past him. "Listen, break it up, girls," he said. "Don't I rate one of those, too?"

Helen, straightening, glanced at him. "Of course you do, darling," she said, and bending down swiftly, she kissed him, deftly just missing his mouth. "That's for bringing that sweet wife of yours up here safely."

"Hey! I wanted a real one!"

Helen laughed. "Wasn't that real enough?" Tom ambled up behind her and she leaned back against him, so that when he put his arms around her, her own weight dragged her off the running board. "And with my husband here, too?"

"Not in my book," Toby said. He glanced over at Tom, and then past him toward the house. "So this is the new G.H.Q.," he said.

Tom grinned vaguely. "This? Oh, sure, yes," he said. "If you want to call it that. But we've still got a lot of work to do on it." He thrust out a hand for Toby's. "But you'll see. Meet much traffic?"

"Boy! Did we! You'd think it was the day of the big push or something, the way the roads were jammed. But we travelled along. And we had the radio going—till Mamma here turned it off."

Miriam was still sitting in the car, looking calmly out at them. Her skin, paler than usual, seemed almost luminous in the shade of the trees overhanging the driveway. Her eyes were placid and large. "War news," she said. "I can't stand it."

"I know," Helen said. "Tom, doesn't she look swell?"

"I'll say she does. Motherhood becomes her, I guess."

"How long is it now?" Helen said. She was eying Miriam thoughtfully.

"Four months."

"Make them give you this new thing—nembutal. You won't feel a pang."

Tom stared down at his wife's head in surprise. "How'd you hear about that?"

Helen twisted around to smile up at him. "Oh, I get around. And I talk to the girls. And it may come in handy someday. But look, darlings." With an air of bestirring herself, she unwound Tom's arms from her waist. "Why do we all just stand here? When we've got a picnic lunch all ready for you. And we want to show you the house, and everything." She reached out a hand for Toby. "Tom, you help Miriam. Come on in."

THEY walked across the lawn, in the sun that seemed more than ever hot after the coolness of the driveway's maples, to the house that seemed almost shiveringly cold after the blaze of the sun outside. "It's the thick stone walls," Helen said. "I guess this must be just about the only stone house in this part of Connecticut. But I don't see why they didn't build more of them. They're so cool." They went in through the living room and then on through the dining room; when Miriam stopped to look at the big fireplace there, Helen pulled her affectionately along. "Don't worry," she said. "We'll take you all over the whole place later. But just now what you want is a drink and some food. And anyway, the one thing that we're proudest of now is the terrace. Tom, you fix the drinks."

She led Miriam and Toby out through the big French windows to the terrace. Tom turned into the kitchen. He heard Miriam say, "Lord, this is peaceful," in her cool, quiet voice; then they were outdoors and out of earshot. The windows of the kitchen overlooked the terrace, and while he soaked out the ice cubes in the sink and got the glasses and bottles together on a tray, he could see them settling themselves in the deck chairs, and Toby pointing and Helen nodding, and then he could see Helen making a circular gesture of her hand toward the floor of the terrace itself. As he hurried out with the tray, he heard her saying, "You see, they had

*"I was terribly afraid she wouldn't take to flying."*

no well. Or the old well they had went dry every summer, or something. So they built this big thing to catch the rain water off the roof, and stored it. Like the ones in Bermuda."

"Are you talking about the cistern?" Tom asked.

"I was, baby, I was." Helen turned to Miriam. "It's Tom's pet, though, really. He's the one that discovered it." Tom was handing the highballs around.

"Well, I mean," he said as he sat back in one of the chairs, "it just shows you what lengths they went to to get water in the old days. But the funny thing is we might never have known it was here if we hadn't started putting in this terrace. It was when we were digging for that that we found it." He glanced at Toby and heaved himself out of his chair. "It's right under here. Come on over and I'll show you." He led the way to a heavy wooden trapdoor set into the stones in a corner of the terrace. Toby followed him, and after a moment Helen and Miriam came too. When Tom lifted the trapdoor, they all peered down into the huge, empty cavern, cool and dark, that it revealed.

"You can't see much," Tom said. "But if I had a flashlight—"

"I can see," Toby said. He had dropped to his knees. "Boy! It's big!"

"I can tell you it's big. It's about ten feet square, and more than that deep. Must have held—oh, five thousand gallons."

"But how they could drink the water!" Helen said. She had turned to Miriam. "Green and slimy and all full of insects."

"Of course, we had it drained," Tom went on. "And I was going to have it ripped out and filled in. You know, it seemed kind of funny having all that empty space underneath you. But the contractor said it would cost a fortune. It's all stones and concrete. And thick."

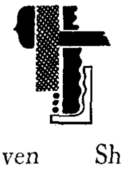
"Boy! You've got something there," Toby said. He had finished his study of the cistern, and now he sat back on his haunches, gazing around at the others, getting their attention. "And I bet you don't even know what you've got. Listen, boy, you don't want to have that filled in."

Tom smiled vaguely. "Well, we won't. The contractor said—"

"I don't care what the contractor said." Toby pointed one hand dramatically at the open trapdoor and stared at Tom. "Listen, keed, don't you know what that is? That's your bombproof shelter. Comes the war, you'll be sitting pretty."

Tom glanced at Helen. Then he laughed. "Well, that's an idea," he said. "Anyway, we ought to do something with it. And from what the contractor said—" It was just then that the airplane came over.

Miriam heard it first, and then Tom too heard its remote, tiny hum and looked up. The sky was so clear that day, and so filled with sunlight, that at first he couldn't discern it. Then he sighted it; floating high and flying toward them, it was coming over the hills on the eastern rim of the valley. It looked small, but that was only because it was far away; he could tell from the shape of the wings and the wingspread that it was a heavy plane, and as it moved toward the zenith the reverberation of its motors, though the sound was still small in volume, grew until it seemed to echo in every part of the heavens. For some reason he couldn't stop to analyze, Tom glanced at Miriam.



She was looking up too. She was standing with her legs a little apart and her arms straight down at her sides; and the pose, and the bulge at her belly, gave her whole body an appearance of awkward helplessness that he had never seen there before. Her neck, beneath the back-thrust head, was so rigidly held that two long cords of muscle stood out in it, all the way from her chin to her shoulders. Tom turned his eyes up to the plane again. There was a glint of sun on its wings as it passed overhead; then, still with its air of slow, calm, and far-seeing purpose, it moved on, heading west. If it had really been a bomber, Tom thought, it might already have completed its mission, or that part of its mission that would have concerned them. But even then it would be seconds still before those on the ground could be sure of it. It would be seconds still before the bombs, released from their racks, could finish their fall and reach their targets. To a woman in the countryside of England or France, there would be seconds of waiting still.

The seconds passed and the plane grew smaller, heading steadily toward the western horizon. Toby alone hadn't noticed it. He was peering down into the cistern again, and his voice came to them a little hollowly, echoing back from the recesses beneath. "Why, sure," he was saying. "Run a light cord in there. Put some bookshelves, and maybe a couple of chairs or a cot. And then, comes the bombers—"

Miriam was still standing rigidly, with her head thrown back toward the sky. It was Helen who interrupted him. "Toby, stop!" she cried suddenly, and as his face, blank and loose in surprise, lifted to hers, her voice rose instead of diminishing, until it was almost a shriek. "Can't you see what you're doing? Stop! Stop! Stop!"

—Robert M. Coates

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## A LITTLE BOW TO BOOKS ON HOW TO

For years I've read the books on how to
 Do this and that: Awake and live,
Make friends, influence people, bow to
 The blows or blessings Fate may give;

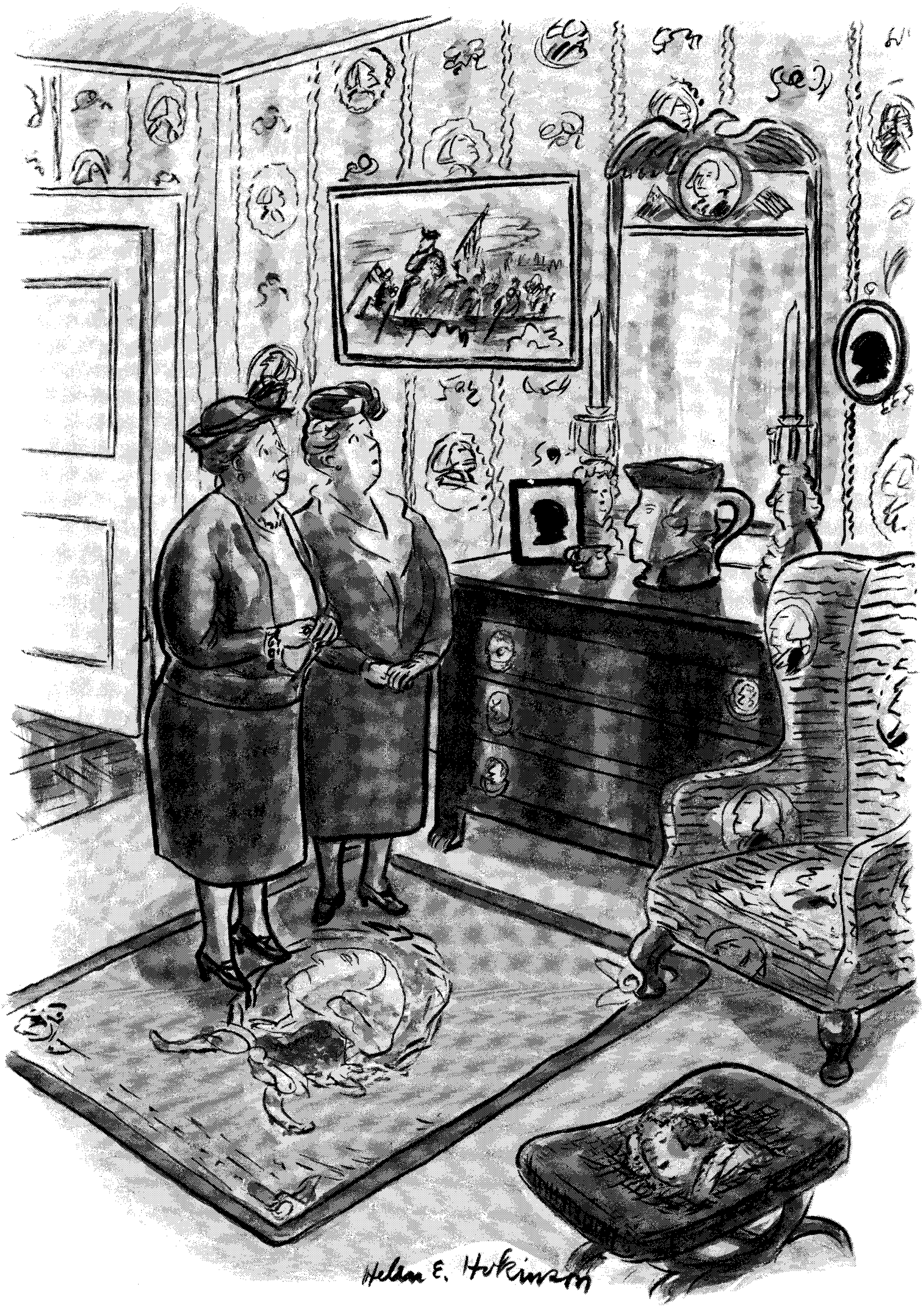
How to invest, or raise a crocus,
 How to relax, or how to take it,
How to read others' hocus-pocus,
 Or, if one likes one's own, to make it;

How to breathe, or browse, or think,
 Or get a job, or be polite,
Grow hair, or run a skating rink,
 Make good by day, make love by night;

How to rejoice, alone or married,
 How to distinguish saints from sinners,
How not to end it all when harried,
 How to eat corn at formal dinners;

How to, how to, how, how, how
 Do this, do that, and these and those, too;
I yawn, but not before I bow
 To those great minds the money flows to.

—Irwin Edman


Helen E. Hokinson

*"What it really needs is more Martha."*

# PROFILES

## GOSSIP WRITER

### II—UPSTART STAYS UP

TO be a successful gossip writer a man must have unusual strength of character and a rugged disposition. He cannot afford to be fastidious or wishy-washy. His livelihood depends not so much on a talent for collecting gossip items as on an ability to make public what he picks up without being disturbed or confused by a softhearted regard for the feelings of the individuals concerned. He is fortunate if he instinctively bears ill will toward people, but he must in any case be realistic and something of a cynic. If he does not actually desire to upset his fellow-citizens, he must at least feel that existence is so hazardous and discouraging for most people that one more setback won't make much difference in their lives. Furthermore, a gossip writer has to hold his head high in spite of what he is doing day in and day out. A hangdog look on the face of a gossip writer would not inspire confidence. He must be a man a scandalmonger can trust. If a gossip writer suffers at all from a sense of guilt, he must think himself out of such foolishness by concentrating on his thirst for fame and riches. Such requisites as these are fundamental and have to do with the basic elements of personality. It is doubtful whether they could be acquired by an adult. A gossip writer's training should begin in the formative period before adolescence.

An overenthusiastic psychiatrist could use the superficial facts of the upbringing of Walter Winchell as the basis for a lecture to parents on how to raise a boy to be a millionaire gossip writer. It could be plausibly asserted that Winchell was able to acquire without conscious effort on his part an antisocial outlook which proved to be immensely popular. This agrees with a theory sometimes advanced by biassed detractors of the adult Winchell who insinuate that his remarkable achievements are not the result of hard work and keen intelligence but can be traced to a neurotic compulsion for which he is not responsible and which was thrust upon him by his childhood environment. There is a fallacy in all this, and parents who attempt to give a child the same training Walter received should be made to understand in advance that the outcome cannot be guaranteed. Walter had an older brother named Al, who enjoyed identical advantages but grew up to be an unobtrusive public accountant. He has remained an unobtrusive public accountant. The unscientific mind is led to conclude that while both young Winchells were given training suitable to potential gossip writers, Walter had something in his makeup which Al did not possess. It follows that Walter deserves considerable credit for taking advantage of an opportunity which Al failed to grasp.

The benefits the Winchell boys received were not due to forethought or intelligent planning on the part of their father and mother but were the result of circumstances more or less beyond the parents' control. The boys were born in a poor district on the upper East Side, not far from Fifth Avenue, a section now part of Negro Harlem. Walter came into the world at Easter time forty-three years ago. Al had been born about three years earlier. The father and mother were not happily married, were separated for long periods when the boys were youngsters, and were finally divorced some years later. Because the father had never made very much money, the boys were not cushioned against the shock of this domestic instability. They were permitted to face reality. Instead of having two homes during the periods of parental estrangement or being sent away to school, they were boarded out, sometimes together and sometimes separately, sometimes with relatives and frequently with strangers who were willing to give them beds and meals for a few dollars a week but assumed no other responsibility toward them. No wool was pulled over their eyes. They were allowed to worry about the future to their hearts' content without being subjected to the soothing and softening influence of a conventional home life. Their childhood, a psychiatrist would say, was unquestionably marked by insecurity and lack of normal affection. Under such ideal conditions a child is supposed to develop a strong will to succeed, an inordinate desire to attract attention to himself, and a hostile or suspicious attitude toward his fellows. Yet Al Winchell failed to catch on.

In addition to an air of discord, the boys' home, when they had one, was permeated by an atmosphere of disillusionment bordering on bitterness. The mother and father were both Jewish. Like many Jews, the elder Winchells were visionary, impractical, Christlike folk whose ancestors in Central Europe had been forced into business and commerce against their natural inclinations because the professions, the arts, and even the pursuit of agriculture were made inaccessible to them by their Aryan overlords. They had come to this country expecting to find racial equality and a spiritual culture and had been rudely disenchanted by numerous unpleasant experiences with the intolerance and materialism of the Yankee civilization. Winchell's father was no more capable of competing successfully with native-born American businessmen than the typical Jewish patriarchs who can still be seen on the lower East Side—impecunious, Old-World Hebrews who live there because they have never been able to make enough money to live anywhere else. He had tried to get ahead in the silk business, among other things, and had failed consistently. The economic and social condition of the elder Winchells offered the boys a chance to work out a philosophy which holds that the world is full of grabbers and schemers and that in order to survive one must adopt aggressive characteristics and subdue one's scruples. Here again Al Winchell seems to have missed the point.

Today, Al Winchell is an affable, simple-hearted fellow who earns a modest living counting up the profits and losses of other people's businesses and keeping their books straight. He lives obscurely in Manhattan. He rarely sees his famous brother but is loyally proud of Walter's accomplishments. He has been known to nudge people on the subway whom he has seen reading his brother's column in the *Mirror* and say to them, "Walter Winchell is my brother," thus demonstrating a naïve and innate trust in the friendliness of mankind. His advances have been rebuffed only once; this was when a citizen whom he has not seen since said, in reply to Al's boast, "Oh, he is, is he?," glared at Al, and turned his back.

The present-day character of Walter Winchell, on the other hand, represents a triumph of adopted traits over inherent ones. The minor imperfections in his self-made personality should be accepted as proof of the fact that his adult nature is a creation of his own and not an accident of birth or circumstance. There are flaws in his self-assurance. His acquisitiveness has about it a nervous, skittish quality which is not to be found in the makeup of a Frick or a Carnegie, a Morgan or a Rockefeller. He carries his wealth anxiously rather than smugly. He is more of a fox than a wolf. Also, he does not possess complete self-righteousness. He is thin-skinned, vulnerable to criticism, and in constant fear of physical assault. Whereas his employer, William Randolph Hearst, lightheartedly collects medieval armor as a hobby, Winchell morbidly encumbers his person with up-to-date firearms. His capacity for a carefree enjoyment of his eminence is limited, and piddling when compared to Hearst's. But when it is realized that Walter might have become an Al, his personality on the whole is awe-inspiring.

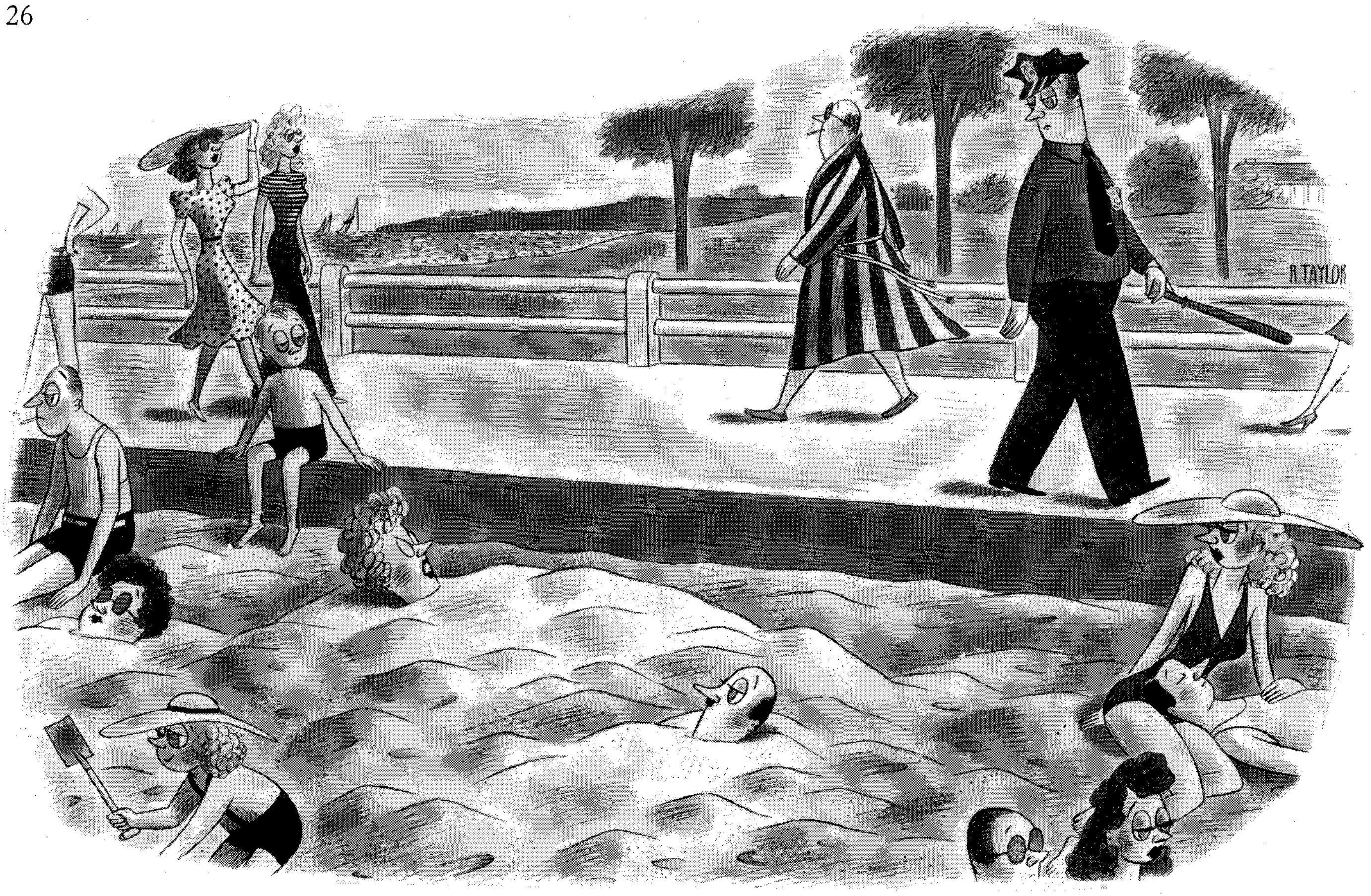
WINCHELL's quest for an opportunity to express his personality began when he was still in short trousers. With his brother Al, he attended a public school in his neighborhood, and when he was thirteen and had finished the sixth grade he quit and went to work. Using the editorial "we," he has since written, "At school we excelled at spelling, geography and history. We failed miserably at arithmetic. How many times 28 goes into 1446 was over our head." Leaving Al to master long division and prepare for public accountancy, Walter worked for a while as an usher at the Imperial Theatre, a vaudeville house on the upper West Side. George Jessel's mother was the cashier. With George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, and other youngsters, he later got a job with Gus Edwards' "Song Review" and sang and danced in vaudeville theatres around the country in an act called "The Newsboys' Sextette."

Walter was a sensitive boy with a sharp intelligence, and not shy. His partners of those days still remember vividly his energetic curiosity about everything that was going on around him. "He always knew everything about everybody in the show," one of them has said since. Walter remained in vaudeville, and before he was twenty was conducting a gossip column consisting of a typewritten sheet which he posted on the bulletin boards of the theatres in which he appeared, signed sometimes with his whole name, sometimes with his initials. He did this simply because he loved to write gossip. None of these early Winchell columns have been preserved, but his fellow-vaudevillians distinctly recall that they consisted mainly of items about their private lives. "He would tell who had a beer with who," a former associate explained recently.

Winchell learned some valuable truths about gossip writing at this time. Occasionally actors or actresses would become irritated at his intrusion on what they considered their privacy, but when this happened it was also to be observed that almost everybody else backstage was titillated. Then, as now, Winchell padded out his writings with jokes, verses, and vignettes, but the body of the column was gossip. If a member of the troupe was annoyed one week over some item about himself, the chances were he would be able to enjoy an item the following week at the expense of some other member of the troupe. Though the author of the column was not exactly popular, he was respected, sometimes feared, and assiduously read. Frequently one member of the troupe would tell Winchell something about another, and Winchell noticed that

Richard Decker

*"I'm sure you'll like its smooth, effortless performance, sir."*



*"Officer, this man is making tunnels."*

• •

these contributors appeared to experience a pleasurable sense of self-importance when they saw the item in Winchell's column and witnessed the little furor it created backstage. "People like to tell tales," Winchell has said since in explaining this phenomenon. "If I take the rap for what they tell me, they'll tell a lot." Winchell's gossip then was on the whole even more favorably received by his readers than it is now. He was writing exclusively about actors and actresses for actors and actresses.

In time, Winchell's typewritten gossip column attracted some attention outside the theatres he worked in. He began to call it "The Daily Newsense," and it sometimes covered two typewritten pages instead of one and contained, besides gossip, jokes, and verses, intimate personality stories, rather than mere items, about the people in the show. Occasionally a small-town paper would quote from it in the publicity it gave to the troupe. Then, around 1920, Winchell began sending random notes to *Billboard*, the theatrical weekly, and some of these were published from time to time under the heading "Stage Whispers" and signed "W.W." He was paid space rates. Gossip writing in 1920 of the kind Winchell writes now was unheard of and the notes Winchell wrote then were dull. It is not known whether this was a result of restraint on his part or editing by *Billboard*. Even the items that *Billboard* published, however, had an intimate quality. "Seen outside of Cleveland movie theatre: Geraldine Farrar supported for the first time by her husband" is typical of them.

WINCHELL was in vaudeville until around 1922, when he was twenty-five. His success had been moderate. He had been out of a job frequently and had once been forced to work his way to New York from some Southern town by riding in a chicken car and keeping the chickens fed. He had known poverty and had been through an unsuccessful marriage with Rita Green, a former partner of George Jessel in vaudeville and Winchell's partner in a skit called "Spooneyville." They were eventually divorced, Miss Green retired to private life, and Winchell married a second time in 1923. In "Spooneyville," Winchell reached the high point of his career on the stage, the act being paid $100 a week when it appeared here at the American Roof in March, 1918. *Variety* reviewed it and said, "The turn isn't one to bring forth any volume of applause but it's pleasant," and mentioned that the lyrics "included the names of famous people."

Winchell enlisted in the Navy during the war and was given a desk job, with the rank of yeoman. Afterward he went back into vaudeville but never got up to $100 a week again, and in 1922 went to work for Glenn Condon, editor of the *Vaudeville News.*

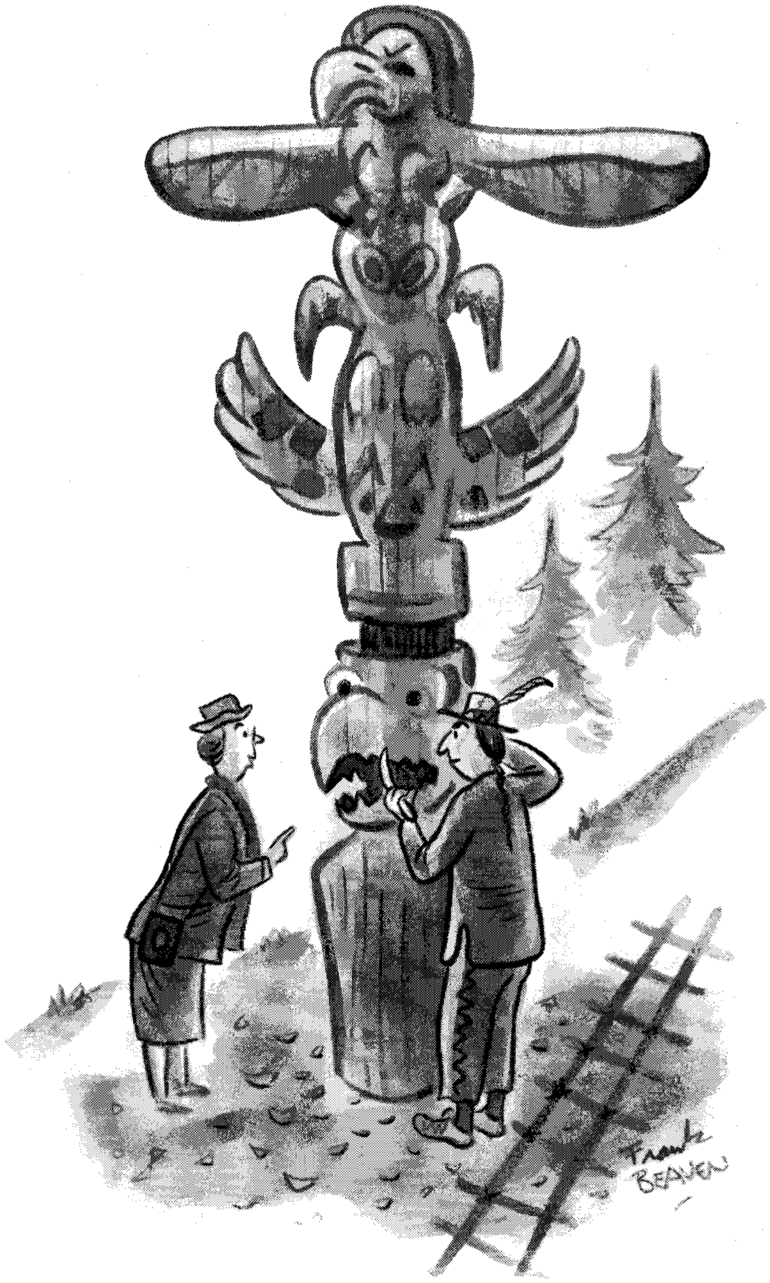
This publication, a weekly, was financed by the Keith-Albee Circuit and contained chatter about vaudevillians and their acts. Winchell's job was to write gossip about show people, solicit advertisements, and occasionally take a photograph. He had a camera and used to stand at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, outside the Palace, take pictures, and gather news and chatter from actors and actresses and other people associated with vaudeville. He worked hard and Condon encouraged him. He started at $25 a week and got several small raises in the course of the next year or so. The gossip he wrote was intimate but seldom malicious, and the vaudeville folk found it to their taste. Winchell got to know many people on and off Broadway, among them James J. Walker, before he was Mayor, and Herbert Bayard Swope, then executive editor of the *World*. "I was impressed at once by his energy and efficiency," said Mr. Swope recently, in recalling his first meeting with Winchell. Winchell also met Fulton Oursler, now editor-in-chief of *Liberty*, who in 1924 was preparing to start the *Evening Graphic* for Bernarr Macfadden. "When the *Graphic* was being started," Mr. Oursler said recently, "Winchell wanted a job as dramatic critic with his own Broadway column. I engaged him with the idea that he would be the best tipster for the city desk that any city editor would want, and allowed him to have his column to keep him happy."

Gossip Writing in its modern form first bloomed on the *Graphic* in 1925, about a year after Winchell was hired by Oursler. Its blossoming was an outgrowth of Winchell's efforts to tip off the city desk to things he picked up while doing his Broadway column, as he had been instructed to do by Oursler. During its first year, Winchell's column attracted little attention. It was made up of jokes and verses, in the manner of Franklin P. Adams' column in the *World* at that time, and contained only such personal items as:

> Claude Cooper, who is playing an important role in "My Son" which comes to the Princess September 17, appeared last season in "The Shame Woman."
>
> Marion Spitzer's new novel, "Who Would Be Free," has been published.
>
> Arthur Gordoni, who joined "I'll Say She Is" at the Casino last week, was one of Norah Bayes's husbands.

Winchell considered himself at that time to be a rival of F.P.A., and his column actually was a sort of road-company "Conning Tower," but with more emphasis on theatrical activities. Following Oursler's instructions, Winchell used to turn over tips to whatever assistant happened to be in charge of the city desk when he was in the office. These tips consisted of rumors that the So-and-Sos were thinking of getting a divorce and other such gossip as is now a commonplace in American journalism. At that time, however, the *Graphic*, which is generally considered to have been the most sensational and scandalous newspaper ever published in this country, had certain journalistic standards. It did not print gossip. The *Graphic* dearly loved a spectacular divorce, but its editors could not bring themselves to publish anything about a disintegrating marriage until the matter reached the courts, or until it had become a matter for the attention of the police. The *Graphic* was obscene, but it clung to these ancient standards of journalism. The editors, who invented a lurid type of composite photograph called the "composograph" and were in the end prosecuted for endangering public morals with it, would never have considered printing a story about the unfortunate marriage of Kip Rhinelander, for example, until that scandal reached the courts when the Rhinelander family sued for an annulment. The exploits of Daddy Browning and his Peaches got into the *Graphic* only when Browning invited reporters to his house and later took his sensation to court. It was a hypocritical standard, but it served at least to limit the number of citizens whose private lives were exposed to scandalous publicity. The best and the worst newspapers adhered to it before 1925.

Winchell could not understand this policy on the part of the *Graphic's* editors. As a man-about-town and a dramatic critic, he was constantly running into items like those he had put up on the bulletin board in his vaudeville days. Often they were items which he considered of interest to everybody in the city. Dutifully, he would turn them over to whatever assistant happened to be on the city desk at the time. Firmly, this assistant would throw them on the floor. "That's not news," he would say of Winchell's carefully typed-out tip about the tottering marriage of some prominent stage star or other celebrity. "We can't print that," he would tell Winchell scornfully. Winchell was hurt and mystified by these continued rebuffs. "It used to burn me up," he said not long ago in recalling this first year on the *Graphic*. "I would bring in hot tips and these dumb bastards would throw them on the floor." The identity of these



*"May I ask what prompted you to take up this hobby?"*

lowly journalistic Dutch Boys, who kept their fingers in the journalistic dyke at the *Graphic* office through this first year, are not known to history. They were up against something more relentless than a tidal wave and were conceivably washed away in the flood of gossip which Winchell eventually decided to put into his own column one day in defiance of the *Graphic's* editorial fastidiousness.

This came about when Winchell brought in a tip that a celebrated male musical-comedy star and a chorus girl were sailing next day for Europe in adjoining staterooms. "Not news," said the city-desk man regretfully but stubbornly. Winchell brooded over this rebuff for a few days and then printed in his column this collection of gossip items, which he had picked up in the meantime:

> Helen Eby Brooks, widow of William Rock, has been plunging in Miami real estate... It's a girl at the Carter De Havens... Lenore Ulric paid $7 income tax... Fannie Brice is betting on the horses at Belmont... S. Jay Kaufman sails on the 16th via the Berengaria to be hitched to a Hungarian... Report has it that Lillian Lorraine has taken a husband again.

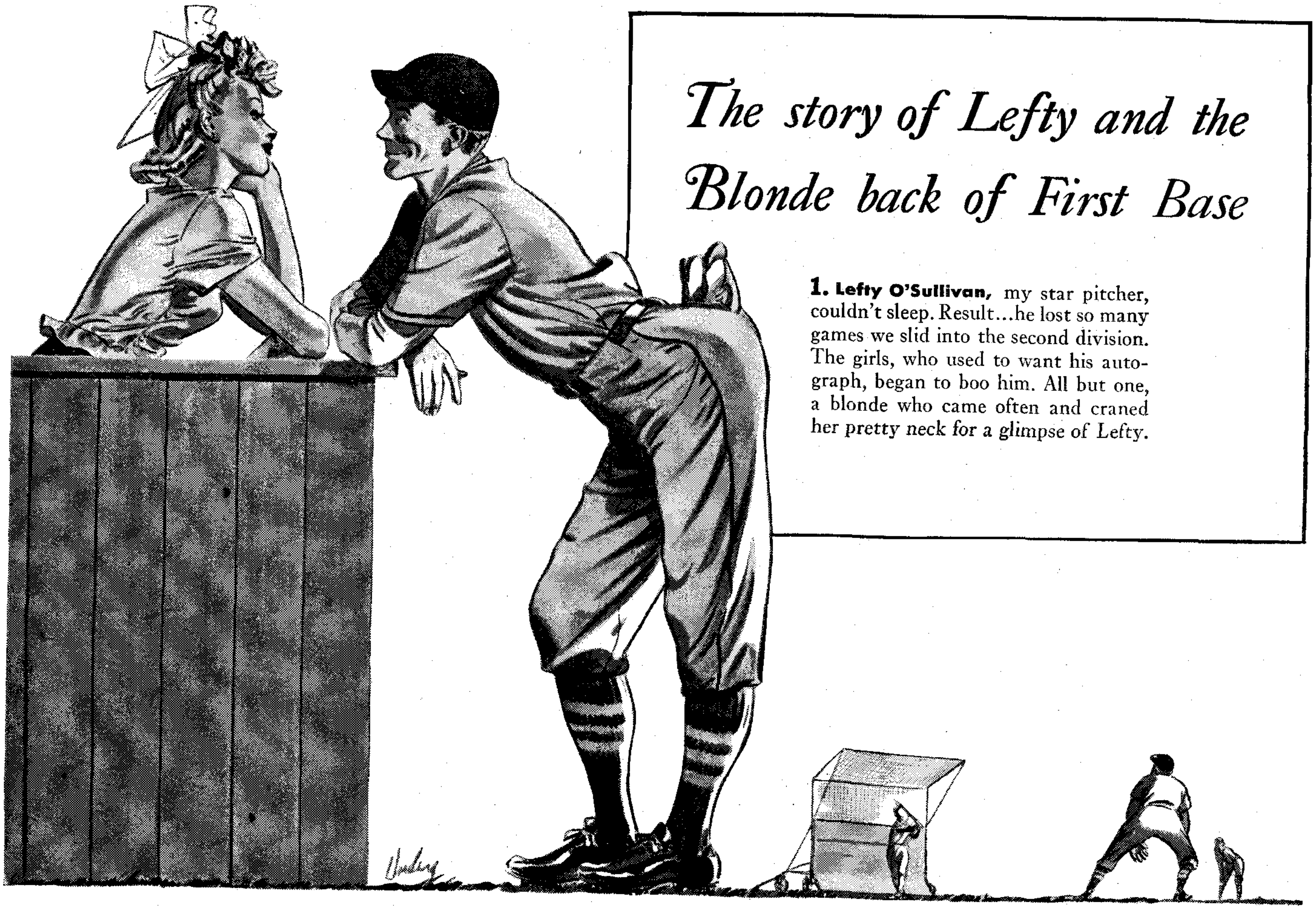
The *Evening Graphic* had lowered its standards without knowing it and modern gossip writing had been born. The journalistic taste of the ex-hoofer, Winchell, was to bring about within the next few years the only significant change in American journalism produced by the postwar generation. Emile Gauvreau, the managing editor, who, like his assistants, had never thought it was possible to print such things, saw instantly that they looked all right in Winchell's column. Gauvreau was a man of originality and imagination. He instructed Winchell to write "more of that kind of stuff." Winchell did.

The effect of the new type of column was startling. People began to talk about it everywhere and the *Graphic* circulation leaped. Herbert Bayard Swope offered Winchell a job on the *World* around 1926, when the column had become a sensation, but the *Graphic* had wisely made Winchell sign a contract about that time which was to run on until 1930. The book-publishing firm of Simon & Schuster signed Winchell up for a book in 1926, paying him an advance of $150. This book has never been written, but M. Lincoln Schuster has been following up Winchell ever since, filing clippings and memorandums meanwhile which may be of help to the author when he sits down to write it, if he does. Winchell was also encouraged and flattered by the attentions of the influential literary figures of the time known as the Algonquin Group. The late Heywood Broun wrote in the *World* that Winchell's column was the only thing worth reading in the *Graphic*, and personally gave him helpful advice. Some of the members of the Algonquin Group hobnobbed with Winchell and gave him items for his column. Alexander Woollcott especially used to pass along to him gossip about the literary set and later on wrote a friendly article about him for Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*. He was taken to one of Alice Duer Miller's supper parties, which were events of significance. Winchell got to know all sorts of big people and most of them encouraged him in his work. It was 1927. Prohibition was on and the boom was rising; the magic word everywhere was tolerance, when people stopped to think at all, but most of the time nobody stopped to think. Winchell was raised to $165 a week and then to $300 a week by the *Graphic*. He was amazed and almost beside himself with delight at the way things were going. He began to put his money in three or four banks, trusting no one bank, and he used to show his bankbooks to friends and even casual acquaintances. "Take a gander at that," he would say, flipping open a bankbook.

In the summer, Mrs. Winchell and the children lived at Long Beach, and Winchell would usually go and spend Sunday with them. Some newspaper and theatrical people from New York, who also lived at Long Beach and knew Winchell slightly, got in the habit of spending their outdoor hours on Sundays hiding behind a cement wall at one end of the beach, so as to avoid running into Winchell and hearing about him and his column. In speakeasies around town, during the week, he would rush up to people, grab their arms or coat lapels, and say, "Got an item? Gimme a gag!" Arthur Caesar, a movie writer, used to jeer at him openly with considerable venom. "Look at him," he would say when Winchell came up to his table in Tony's, then on West Forty-ninth Street. "The literary mendicant."

IT was in 1929 that the Hearst organization decided that it had to have Winchell. Winchell and his managing editor on the *Graphic*, Gauvreau, had been close friends for a long time, but suddenly a falling-out occurred between them which reached such intensity that it seemed almost unbelievable to other *Graphic* employees. The two men shouted and screamed at one another in and out of the *Graphic* office; Winchell asked in his column, "Who called that piccolo player a managing editor?," and Gauvreau wrote an editorial which amounted to a denunciation of Winchell. It was a weird performance all round. Whether this battle started before or after the Hearst organization first made up its mind to approach Winchell with an offer of higher pay as a Hearst columnist has never been established, but this much is

*"I wouldn't wait to be drafted. I'd volunteer."*



# *The story of Lefty and the Blonde back of First Base*

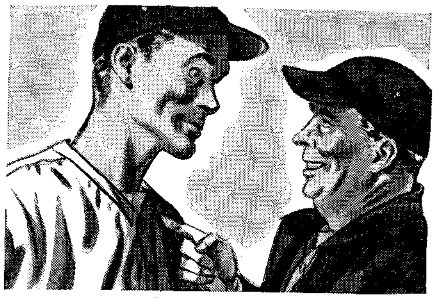
**1. Lefty O'Sullivan,** my star pitcher, couldn't sleep. Result...he lost so many games we slid into the second division. The girls, who used to want his autograph, began to boo him. All but one, a blonde who came often and craned her pretty neck for a glimpse of Lefty."

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

**2. One day this blonde** called me over to her box. "Do your men drink coffee?" she asked. "Sure, ordinarily," I replied, deciding she's a crackpot. "Although I made Lefty cut it out, because the caffein keeps him awake."

**3. "You just think** he cut it out," she stated. "I saw Lefty last night in a café. He drank two cups of coffee! Why don't you tell him to switch to Sanka Coffee . . . it's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep him awake!"

**4. "Is that so?"** I snorted. "Yes!" she replied. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'!"



**5. "Thanks," said I.** So I told Lefty to try it. Soon, he's winning ball games again. The whole team perked up at that, and by September we're back in the race. "Lucky you thought about Sanka!" said Lefty.

**6. "Thank that blonde** in the first-base box," I said. "It was *her* idea!" "Introduce me!" said Lefty. "Maybe I *need* a grandstand manager!" (You guessed it . . . she became Mrs. Lefty the day we clinched the pennant!)

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

## SANKA COFFEE

**REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE**

**PRICE REDUCED!**

Once more, Sanka Coffee prices go down to a new low! Price reduction effective on both "regular" and the new "drip" grind.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE" Tuesday evenings. See your paper for time and station.

known: William A. Curley, editor-in-chief of Hearst's *Journal*, now the *Journal & American*, offered Winchell $500 a week, and an agreement was signed stipulating that if and when Winchell left the employ of the *Graphic*, he would come to work for the Hearst organization. It was also stipulated that Winchell would receive $500 in cash on the day he started to work for Hearst. But Winchell had a contract with the *Graphic* which had two years to run.

Then Gauvreau, who had been battling spectacularly with Winchell day in and day out, finally convinced the owner of the *Graphic*, Bernarr Macfadden, that he would have to be allowed to fire Winchell or else quit himself. Winchell was the most valuable asset the paper had, but Macfadden gave in when Gauvreau said he simply could not work on the same paper with Winchell any longer. In the meantime, Winchell had been approached by A. J. Kobler, publisher of Hearst's *Mirror*, who asked if he would have any objection (if and when he left the *Graphic*) to working for the *Mirror* instead of the *Journal*. Kobler had persuaded Hearst to let him have Winchell, if he could get him, instead of letting Curley of the *Journal* have him. The agreement with Winchell was with the Hearst organization, not with the *Journal*, and Winchell told Kobler he would be willing to work for any Hearst paper as long as he got $500 a week and a $500 bonus if and when he left the *Graphic*. Gauvreau fired Winchell on May 31, 1929. Winchell started writing his column in the *Mirror* on June 10th. On August 4th, Gauvreau quit the *Graphic* and went to the *Mirror* as its new managing editor at a salary exceeding $30,000 a year. Gauvreau remained on the *Mirror* for six years as Winchell's managing editor, and the two continued to battle spectacularly without letting the feud interfere with their work.

Winchell started off in the *Mirror* with a sizzling column of gossip, beginning as follows:

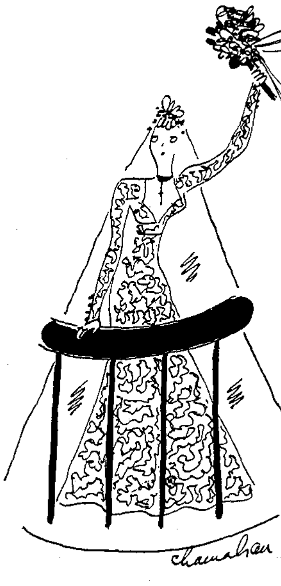
> The Sig Thayer (Emily Vanderbilt) romance has wilted already... As soon as they get their respective decrees Sonny Whitney and Mrs. Edgarton Warburton will be sealed...

Half-true. The first item was correct, the second incorrect, and contained a misspelled name, but it was gossip and it was good gossip. Winchell was with a thoroughly congenial organization at last. If he had been an upstart on the *Graphic*, he was an upstart who, with the assistance of Hearst, stayed up.

The *Graphic* got along as best it could without Winchell and succeeded in producing two more gossip writers before it ceased publication in 1932. Louis Sobol took over Winchell's column in the *Graphic* and was soon hired by Curley of the *Journal*, who, failing to get Winchell, had to be satisfied with the first Winchell imitator. Ed Sullivan then began to write gossip on the *Graphic* and was snapped up by Captain Joseph Medill Patterson of the *Daily News*. Hearst had no other newspapers in New York on which to place gossip writers, but later on the organization took under its wing Leonard Lyons, whose column appears locally in the *Post* and is syndicated by Hearst, along with the gossip columns of Winchell, Sobol, Louella Parsons, and Dorothy Kilgallen. These columns appear in some three hundred newspapers in the United States. The new form of journalism perfected by Winchell had sent a quiver of vigor through the aging Hearst organization. Hearst is the national king of gossip now.

—St. Clair McKelway

(*This is the second of a series of articles on Mr. Winchell.*)



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## LINES WRITTEN AT (HERE FOUR WORDS WERE CENSORED)

At twilight somewhere in the (here
  Two words were censored) we (two
    words
Were censored here) imbibed our beer.
  Alas! (here censored) singing birds.

(Four words were censored) poppies
    blow,
  And love (three words deleted)
    mine;
Ah, sweetheart, come what may, we
    know
  (The censor here struck out a line).

—Eldorous Dayton

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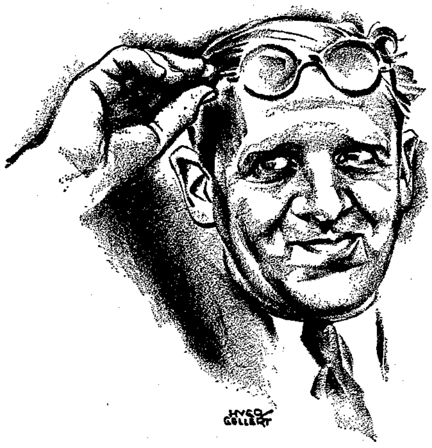
"THE MORTAL STORM"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

6/5/40

# PROFILES

## GOSSIP WRITER

### I—ASPECTS OF A NON-LAYMAN



*Walter Winchell*

ON Saturday, September 2, 1939, it seemed certain to Walter Winchell, as it did to the rest of us, that Great Britain was about to go to war with Germany. Unlike the rest of us, Winchell did something about this. After turning it over in his mind, he sent a cablegram early the next morning to Prime Minister Chamberlain, as follows:

> May I respectfully offer the suggestion that if Britain declares war the declaration might be worded not as "War Against Germany" but as "War against Adolf Hitler personally and his personal regime." Stressing the fact that Hitler does not really represent the true will of the vast civilian population of Germany. Such declaration might have the astonishing effect of bringing the German people to their senses especially if such declaration can be made known to the German people and inevitably it would via radio and other channels. This is merely a layman's suggestion offered in hopes of a new era of world peace.

The next day Winchell made public the text of this cablegram by printing it in his daily column, "Walter Winchell on Broadway," which appears in the *Daily Mirror* in New York and in a hundred and sixty-five other newspapers in the United States. He printed it without comment, merely making it clear to his readers that it was he who had sent the cablegram.

The day after that, September 5th, Winchell wrote in his column:

> If you read Monday's column, this may interest you. At 2:33 A.M. September 4, the London telegraph agency flashed a dispatch reporting that Prime Minister Chamberlain had just read a proclamation to the German people via a French radio station, in which he stated that Great Britain did not declare war against the German people, but against Adolf Hitler and the Nazi regime.... The suggestion was sent to the Prime Minister in a cablegram, acknowledgment of which has arrived.

It is significant that in announcing what is to him an extraordinary personal coup, Winchell simply presents the facts unemotionally, setting them down for history's sake, as it were. The inner conviction that he is actually responsible for Chamberlain's proclamation appears to stir him only intellectually. A tone of almost melancholy aloofness is discernible, as if Winchell no longer enjoys as an adventurer the sweet fruits of triumph but is beginning to see himself with sober detachment as an actor on the stage of current events. There is a telling phrase in the text of his cablegram to Chamberlain. He insists that in what he is saying to the British Prime Minister he is speaking merely as a layman. This is the familiar protestation of the man of consequence. Nobody but a distinguished personage whose eminence is unassailable ever tries to palm himself off as an ordinary, run-of-the-mill citizen.

There are probably critics who would say that it is ridiculous for a mere gossip writer to put his nose into serious international affairs, and that for Winchell to presume that his cablegram actually influenced Chamberlain is patently absurd. This is a narrow view. Winchell has no reason to think that gossip writing is dishonorable or undignified, or that, as a gossip writer, he deserves anything but respectful consideration. Calling Winchell a mere gossip writer is like calling Lindbergh a mere aviator or Gene Tunney a mere prizefighter. The writing of gossip, the setting down of items about the private lives of his fellow-citizens, is responsible for Winchell's enormous success in life, but it would be an understatement to sum him up by saying, "He writes gossip," just as it would be to say of Tunney, "He beat Dempsey," or of Lindbergh, "He flew to Paris."

From the beginning of his career as a gossip writer fifteen years ago, people whom Winchell looks up to have encouraged him in his work. Such celebrities as George Bernard Shaw, Theodore Dreiser, Leopold Stokowski, James J. Walker, Faith Baldwin, Gypsy Rose Lee, Rupert Hughes, James Montgomery Flagg, Shirley Temple, and Lowell Thomas have written guest columns for him so he could take vacations in the summer. From the start he has been on friendly and sometimes intimate terms with the members of some of the oldest and most respected families of New York. They call him Walter and give him items for his column. He was the favorite columnist of the leading gangsters of New York when they ruled the town; they took him to prizefights and gave him elaborate parties. One of them once sent him a Stutz. About a year ago he was guest of honor at a luncheon tendered in the Capitol Building in Washington by the Vice-President of the United States, and some months before that the President of the United States, in starting off a forty-five-minute tête-à-tête with Winchell, had slapped him affectionately on the knee and said, "Walter, I've got an item for you." The American Legion has given him a gold medal "in recognition of his contribution to Americanism," and Lakewood, New Jersey, has named a thoroughfare Winchell Street in honor of "the first soldier in our land in the cause of democracy." His patriotic writings have been reprinted at the expense of the government and handed out to the public by the Democratic Party. His valuable life, once zealously protected by bodyguards assigned to him by his friends Owney Madden and Lucky Luciano, has in more recent years been watched over by agents on the payroll of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, assigned to him by his friend J. Edgar Hoover.

To a sympathetic follower of Winchell's career it is clear that his gesture in giving advice to Chamberlain was not that of a busybody trying to mind somebody else's business. It was the thoughtful action of a public figure fulfilling a responsibility which had more or less been thrust upon him. While the idea of conducting the second World War against Hitler rather than against the German people may have occurred to England's best minds before Winchell cabled Chamberlain (the Allies having made the same distinction between the Kaiser and the German people at the beginning of the first World War), it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that Winchell's cablegram was shown to the British Prime Minister, that he read it, and that it was respectfully acknowledged.

AT the moment Winchell is unquestionably the country's most easily recognized non-layman, with the excep-

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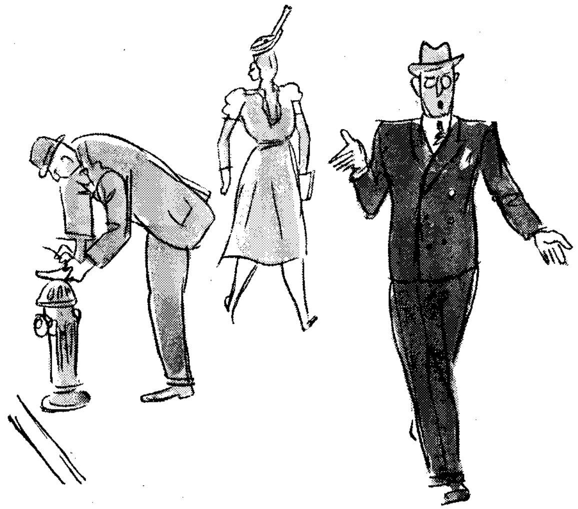

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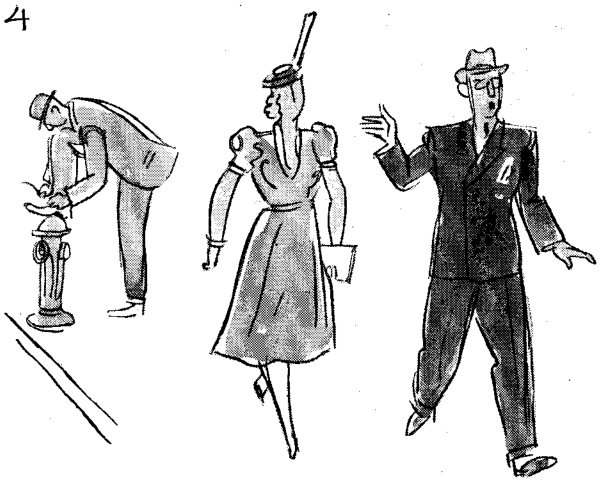

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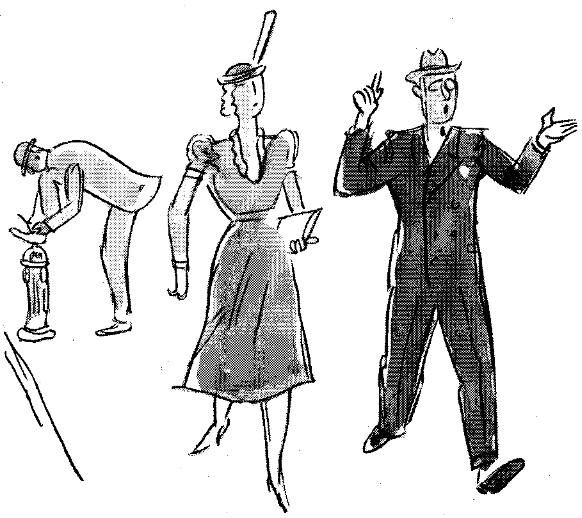

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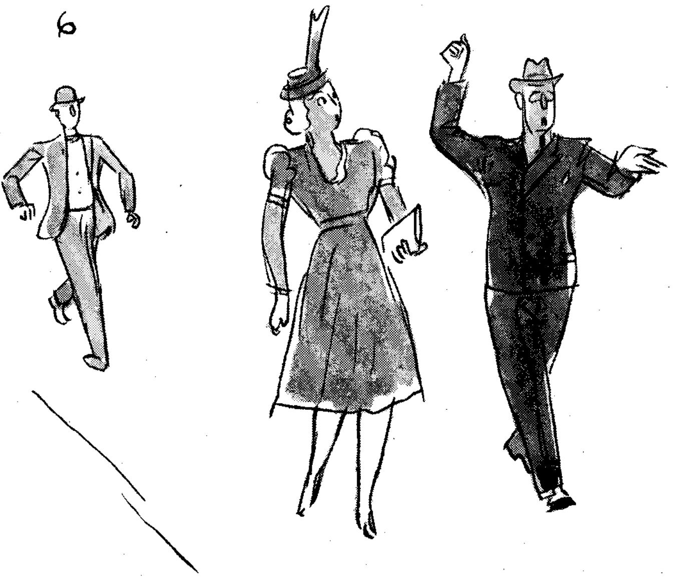

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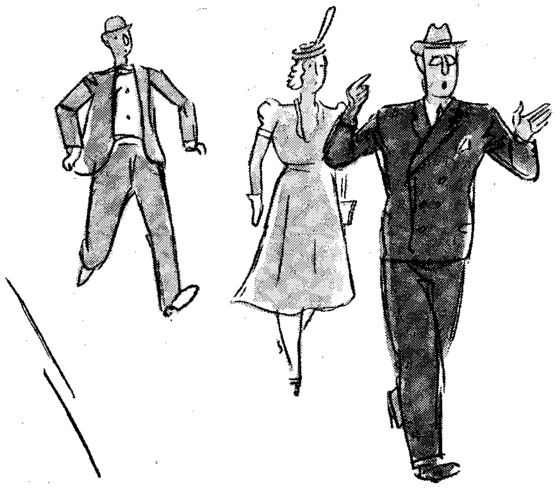

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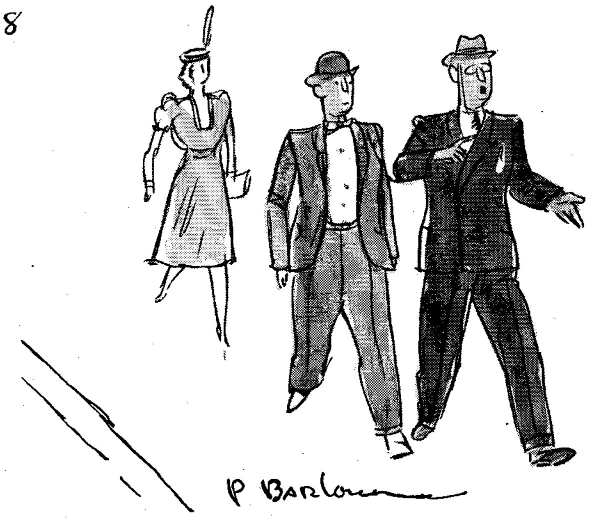

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"And then Judy can have a turn!"

Judy stooped down and picked up a stone. It was a soft-gray one and sparkled with a pink light when the sun shone on it. "You wait here," she told Donald Wade, "and I'll be right back."

Under the birch tree, she sat down once more and scratched at the stone with a pebble. "Pink Beauty," she printed. "Trained Mouse. Died June 7, 1940 A.D." She pressed the stone into the earth, and her hand rested lightly for a moment on the rose-covered mound. Hot tears smarted her eyes. When she heard the crunch of pebbles as Fuffy laboriously pedalled up the hill, she ran to meet her and pushed at her roughly. "My turn, my turn!" she cried.

She wheeled the bike around and started down the hill, pedalling madly and then coasting. The sun was getting lower in the sky, and where the shadows crossed the road the air was cool. The wind blew the hair back from her face and the sound of it filled her ears. By the time she reached the bottom of the hill, her eyes were clear, and there were only faint, dry, salty marks to show where the tears had been.

—Sally Benson

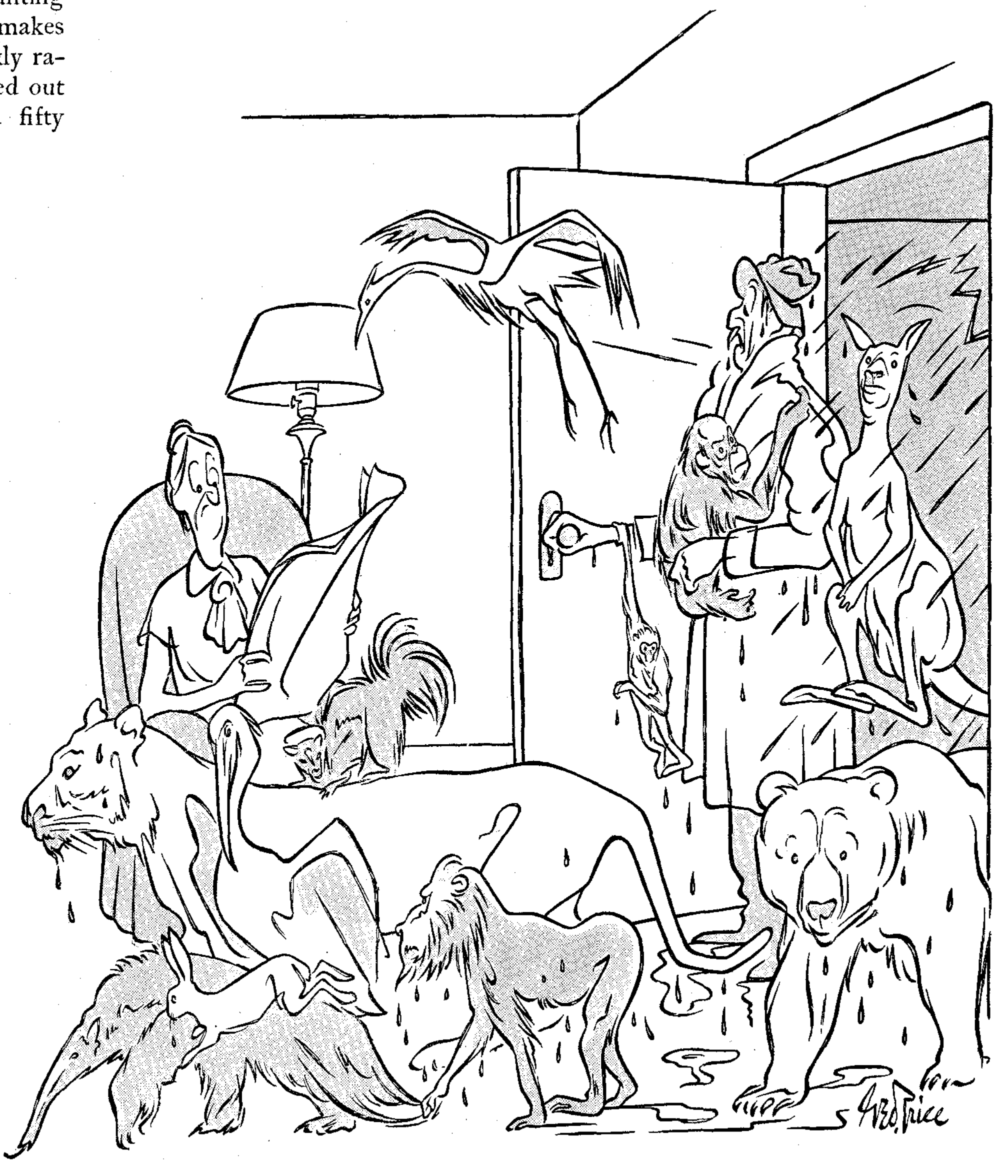
tion of Father Divine. The major and minor aspects of his existence are distinctive in almost every detail. Success and public acclaim have not made him a stuffed shirt. He has a gift for idiosyncrasy and is not self-conscious about it. He has two children and both are named after him; his son is Walter and his daughter is Walda. He goes to sleep around nine or ten in the morning and gets up in time to have breakfast while his children are having their supper. In the inside pocket of his coat he carries a loose-leaf booklet containing as many as twenty photographs of Walter and Walda, and in another pocket of his coat he carries a loaded automatic. In his overcoat pocket he carries a second loaded automatic. Although he has never been shot at and has been beaten up only twice, he is always expecting to be attacked.

The *Mirror* pays him $1,200 a week and fifty per cent of the money from the syndication of his column, amounting to some $750 a week, and he makes $5,000 a week more for his weekly radio talk. As Winchell has pointed out in his column, he pays around fifty per cent of his earnings to the state and federal governments. This leaves him a net income of approximately $185,000 a year, but he wears shoes until they have holes in the soles. He almost invariably wears a blue suit, a blue shirt, a blue tie, and a snap-brim gray felt hat. He has never played golf or tennis or badminton or ping-pong. He learned to swim only last summer. Until 1932 he had never seen a football game. He took up the rumba a few months ago and is now an enthusiast. Practically the only other form of relaxation his friends have actually seen him engage in is motoring. The New York Police Department has given him special permission to equip his sedan with a short-wave receiving set with which he picks up calls sent from Police Headquarters to police radio patrol cars.

This device forms the centre of Winchell's recreational activities. For hours, late at night, he cruises the streets of Manhattan accompanied by three or four friends and sometimes some celebrity like Brenda Frazier or John Gunther. The radio picks up police messages and Winchell drives hurriedly to the scene of action. The action almost invariably consists of policemen looking for a burglar. Once in a great while the car reaches the scene of a holdup or a murder in time for Winchell to get what he calls "a thrill."

This almost nightly routine is trying to Winchell's friends and the personnel in the sedan is constantly in process of replenishment. The celebrities seldom go more than once. Myrna Loy dropped off to sleep the time she went. It is possible to sleep in Winchell's sedan, for although the Police Department has given him permission to equip it with a siren, he is conscious of the disturbance the siren creates in the early hours of the morning and uses it only when he is going on what looks like a particularly exciting call. One night he was speeding up Central Park West on such a call with the siren on. As he approached the apartment house in which he lives, he shut it off. "I don't want to wake up Walter and Walda," he explained to his friends. He did not turn the siren on again until the car reached 110th Street.

WINCHELL has written more words on the subject of friendship than any other modern gossip writer, but the people he calls his friends do not number more than seven or eight and most of these are new rather than old. "The best way to get along," he once wrote, "is never to forgive an enemy or forget a friend," but he has made up with at least one man who denounced him publicly and with another who punched him in the nose. Conversely, he has lost many friends by printing objectionable items about them in his column and, in defending this policy, has said, "I never lost a friend I wanted to keep." On several occasions when friends have remonstrated with Winchell for what they considered a betrayal of friendship,



*"Whew! 'Tain't a fit night out for man nor beast!"*

he has said, “I know—I’m just a son of a bitch.” Some of his friends have accepted this explanation and have continued the friendship; others have regarded it as an inadequate excuse and have broken off with him.

Friends who have not broken off with Winchell are apt to assume a puzzled expression when asked to describe the subject of their attachment. “He’s a remarkable guy!” one of them blurted recently, after considerable thought. “He’s not a man—he’s a column,” said another, effusively. Nearly all seven or eight of Winchell’s friends will tell you that they have been injured at one time or another by an item about themselves in Winchell’s column. One friend had climbed all the way up to a position of intimacy with Winchell which allowed him to dandle young Walter, Jr., on his knee. He was doing this when Winchell informed him that an embarrassing item about him would appear in the column the next day. “I’m just an s. o. b.,” Winchell explained, using the abbreviated form, while Walter, Jr., innocently played with the friend’s vest buttons. The friend started to protest and then nodded acquiescently. He has not broken off with Winchell. Winchell’s journalistic integrity is such that his duty to his public almost always vanquishes whatever impulses of sentimentality he may have toward a friend when what he calls “a good item” is involved.

When a friend Winchell wanted to keep was killed in an automobile accident some years ago, Winchell published a eulogy which expresses his faith in the practical side of friendship, if not the sentimental side. “Shucks!” he wrote. “A guy like me cannot afford to lose a friend like Donald Freeman! He was one of the few fellers who liked me—and the second important magazine editor to hold out his hand and lift me into his heaven. When I was on a rag that the whole town belittled [the *Evening Graphic*] away back in 1927—almost a million years ago! Poor Don—he was motoring to see his mother and sister at Mt. Kisco and his car crashed, and now he’s no more. I’ll miss Donald Freeman. I’ll miss that shrewd counsel he always gave me when I needed it. . . .” The late Mr. Freeman was managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, which published some articles by Winchell in 1927 and 1928.

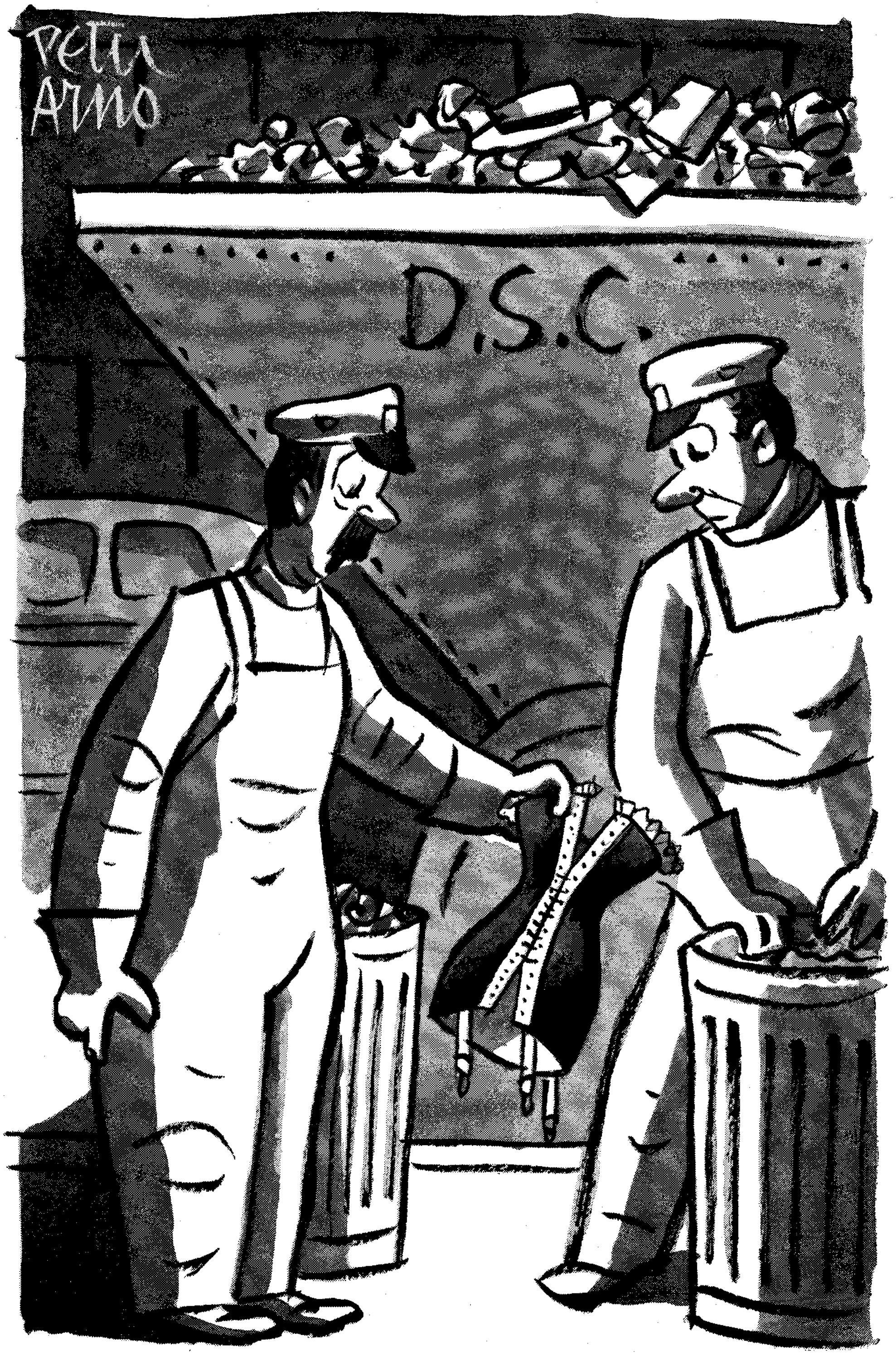
Even if no tempting bit of gossip develops to endanger a friendship with Winchell, he is apt to think of something which the friend will find objectionable and then print it. A friendship with Winchell rarely cools off gradually and reaches a condition of mutual indifference. If he feels that the relationship is losing its first flush of passionate admiration on both sides, he is inclined to take the initiative and strike while the friendship is warm. His phrase for what he does is “I let him have it.” Winchell was once on friendly terms with Lucius Beebe, a fellow-columnist. Mr. Beebe never has found out what happened, but he thinks Winchell decided that some minor criticism of Winchell in another paper (not the *Herald Tribune*, on which Beebe works) and signed “L.B.” was the trouble. Beebe doesn’t know who this “L.B.” was. In any case, Winchell printed a series of passionately unfriendly items about Beebe. Another time Winchell made up his mind that another very close friend, also a fellow-columnist, had become detached in his attitude toward their relationship. He let the friend have it. The friend happened to possess a thick skin as well as a philosophical attitude toward Winchell. He did not retaliate. Months went by and Winchell was mystified. Finally the two met in a night club and Winchell magnanimously offered to patch things up. “You’ve been swell,” he told his friend. “I like the way you didn’t knock me when you were sore at me.”

*“We forgot to bring the children!”*

The practical realism of Winchell’s slant on friendship is present in his attitude toward casual human relationships as well. In conversation he likes either to talk about himself or to listen to something that will be of use to him in his column. Richard Rodgers, the composer, once had an awesome encounter with Winchell in Palm Beach. Rodgers was telling some companions on the beach about an investment he had made in a manufacturing concern when Winchell happened along and joined the group. Rodgers, who had never known Winchell very well, turned to him politely and began to sum up for Winchell’s benefit the subject of the interrupted conversation. When Rodgers was halfway through, Winchell held up a hand with the palm close to Rodgers’ face and said, “Never mind, never mind.” Rodgers was nonplussed. “How do you mean?” he mumbled uncertainly. “It’s no good for the column,” Winchell explained, and walked on down the beach. Rodgers finished telling his friends about the investment he had made in the manufacturing concern, but, as he has remarked since, his heart wasn’t in it.

When Winchell is talking about himself, he demands the unwavering attention of his listeners. James Cannon, a former sportswriter and one of his closest friends, was in a restaurant one night with his girl and was joined by Winchell. Winchell started to talk about himself. He talked for ten minutes without interruption. Cannon began to wonder if his girl would enjoy the evening more if she had another drink. Keeping his eyes fastened on Winchell's face so as to appear to be attentive, he said to his girl rapidly and out of the side of his mouth, "Honey, you want something?" Winchell stopped in the middle of a sentence and grabbed Cannon's arm. "Jimmy!" he said reproachfully. "You're not listening!"

Winchell believes, with some justification, that practically everybody reads his column every day. If, in conversation, he wishes to refer to something he has written, he says, for example, "The item on the Brooklyn spy scare. Well, listen. Thursday night I called up Hoover," etc. A friend of Winchell's once admitted he had not seen the column on a certain Tuesday. Winchell wanted to know with sincere concern if the friend had been ill. Another time another friend returned to New York after a trip abroad. "Jeez, Walter," he said, "I sure did miss the column. I didn't see it for two whole weeks." "That's all right," said Winchell. "You can go over to the *Mirror* office tomorrow and look at the files."



*"What I can't understand is why they ever fell for these things in the first place."*

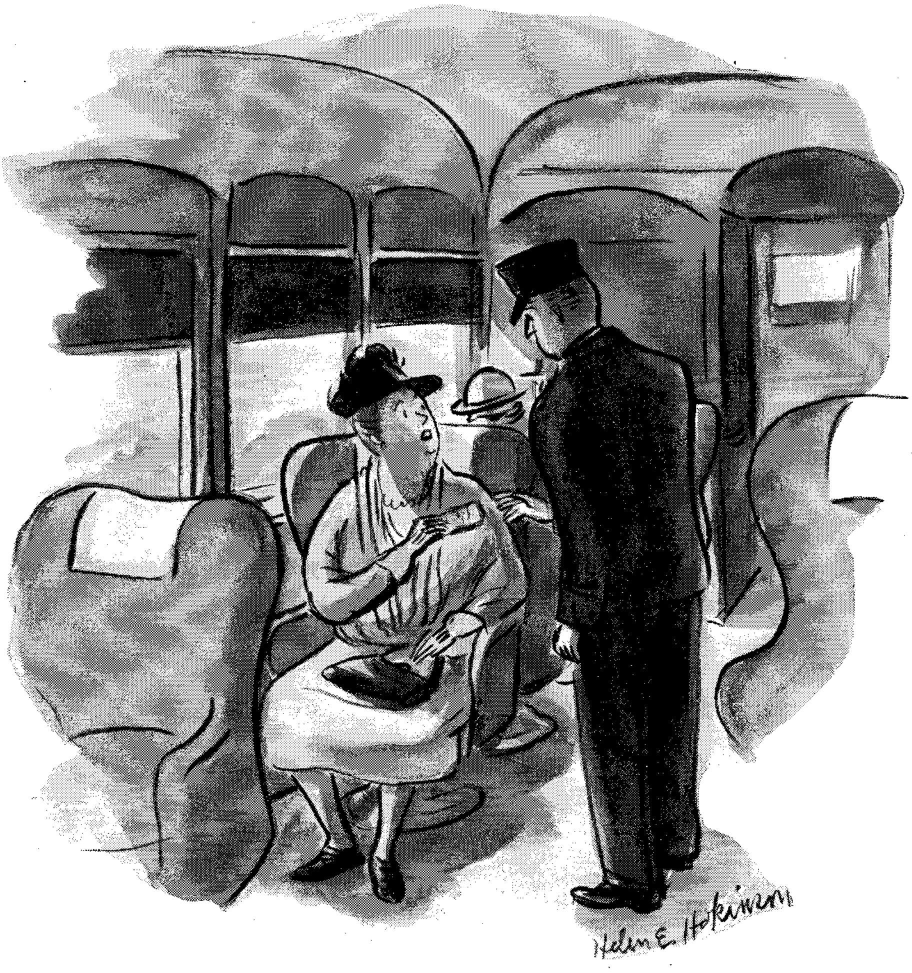
• •

A GREAT many people, meeting Winchell for the first time in some restaurant or night club, have exclaimed afterward, "Say, he isn't such a bad guy!" This is understandable. Winchell has a peculiarly bewitching personality. He has a lean face, full of alertness, with an expression of questing intelligence like a fox terrier's. His eyes are blue and hard. He is consistently lively and restless; it is impossible to imagine him in repose. He has an enormous nervous energy, and the experience of watching him burn it up extravagantly is stimulating and sometimes touching. What he says may be uninteresting in itself, but his voice and manner are charged with an inner excitement which is communicable. One of his phrase-making friends calls him "a thrilling bore." When he is not talking, he sits forward with his head raised unnaturally in an attitude of intense awareness. His heel is apt to beat quick time on the floor like a swing musician's, his gaze roves ceaselessly over the room, and his hands go on little fruitless expeditions over the tablecloth, up and down the lapels of his coat, in and out of his pockets. In a gathering of ten or twelve at a place like Lindy's or the Stork Club, he appears to listen to the general conversation with only half an ear, but that is enough. If something is mentioned that will make an item for his column, he will say, "I can use that," and will take out a pencil and notebook and write it down. Having responsibilities which far exceed those of the ordinary journalist, he usually carries a notebook instead of a sheaf of copy paper. He is left-handed, and this makes him look especially intense and painstaking when he is writing something down. At all times he gives the impression of being hungry, of being incessantly in want. In a man of such vitality this is an appealing quality. It is possible for a person to have an entirely unselfish impulse to give Winchell something.

Winchell has a certain integrity, as well as a number of codes all his own. He is as magnificently eccentric in thought as he is in action. He is ashamed of nothing he does. He uses his column at times as an instrument of personal revenge, but he does this as straightforwardly as a cave man would swing a club. "I let him have it three days later," he will say evenly, in recalling what he wrote about some person who had slighted or insulted him. He is naturally aggressive and is always on the offensive. There is nothing apologetic or cringing in his nature. He has a childlike pride in his success and he makes no bones about it. He is fully conscious of the damage a casual item in his column can do to persons he has no wish to hurt. He seems to be mellowing. It is a process like the aging of granite and is perceptible to people who have been acquainted with him for years. Lately he has been known to writhe in honest agony when the painful consequences of one of his own items are pointed out to him. To a small degree he literally suffers with those he wounds. His attitude on this curious state of affairs seems to be based on the belief that the appearance of such items in his column is as inexorable as fate. "What could I do?" he will say passionately. "It was a good item, wasn't it?" Thus he continues to print gossip about the marital relations of people who have not applied for divorce, he does not hesitate to hint at homosexual tendencies in local male residents, and he reports from time to time attempted suicides which otherwise would not be made public. He believes that if a thing is true, or even half true, it is material for his column, no matter how private or personal it may be. He makes one exception to this rule. He claims that he never knowingly reports on extra-marital relationships if he knows the marriage is a happy one. This is pointed to with pride by Winchell's greatest admirers as being generous and downright decent.

It is true that Winchell has seen married men and women dallying with persons of the opposite sex in night clubs and has withheld this information from the public. In such cases he has known, or has been told, that the marriage of the person concerned seems to be a happy one. If he knows, or has been told, that the marriage is pretty much on the rocks anyway, he feels justified in printing an item about the dallying. There are times, too, of course, when he just doesn't know, or hasn't been told, that the person concerned is married at all. "I can't be expected to know everything," he has said in defending himself when a harmful item of this sort has appeared in his column. Winchell's reason for suppressing items which he knows might upset a happy marriage seems to be purely personal. "I'm a married man," he says. "Where would I be if somebody printed something about my taking a dame out?"

Winchell makes an effort to check some items with certain more or less fortunate people to find out whether the item will do them any particular harm. These people are usually relatively prominent ones whom Winchell has met and has not taken a dislike to. Sometimes they are called to the telephone by Winchell's secretary, who introduces herself with understandable assurance and says something like "We understand you are sort of crazy about So-and-So. Have you any objection to our printing it?" If the celebrity has what seems to him a legitimate objection, he explains what it is to the secretary and the item is usually not published. This gives the person concerned a feeling of gratitude toward Winchell, coupled with a sensation of general insecurity. Sometimes, even if someone has asked that an item be suppressed, Winchell decides that the request is unreasonable and goes ahead and prints it anyway. Under these circumstances he is apt to accuse the person later of having tried to take advantage of his journalistic ethics. Winchell has been disillusioned many times in thus striving for accuracy and fair play. He cites numerous cases in which both parties to a disintegrating marriage have denied that they were going to separate and have persuaded him to withhold an item saying that they were, and then, without warning, have filed suit for divorce. "You try to play square with people like that," he com-



*"Does this ticket entitle me to a hangover in Philadelphia?"*

# "I have the Key to a *Lot of Fun!*"

"It's the key to my smart, new De Soto Convertible—and it unlocks the biggest thrill of my life. When I'm driving with the top down, relaxed on that smart red leather seat, I feel just like a Paris Creation! And praise-be, the top is power-operated! Come rain, flip a switch—it goes up or down by itself! No gearshift clutters the floor—it's under the wheel. An auxiliary seat inside makes room for 5. There's a huge luggage locker! Fact is, this 100-horsepower beauty is ㊴ ways ahead of the 1938 car I traded. *De Soto's the smartest, most satisfying automobile I ever owned!"*

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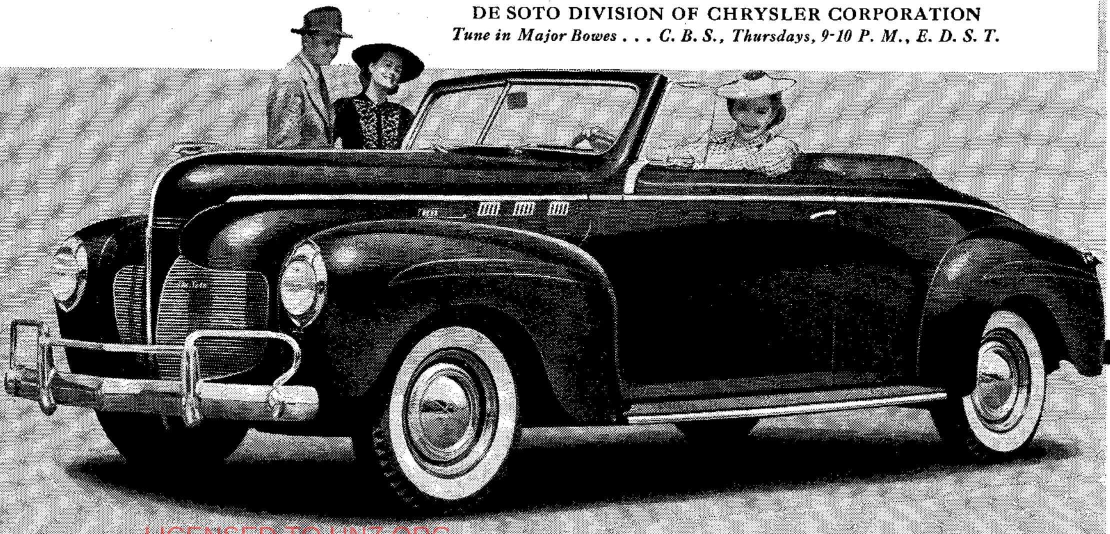

plains bitterly, "and they lie to you. It burns me up."

Although Winchell prides himself on his accuracy, he fears libel suits and refuses to accept the financial responsibility for libellous items in his column or in his radio program. Some years ago an indignant citizen, a carpenter who, Winchell said in one radio talk, had sat on the end of a tree limb and sawed it off, sued him for libel, claiming injury to his professional reputation. Winchell was asked by his sponsors to share the attorneys' fees, court costs, and a small settlement granted the carpenter. Winchell refused to do this. He demanded that a clause be inserted in his radio contract providing that the sponsors defend and if necessary settle all libel suits which might result from his broadcasts. The sponsors gave in. Then Winchell asked the *Mirror* to put a similar clause in its contract with him. The *Mirror* agreed. Only three or four people since then have worked themselves up to the point of indignation achieved by the carpenter.

WINCHELL writes his column and prepares the script for his Sunday-night radio broadcast at home. He employs two secretaries, who work in an office at the *Mirror*, which he rarely visits. He keeps in touch with his secretaries mostly by telephone. His column goes to press around six in the evening, soon after he wakes up, and at that time he may make last-minute changes by telephone. Then he starts on the column which will go to press the next evening. His mail, which is stupendous in size and variety of subject matter, is sent to him by a messenger around 6 P.M., and he gets a great part of his material from that. He spends several hours going through it and selecting items which he will use in the column he is preparing. He is practically incommunicado during this period and his secretaries call him only on extremely urgent business. He scribbles replies on letters he wishes to answer, then they are sent back to the *Mirror* office and the secretaries work on them the next day. He does not pay for items.

Winchell does not often go to night clubs any more, except for the Stork Club. The Stork Club serves as an outside office. He arrives there almost every night around eleven o'clock, having prepared the major part of his column from his mail. He is usually at the Stork Club until four or five in the morning. After that he drives around in his car for a while and then goes home, finishes his column, sends it to the *Mirror* office, and goes to sleep around 9 or 10 A.M. While he is asleep, the column is set up in type and proofs are sent to King Features Syndicate, the Hearst syndicate organization, where it is edited for out-of-town papers. Most of the changes are made in possibly libellous items. Winchell accepts this editing without protest. A lawyer employed by the *Mirror* also reads a proof and makes changes or deletions which he thinks may prevent libel suits.

At the Stork Club, Winchell takes telephone calls from persons he wishes to speak to and receives personally some of the many people who are always wanting to see him, ranging from celebrities and politicians to chorus girls with a complaint about labor conditions. Sometimes he sees them in the Stork Club barbershop and sometimes at a table just inside the entrance. While he is there, the barbershop may be reached only by persons whom Winchell wishes to see. It is in a loft building next door and has two entrances—through the front of the loft building and through a passage from the club. In the club he orders captains of waiters about in a proprietary manner, and although there has been a rumor for years that he has a financial interest in the place, he says he hasn't. His friend Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, says the same thing, adding that Winchell's frequent mentions of the place in his column have had much to do with its success and that he is grateful to Winchell and friendly with him. "That rat!" Mr. Billingsley exclaimed to some table companions recently when Winchell, in spite of their friendship and the fact that Billingsley is still married, linked his name with that of a musical-comedy star. But he managed to conquer his irritation before he saw Winchell later that evening.

When sitting at his table, surrounded by three or four friends, with perhaps one bodyguard in the offing, Winchell may listen to a reformer from Atlantic City who believes his efforts to clean up the resort will be successful only if he has Winchell's support, or to a hysterical admirer who tiptoes up and says, as if making a speech, "I want to shake your hand, Walter. I think you are a great man and America's most valuable citizen." Winchell shakes the hand. Such tributes are frequent. People sit at the Stork Club bar for hours waiting for Winchell to come in so that they may have the opportunity to compliment him. Many of them are sincere, and have no axes to grind. Occasionally the pleasure Winchell receives from the outbursts of enthusiasm is dulled by an afterthought which the admirer expresses as he bows himself away, such as "I'm a tenor. So-and-So's the name," or "I'm at Loew's State this week. Song and dance. So-and-So's the name." Winchell deplores sycophancy of this sort and never rewards such a person with a mention in his column, even a scandalous one. Then there are the bold ones at the Stork Club, such as the débutante who one night slipped over and grabbed Winchell's bread when he was eating his supper. "A bet," she said demurely, and skipped off. Late at night, a literary relationship between Winchell and Leonard Lyons, gossip man for the *Post*, is apt to be revealed. It is comparable to Conrad's paternal friendship for Stephen Crane. Lyons, who is Winchell's protégé, not a rival, the *Post* being an afternoon paper and his "Lyons Den" gossip column being also syndicated by Hearst, appears unobtrusively from somewhere and says, "Walter, may I check a gag?" "O.K.," says the veteran. Lyons then recites an anecdote which he intends to pass on to his readers the next day. If it is old or sour, in Winchell's opinion, he advises Lyons to throw it out. If not, he says "O.K." a second time and Lyons goes happily back to his job of hopping from table to table, looking for gossip and gags.

WINCHELL has been described in the New York press as "Broadway's Greatest Scribe," "Boyfriend of Broadway," "Little Boy Peep," and "The Bard of Broadway." He prefers the last. His friends sometimes refer to him as The Brain and The King. He is unable to decide which of these is his favorite. He is like a king in many ways but not in others. Edmund Burke once asserted that "kings are naturally lovers of low company." His general argument was that the status of a king is so much higher than that of the next greatest dignitary that the difference between the highest and the lowest nonkings is slight, from a king's point of view. A king, according to Burke, is irritated by the more consequential nonkings because they feel a responsibility for his behavior, frown at his vices, and try to make him go straight. He therefore consorts with lowly folk who flatter and amuse him. Although Winchell is sought after by many prominent people, he usually shakes them off an hour or two after midnight and hobnobs with mediocre newspaper reporters and undistinguished theatrical folk. He feels more at ease with them. On the other hand, kings, throughout history, have

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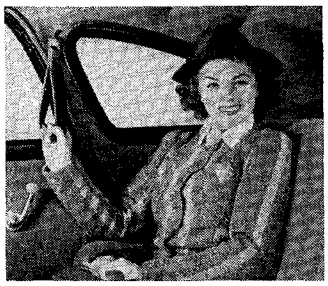

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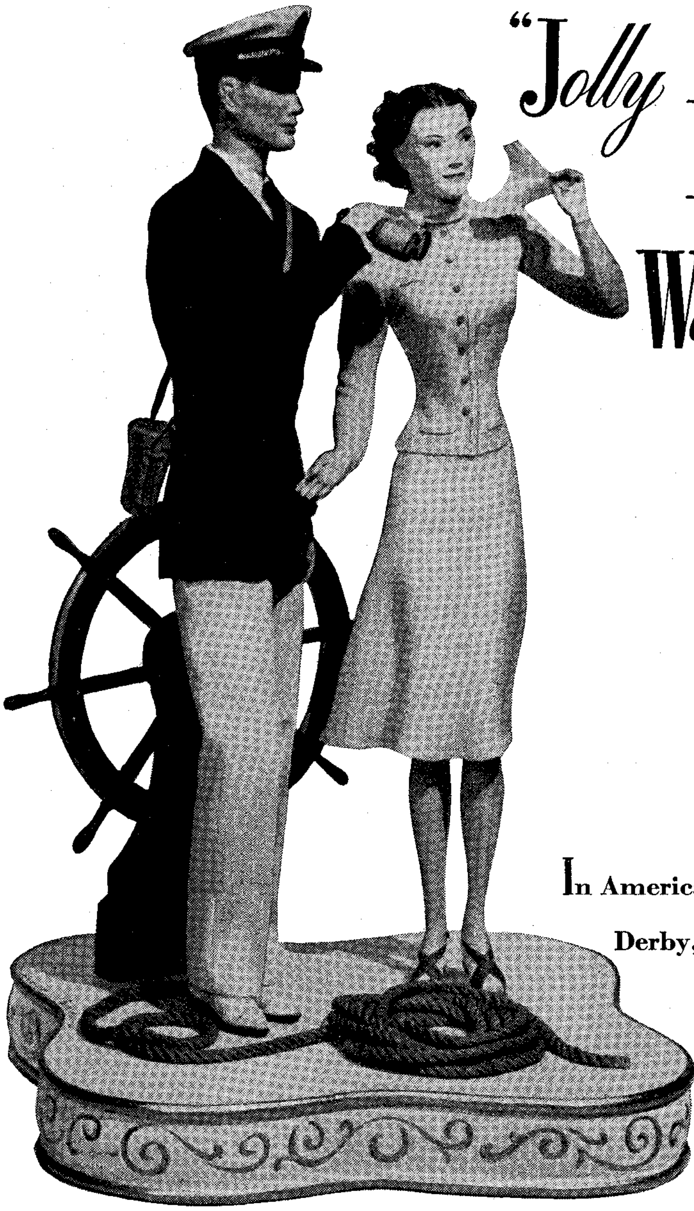

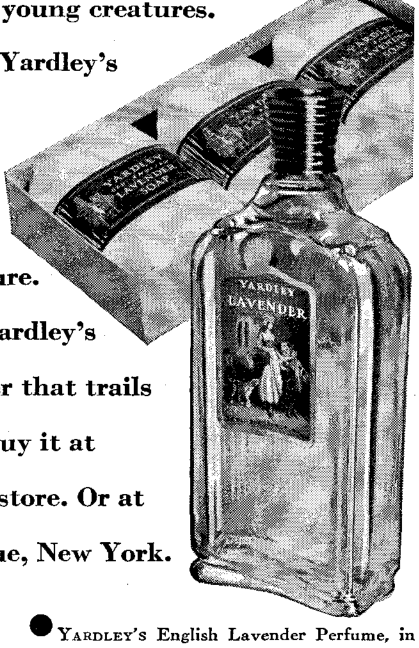

"Jolly Boating Weather"

In America . . . it's Derby, Princeton, Poughkeepsie and New London, with crowds of smart young creatures.

Here and abroad . . . it's Yardley's famous English Lavender, chosen by bright moderns who demand a *natural* perfume with lots of enchantment and loads of lasting allure.

For your next outing, wear Yardley's coolly refreshing English Lavender that trails a spell of worldly charm. You can buy it at any good drug or department store. Or at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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● YARDLEY'S English Lavender Perfume, in golden-topped bottles at $1.10 and $1.50.

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made a habit of putting aside their public personalities and going around incognito. Presidents have shown a similar weakness. Both Wilson and Coolidge used to slip away from the Secret Service men and take walks by themselves, revelling in anonymity. If Winchell has ever had such impulses, he has suppressed them resolutely. He seems to have no desire to get away from himself. When he goes to Miami Beach in the winter he always stops at the Roney Plaza, where everybody knows him. For years he spent his summer vacations hanging around night clubs and restaurants in town. Two summers ago, his wife having persuaded him to buy a house in Westchester, he discovered and endorsed the country, but in his summer home he sleeps all day in an air-conditioned room kept dark by lightproof blinds and usually comes to town every night whether he has to do so professionally or not. Occasionally, driving around after midnight with friends, he plays a sort of reverse version of the incognito game, the object being to see how soon he will be recognized in a public place off the beaten track. Almost anywhere in town he is recognized by somebody within a few minutes. If he is not, it is his custom to say to a bartender or waiter, "I'm Walter Winchell." In no time the place is in a hubbub, and Winchell leaves.

Once, not long ago, Winchell and a friend stopped for some coffee at an unpretentious roadside restaurant in lower Westchester. Nobody was in the place but a slatternly girl working behind the counter. She did not recognize Winchell and looked at him sourly, as if he were just a man buying a cup of coffee. Halfway through his coffee, Winchell winked at his friend and then drew the girl into conversation.

"Do you read the *Mirror?*" he asked.

"Nah," she said. "I take the *News.*"

"Ever listen to the radio?"

"Sometimes."

"Ever listen to Ben Bernie or Walter Winchell?"

"Nah," said the girl. "What I really like is Hawaiian music."

Winchell and his friend left the place without further talk. As they got into the car, Winchell said, "Can you imagine that dumb biddy?" Later, as they drove along, Winchell suddenly said "Huh!" The friend asked him what he meant by this. "I was just thinking about that dumb biddy," Winchell said. "Can you imagine it?"

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(*This is the first of a series of articles on Mr. Winchell.*)

# OF ALL THINGS

IN this gloomy hour, history comforts us with the thought that the French capital has often been captured before. We are clinging to the belief that the chances of Paris for immortality are greater than those of Hitler.

•

Contrary to what the military and economic experts predicted, the Nazis have not run out of munitions, food, or gasoline. Worst of all, they have not run out of Nazis.

•

It may be that Mussolini thought he'd better enter the war to protect himself from his rapacious partner. If so, he followed the doctrine well known to politics: "If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em."

•

This department is prepared to state that Tom Dewey, New York's favorite grandson, will lead on early ballots in Philadelphia, but will never get enough to win. It is also prepared to retreat to strong positions on this side of the Delaware.

•

We are assured that Wendell L. Willkie registered as a Republican in 1936 and stood by Landon, Maine, and Vermont in their dark hour. This act of bravery should atone for his dubious Democratic past.

•

It has been figured out that the new tax bill will go far toward meeting the cost of rearmament if the citizens will raise their income from seventy to ninety billion dollars. We shall be only too happy to do this little thing for our hard-pressed Uncle.

•

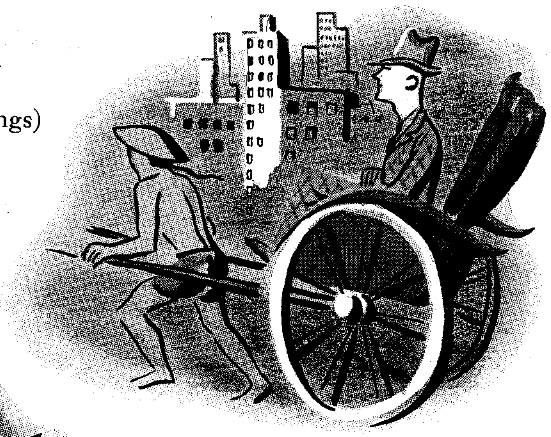
Among those who have taken up the fight against Fifth Columnists are the Associated Farmers of California. Out in their country, an F. C. is a subversive fellow who wants wages for picking fruit.

•

The Gallup poll reflects a shift in sentiment since the *Blitzkrieg* and gives the Democrats fifty-six per cent of the vote. The only sure G. O. P. states at the moment are Maine, Vermont, and a charming stranger, South Dakota.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Richard Clarke (of whom this sings)
Worships all imported things.
Autos? Dick finds more élan
In a rickshaw from Japan.



Shoes? Won't give our own kind much;
Leans to those worn by the Dutch.
Rum? Our Richard smugly smiles.
Rates the best from tropic isles.

Richard doesn't know that here
Old New England has no peer—
Or, that of New England rums,
None more fine than Pilgrim comes!

Why is Pilgrim Rum so great?
Here's the answer: Pilgrim's *straight*.
Every drop is rum throughout,
Full of flavor, rich and stout.
Versatile as gin or rye,
Pilgrim's really quite a buy.
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All of which draw knowing winks.
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Straight New England
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*At your dealer's, or write Box NY—1, The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, New York. Copr. 1940.

PILGRIM RUM

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE ART OF JOHNNIE HELL

FOR years, touring about the country, other motorists and I have been receiving roadside invitations to prepare for Eternity and warnings that Hell is yawning for us. The messages, which are usually painted on a boulder or a homemade-looking signboard, are sometimes embellished with flames and devils and all the various paraphernalia of a literal hell. Although often I have been nearly startled into a ditch by such unexpected reminders as "Repent Before It Is Too Late," "Are You Ready for Judgment Day?," "Where Will You Spend Eternity?," and "Choose Now Between Salvation and Hell," I have always very much wanted to meet the mysterious man who painted them. He belongs to a rare and shy species. Nobody ever surprises him at his work. He is a lone wolf of piety. Church and missionary organizations alike disclaim any responsibility for him or any interest in his efforts. Highway commissions, outdoor-advertising agencies, and scenery-protective associations know nothing of who he is or when exactly he practices his art. A theory has long been current that these wayside testimonials to a grisly faith are not of human composition but are the artifacts of damned souls who pop out of Hades on nocturnal leave to paint them. I was almost ready to accept this theory when, motoring through Colleton County, South Carolina, last January, I came upon the work of Johnnie Hell.

I was rounding a sharp and perilous curve which formed the approach to a steel bridge crossing a branch of the Edisto River when I saw, next to an official signboard which read "DANGER," another signboard, of the homemade type, which read "DRAW BACK O SINNER FROM THY AWFUL FATE." It was a particularly stunning example of the brimstone school of religious art, so I stopped to look at it closely. The words formed a rectangle, framing a central composition which consisted of a turbulent mass of blue-and-white flames. Tongues of fire licked out to wreathe the letters of the warning. I noticed that the paint had a glistening, viscous quality which indicated that it might be fresh. That put an idea in my head. If the paint was fresh, the painter couldn't be far off, and if he wasn't far off, I might track him down and meet him face to face. I touched the paint, and it was, as I had hoped, sticky. I was at least on the trail. From where I stood I could see, across the bridge, a shack on which there was a tall sign reading "We Serve Fresh Caught Shad." There, I figured, I might get some information about the brimstone painter. I got in my car and drove over.

OUTSIDE the shack, which was directly on the bank of the river, there was a clutter of boats and nets. Inside there were several bare tables, a sign on the wall reading "No Profanity Allowed," one patron, who looked like a truckman and was eating fried fish, and, waiting on him, a woman readily identifiable as the proprietress, a comely person of middle age with the discreet black garb and placid eyes of the satisfactorily widowed. Possibly her husband had left her a prosperous trade. I sat down at a table and, informed by the proprietress that there was no shad on the menu because the season hadn't opened yet, I ordered some rockfish and grilled yams. Affecting a casual attitude, I made some general comments to her about the neighborhood and then edged up to the subject of the brimstone picture. I said I admired it and thought that the painter must be an extremely gifted man. The truckman looked up from his fry and grinned. "He means Johnnie Hell," he said.

"Is that his name?" I asked.

"His name is Mr. J. Bartholomew," the proprietress said with some severity. She glanced at a curved wall-spike laden with signed slips. The name J. Bartholomew was legible on the top slip, and, judging by her glance, I gathered that the same name appeared many times underneath.

"Trust not, bust not," said the truckman.

The proprietress waggled her finger at the truckman. "I reckon I know who I can trust and who I can't," she said.

"All right, all right," said the truckman pacifically.

"And if he wants to paint signs, he can paint signs. This is a free country," she went on.

"Then he's a real flesh-and-blood person," I said.

She stared at me, then giggled. "I'll say he's real. What's your business with him, if I might ask?"

"No business exactly, but I'd like to have a talk with him."

She looked dubious. "I don't know about that. Mr. Bartholomew don't favor strangers." After reflection she softened to the extent of telling me that he had taken a boat and rowed upstream a couple of miles to fish. I could probably find him at his favorite pool if I followed the river road two crossroads west.

There, after a short drive along the bank, I did find him, engaged in maneuvers against an unseen but vigorous fish. He obviously had a promising bite, but his line, which lay coiled on the seat beside him, complicated the contest by tangling. It seemed an inexplicably clumsy method of fishing, but later I learned that South Carolina eccentrically imposes a five-dollar licence fee for fishing its inland waters with rod *and* reel, whereas fishing with a reelless rod (or presumably a rodless reel) is free. Despite the handicap, Mr. Bartholomew, while I stood silently watching him, soon landed a nice perch. I congratulated him, hailing him by name. The result was a surprise.

After one swift sidelong

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You'll enjoy the very *look* of this beer–its clarity, its sparkle, its creamy collar.

But wait till you *taste* it! . . . Such flavor, such smoothness, can only come from the *blending* of 33 separate brews ... not two, or five, or ten, but 33–from 33 separate kettles!

Each brew is as fine as 96 years of skill, the 28 Pabst scientists, and Pabst ingredients can make it. . . . Then all 33 brews are brought together in the perfect balance dictated by the Blue Ribbon formula.

An expensive way to brew? Of course! It's like blending champagne, coffee, or tobacco to produce the finest. And that's what makes it *America's Premium Beer* . . . with a smoothness that is unique, and a goodness that never varies.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting Blue Ribbon.

*It's the* BLEND *that Betters the Beer*

*Try* **Pabst Blue Ribbon** *and Prove it*

**First in the Homes of America — and the Largest Selling American Beer in the Rest of the World!**

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glance, he heaved up his anchor and with a dozen powerful strokes reached a partly wooded islet, where he beached the boat and vanished into a thicket. From time to time the thicket moved in the windless air, and I suspected that he was reconnoitering me. I sat tight, resolved to wait him out. He presently emerged, gathered some fagots, lighted a fire, and put on a skillet. He then drew on a pair of rubber gloves, deftly scaled and split his fish, and cooked it. Some rolls, a slice of pie, and a bottle of what looked like root beer made up the rest of his meal. Throughout the proceedings he never looked up. I was presumably excluded from his scheme of existence. The lady in the shack was correct; Mr. Bartholomew didn't favor strangers.

Determined not to abandon my quest without another try, I thrust my way through a marshy tangle along the bank to a point precisely opposite the islet.

"Mr. Bartholomew," I called over to him, "I'd like to have a talk with you."

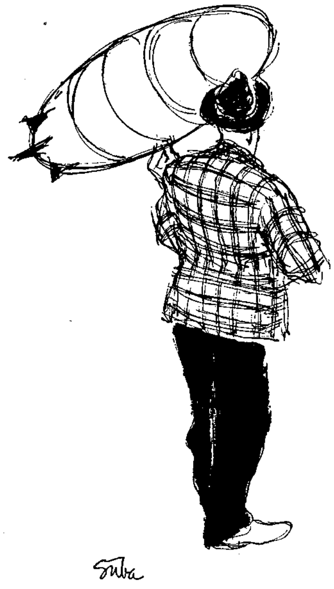
"What about?"

"Your paintings. Particularly the one at the lower bridge."

He munched silently for a time. "Where you from?"

"Upstate New York."

"You don't say. I come from near Sairacuse myself." His pronunciation of the name substantiated the statement. For the first time he turned his face toward me. A heavy beard and long, limp, scanty, roan hair gave to his face a moderately saintlike aspect. His eyes were light and steady. He wore a neat dark suit. He was fattish without looking soft. His voice was austere and rich.



"Liked my picture, did you?"

"I think it's wonderful," I replied truthfully.

"Do something in that line yourself?"

"No. I'm only a connoisseur."

"I expect you're all right," he said slowly and, I thought, a little condescendingly. "I'll meet you on the shore."

AFTER putting out the fire, washing his utensils in the river, packing up, and rowing ashore, he joined me. He seemed pleased when I told him that I had been hoping for years to meet one of his kind. "That's my latest effort, that job you saw," he said. "I figure I've done something there. Notice how hot the flames look?" I said I did indeed. "Know how I get that effect?" he asked. No, I said, I didn't, but I'd like to. "Cobalt blue tipped with white. Most painters use crimson for flames. No heat in that. No sizzle.

"The place, too," he continued. "There's a lot in picking out the right setting. Psychological effect. Four people crashed there last fall. All killed. Soon as I read about it I located my site."

"Last fall? But your picture seems new," I said.

He nodded. "It is. It's the second one. A copy, as you might say."

I asked him what had happened to the original.

"A carload of college drunks tried to take the curve at sixty. Ripped through my picture and went right on into the river."

"Drowned?" I asked, impressed.

"Not a goddam one of 'em," said Mr. Bartholomew.

Hastily revising my estimate of the man's saintliness, I produced a bottle of rye from my car. He joined me in a couple of drinks and became expansive. I assured him that he could be sure that I would not turn in any report to whatever churchly body subsidized his industry.

"Nix, brother. Nothing like that," he said. "No church for me."

"Then do you operate on your own?" I asked.

"Am I a damn fool?" he replied simply.

"Privately financed, then?" I said.

"That's it, friend. I'm naming no names. Anyway, the old dame has moved away from Brooklyn, so you couldn't find her if you tried. She's my grubstake. Saw my work, liked my style, made me a proposition."

"Is it religion with her?"

"Religion? You might call it so. Got trouble on her mind. She done a meanness once."

"A meanness? What kind of meanness?"

"Poisoned her husband, they say. The jury said not, but I reckon she done it. She's rich. She's got hellfire on the brain. Won't have anything else. The hotter, the better. Likes to see 'em fry. Seems like she gets a kick out of it."

"Do you work up your own designs?" I asked.

"All of 'em. She gives me the text. She's strong on that." He took a scratch pad from his pocket and sonorously read several inscriptions: "Broad Is The Path That Leads To Death," "Stay O Sinner, Stay Thy Pace," "Life Is Short Eternity Long," "Their Fire Is Not Quenched Their Worm Dieth Not."

"I'm working on the worm now," he said. "I'm making it like one of these dragons that leaves a trail of fire behind it. When I get a sketch finished I mail it to her. If it hits her right, she sends it back with a check. I've got as high as sixty dollars."

"I suppose you had special training for the work," I said.

"Naturally. Started as a house painter till I got the pukes. Then I went into toy wagons. Panel pictures. Very pretty. The bottom fell out of that trade. I owned a car and I liked going places, so I took up landscape work. When I say I painted landscapes, I mean I painted landscapes. I did work on rocks, trees, precipices, barns, anything. Mostly medical. You know—'Pitt's Pills for Pale People,' that sorta thing. It was a living, but there wasn't no zip or zowie to it. Plain lettering. No pictorial angle. No play for the fancy. That's my strong point, my fancy."

"Don't you ever run out of ideas?"

"Well, I do," he said. "It has me sweatin' to keep up with the old dame. I go to all the big art collections in New York, but they're awful thin on hell stuff. When you do find it, it's soupy. Those old masters got no guts. Have any ideas up your sleeve, friend?"

"Not of my own," I said, "but this might be useful to you." I described an old Pennsylvania colored broadside that I had picked up, portraying a procession of the damned: fiddlers, dancers, gamesters, drinkers being led into the flaming pit by a tastily arrayed Whore of Babylon, so labelled, jauntily mounted on the seven-headed beast of the Apocalypse.

"Does it say what she is?" asked Mr. Bartholomew incredulously. He shook his head. "The old dame would never stand for that."

"Not even from the Bible?"

"Whaddaya mean, the Bible? You can't kid me, friend. They don't let words like that into the Bible."

Rather than debate the point, I changed the subject. Did he know any other men who followed his line, and, if so, what sort of people were they?

"You mean from the art angle? Not

so much. All about the same. Rock and tree work. Plain letterers. 'Prepare to Meet Thy God.' 'Repent or Go to Hell.' 'Jesus Loves You.' No originality. No imagination."

"Who supports them?"

"Nobody, far as I know. Do it on their own. Batty on religion. They don't last. Old Whitey Simons—he's in a booby hatch somewhere in Jersey. John Peter Apostle—I always thought that there was a swell moniker—was in jail last I heard. Vagrancy and defacing private property. Holy Hanford painted a picture over a whiskey sign and hung himself to one of the supports. He used to thumb himself West every winter and gospelize the Coast states. Joe Plant and Crazy Killifer and Philander Knox Reboe—I reckon they're all dead. There never was many of 'em, but they sure got around." He paused to meditate a while, then said, "I'm on my way, friend. Thanks for the drink. Look me up again. The widow lady at the shad house will generally know where I am." With an abrupt wave of the hand he left me.

MOTORING through Virginia a few weeks ago, I came upon a timely roadside masterpiece, a sign which read, "WAR IS HELL." The technique was unmistakable. Lethal weapons made up the lettering. The first word was splashed with gore; the last crinkled with the characteristic blue-white flames. Evidently Mr. J. Bartholomew has lost neither his originality nor his imagination nor his sponsor.

—SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

•

The Vincent Price heir will be born in New York. He leaves immediately to do summer stock at Skowhegan.—*Los Angeles Herald & Express.*

No time to lose, these days.

•

Ival Goodman's wife was successfully operated upon for appendicitis at the Good Samaritan Hospital which suddenly attacked her Monday night at her home on Mozart Avenue, Westwood.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Is that like a good Samaritan?

•

### AMERICA PREPARES

[*From a Brooks Brothers pamphlet*]

An occasional inquiry is received as to the best method of folding the dress handkerchief carried in the outside breast pocket. We have a paper pattern showing the folds required where two points are to project, and one for three points.

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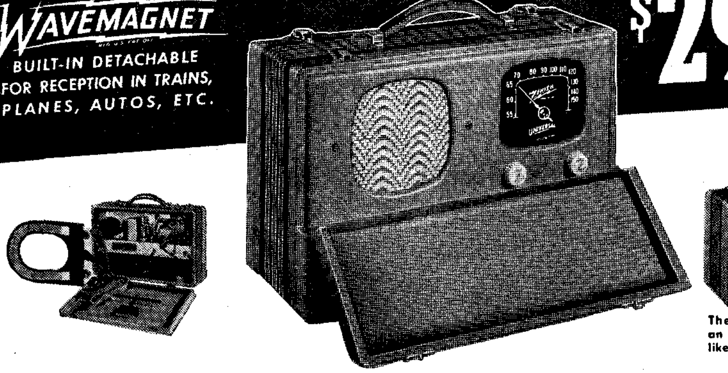
U. S. PATENTS 2164251 & 2200674
$29.95
Prices Slightly Higher West of the Rockies
WAVEMAGNET
BUILT-IN DETACHABLE FOR RECEPTION IN TRAINS, PLANES, AUTOS, ETC.



The shape and size of an overnight bag styled like expensive luggage.

The *ONLY* PORTABLE RADIO Guaranteed to Play Where Other Portables *Fail* . . . or Your Money Back

Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground.

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

Has storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights or enroute where you want privacy in reception *without* loudspeaker. Headphones are excellent, too, for the hard of hearing.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH . . .

. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet *detachable*—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

*De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.*

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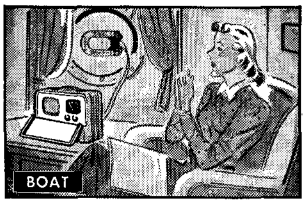
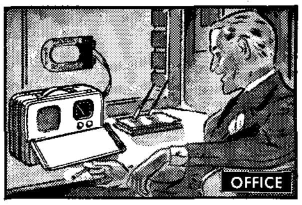
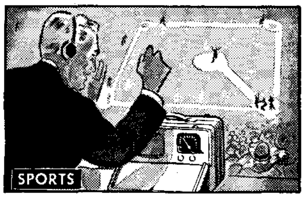
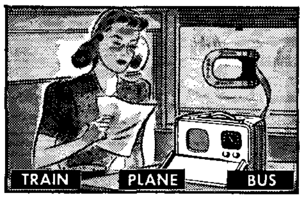
AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD
ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

IT'S DIFFERENT









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Those three letters hold more potent magic than "Open Sesame" ever did at its best. Speak them in Chicago this morning and you can be in New York for lunch. Say them in New York tonight and you can be in California for breakfast.

Yet, these things that belong to the realm of magic are very much a part of this world of facts. And the facts are these: TWA is the nation's shortest, fastest coast-to-coast airline . . . with fast, frequent schedules from city-to-city. It's the pleasant, modern, fast way to go places, meet people and get things done. Why don't *you* try it? For reservations, telephone your travel agent or TWA.

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TWA
The TRANSCONTINENTAL Airline

# LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 15 (BY CABLE)

THE fall of Paris was the culmination of a tragic week for the British people. Stunned by the brilliant speed and organization of the German drive, and bewildered by the press, which alternately warned them against undue pessimism and easy optimism, they took refuge in the classic national formula for disaster: calmness, and an increasingly dogged determination to hold back for bitter months—or years, if necessary—a juggernaut which everyone now knows is out to annihilate the nation in weeks. "Our turn will come," said a man grimly one morning this week, as he watched the newspaper-seller on a pitch on St. James Street chalking up "Germans Enter Paris" on the boards which have taken the place of posters.

ONE hears nothing but admiration for the heroic French resistance, and no kind of criticism of Weygand's command; the feeling seems to be that a magnificent fighting weapon has been crushed by a steam roller. All the criticism is reserved for the criminal complacency of former leaders on both sides of the Channel who refused to see that this war would be one of steam rollers, not of gentlemen's weapons, and prepared only to fight the last war over again in spite of the helpful hints of things to come given out by German armored divisions in Poland and by Italian dive bombers in Spain. There's a growing tendency here to ask the un-British and healthily pugnacious question "Why?" Why, for instance, the munitions and aircraft factories waited until three weeks ago to double and treble their output, and why the maximum effort was not called for in the early days of September.

There are so many more urgent and frightening problems to think of at the moment (such as how to induce stubborn East End mothers to evacuate their children so that the defence of England will not be delayed by tragic fleeing hordes like those which blocked the roads out of Brussels and Paris) that these and similar questions must wait to be answered. However, the slow but formidable British anger, roused by the thought of young Englishmen firing rifles at oncoming tanks, makes it certain that there will have to be a pretty comprehensive answer someday. It's also certain that the end of the war will find a changed—perhaps a better, possibly a less pleasant—England in which Englishmen will no longer be able to give their loving and undivided attention to the cultivation of their gardens.

ON the night that the Germans entered Paris, Queen Elizabeth broadcast to the women of France, and at the close of her touching little speech, which was made in careful, schoolgirlish French and was followed by the "Marseillaise" and the sober swell of "God Save the King," many people were unashamedly weeping. It has been a week of historic broadcasts, starting with Mr. Duff Cooper's on Monday evening after Italy's entry into the war. Next day, there were protests from some members of Parliament who deprecated Mr. Duff Cooper's bellicose tone and his impolite references to Caporetto, and who deplored the fact that such blusterings would only unify whatever split factions there may be in Italy when an appeal to religious conscience might have divided them further. To this, Mr. Duff Cooper replied briskly, indicating that Englishmen had heard a great deal too much in the same strain directed toward the German people at the beginning of the war, and that if the honorable gentlemen wanted someone to be kind and sympathetic to the Italians, they could go elsewhere—sentiments with which the majority of the public heartily agreed.

No serious-minded citizen would deny that Italy's entrance into the war at such a juncture was likely to have highly dangerous and unpleasant results for the Allies, but the average simple Briton believes that all the possibilities of the genteel approach were tried out only too patiently in September, '39. The reminiscent ring of the announcement that pamphlets had been dropped on Rome caused a good deal less satisfaction than the news that oil tanks had been destroyed near Venice, which was hailed with delight by many people who, a short time back, would have blanched at the very thought of a bomb anywhere near a Giorgione.

On the evening of Mussolini's declaration, windows of macaroni joints in Soho were broken by excitable crowds. Italian restaurant owners elsewhere pasted notices in their windows to the effect that they were one-hundred-per-

After a hearty dinner
... what to drink?
SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
ANGERS
COINTREAU
THAT Settles THE QUESTION
80 Proof LIQUEUR

**FREE:** Brochure of delightful Cointreau recipes... Browne Vintners Co., Inc. 50 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. Dept. E.

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And no regrets for a forsworn transatlantic voyage, once you discover the delights of the great Spa so close at hand. Magnificent buildings and a deluxe Spa hotel, in a thousand-acre woodland park. Waters and Cures the peers of the best Europe ever had to offer—for general restoration, or for heart and circulatory ailments, rheumatoid distress, chronic digestive disorders, gout or obesity.

Golf on the grounds, tennis, riding, swimming & other sports. Other diverting attractions nearby . . . Write for booklet and rates. Saratoga Spa, 630 Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

**SARATOGA SPA**

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK

cent British. In spite of this loyal enthusiasm, many arrests were made and the ranks of Mayfair's restaurateurs were noticeably thinned, the Quaglino Brothers and Ferraro, the popular maître d'hôtel at the Berkeley, being among those removed.

PEOPLE who had listened to Mr. Duff Cooper sat up until quarter past twelve to hear President Roosevelt's great speech, which came through perfectly and for millions of Britons provided the one gleam of light in a dark and menacing week. The answer that anxious Britons make to the new universal question, "Will the Americans come in?," is by no means as hopelessly negative as it would have been a short while ago. There is an increasingly trusting belief in American assistance—first with guns and planes, and eventually with men. People simply cannot believe that the great power whose chief representative spoke to them so nobly on Monday night can continue to contemplate these horrors unmoved. Time, however, is the principal factor, as André Maurois said in his recent heartbreaking appeal for France, in which he observed that one division then, even if badly equipped, would be worth more than several divisions, magnificently equipped, in two months. Time, which was once said to be on the side of the Allies, has turned out to be, after all, Hitler's man.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

> Never have I heard such a bedlam of sounds as was coming from Lake Mendota that April morning, a wild confusion of high, long-drawn trills as if a thousand mad pipers were holding wassail. As, in fact, they were. Except in this case, the pipers were male toads of the common garden variety, small, compact, blackish little fellows, each with his throat ballooned to the size of a walnut and piping at the top of his voice. Also, instead of to rats, these insanely vocal males were piping to their mates, big stolid females lighter in color, silent and passive, and paunchy with eggs. But I am anticipating.
> —*Natural History.*

Indeed you are.

•

### LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[*From Silver Screen*]

Tom Mix caused a mild sensation among the Easterners when he appeared at dinner at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs wearing his white doeskin cowboy suit. He carefully removed his silver spurs and placed them on the floor by his table each time he led a beautiful lady out to dance.

**The Answer Shop**
solves gift problems

**Top:** Four mats of wood-finished, spot-proof paper laminated on cork and decorated with bright red cherries. And four linen napkins with hand-hemstitched hems and embroidered cherries. Set, 2.95

**Center:** Three lingerie bands of rayon satin ribbon with hand-painted, removable labels. Turquoise, blue, light blue, peach. Set, 1.75. Set of three hand-quilted rayon satin sachets, 1.00

**Below:** Guest towels embroidered in flowers. Blue, peach, green, dusty rose, or yellow linen. Hand size, 65¢ each; Finger-tip size, 40¢ each

*First Floor*

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# LETTER FROM FRANCE

THE FRENCH CAPITAL,
JUNE 13 (BY WIRELESS)

THERE is as yet no cliché to express the confusion of a provincial city in the 100,000-population class which becomes overnight the capital of a great nation. It is not like a boom town, because there is no ebullience. People arrive dead tired after a night spent in an automobile or by the side of a road and pass their first hours in town looking for a bed. Finding one is a brief triumph. After a few hours of heavy sleep the new arrival goes out, depressed, to the circle of open-air cafés in the centre of town, and there looks for other equally sad people, many of whom have left their flats and furniture in Paris and are trying to get in touch with wives previously evacuated to St.-Jean-de-Luz.

When the government left Paris Monday, the Ministry of Information and the Censorship Bureau naturally came with it. About everybody who had any means of transportation, except certain special groups like munitions workers and hospital staffs, whose last-minute evacuation had been guaranteed by the government, left the city on Monday evening or Tuesday. The last impression most of us carried away was of deserted streets and crowds so big around the railroad stations that they overflowed onto the sidewalks. Those who left on Tuesday reported a great cloud of black smoke over the city, caused perhaps by the burning villages and farms that had been used, one after another, as points of support in the retreating battle against the German tanks. A belt of fire was constantly drawing closer to the city those last few days.

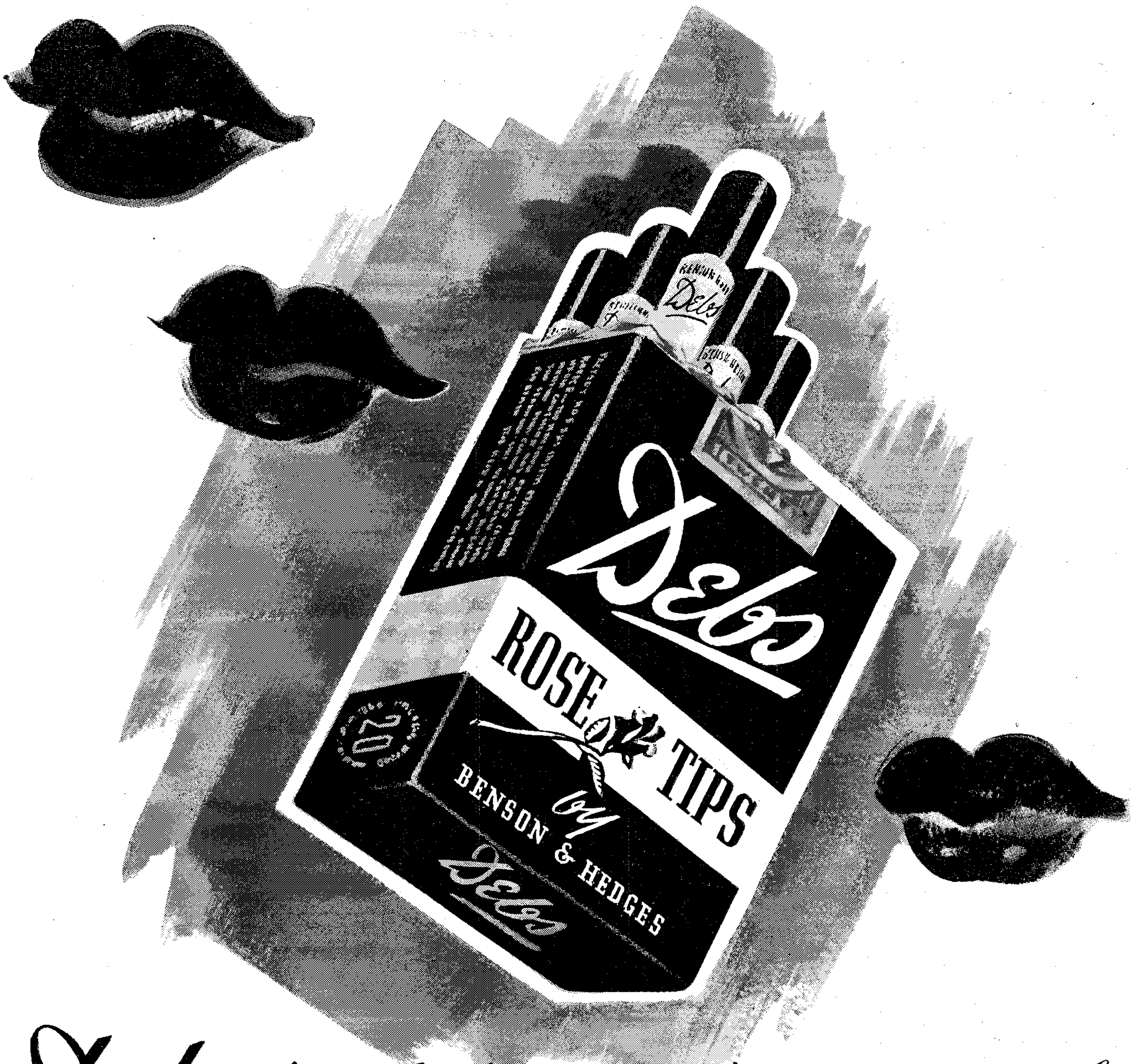
THE roads leading south were gorged with what was possibly the strangest assortment of vehicles in history. No smaller city could have produced such a gamut of conveyances, from fiacres of the Second Empire to a farm tractor hitched to a vast trailer displaying the American flag and a sign saying "This trailer is the property of an American citizen." A few men rode horses along the grassy edge of the road, making better progress than the automobiles. For the first few kilometres outside Paris, cars were practically at a standstill for hours at a time, moving forward only a few yards to stop again with grinding brakes, a procedure which eventually proved fatal to hundreds of old and overburdened vehicles. The great Paris autobuses, requisitioned for the occasion, carried the personnel of government offices and major industrial establishments, and on each bus was a sign saying "*Complet.*" Some of the girl stenographers and clerks appeared to be enjoying the excursion.

The faces of the soldiers one met on the road, infantrymen in camions and motorcyclists on their machines, were strong and untroubled. They were moving north to Paris as everybody else moved south. Curiously, they seemed the only persons content with what they were doing.

ONCE you have started to leave a place, you become apprehensive. People whose cars were held up in suburban traffic jams kept looking at the sky, remembering the machine-gunning of civilians on Belgian and Polish roads. The Allied air forces still ruled the French sky, however, and all Monday afternoon and evening the only planes overhead were French. Not even a German reconnaissance machine appeared.

About twenty-five miles out of Paris, the crowds thinned and the surviving automobiles made pretty good time the rest of the way. Inhabitants of the towns through which the unending caravan passed lined the sidewalks of the long main streets, curious and quiet, probably wondering if they too would have to be on their way soon. In the cities south of Paris where the migrants began to stop at dark, restaurants and hotels were overwhelmed by a rush of business that brought no joy to proprietors who, while they sold much of what they had on hand, knew that in a few days they might have to abandon their establishments.

News, rare in Paris during the last few days before the exodus, is even skimpier in this city to which the government has moved. Reports of Mussolini's declaration of war, Spain's continued non-belligerence, M. Reynaud's appeal to President Roosevelt, and the first few engagements with the Italians reach us unconvincingly through the radio and the local newspapers, which look like handbills. Troops who fought in Flanders and were evacuated from Dunkerque are still moving up to fight. The will to battle remains strong; the Army, fighting in retreat, is unbroken. One after another, every river of France

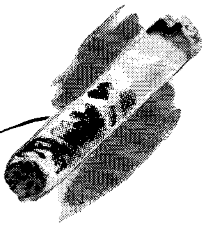


## Debs for the Beauty of unsmeared lips

The smooth, red-rose tip of a Debs does not wipe off blotches of lip-stick to ruin the lush loveliness of curves that nature has drawn and art has glorified. So men like women to smoke Debs . . . They are smart to the very end. Women smoke them for the aroma and taste achieved by a new blend of tobaccos. There is just enough of the masculine in this smartest of feminine cigarettes. Try them!

**BENSON & HEDGES**

*Men don't like this*



**INVESTMENT:**

So little difference in price. So vast a difference in tobacco! A profitable investment for those who can afford 20¢ for the best.

IVORY TIPS protect the lips. Also plain ends.

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MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
America's Luxury Cigarette

A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

You are Invited to join the world's most prominent after-shave club

*Among the famous members are —*

A NOTED AUTHOR: John Erskine
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A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR: Burgess Meredith
A CELEBRATED ARTIST: Norman Rockwell

Among men who have made their mark, Aqua Velva has many loyal friends. For that matter, Aqua Velva is a favorite with men everywhere . . . it is the world's most popular after-shave.

You'll enjoy it, too. Aqua Velva is as cool and stimulating as a polar breeze. It leaves your skin softer and smoother . . . soothed and refreshed. Try it!

Electric shavers—use Aqua Velva *before* and *after* shaving for finer results.

**TO JOIN OUR CLUB, send us your name and address. We'll send a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Write: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-13, Glastonbury, Conn.—makers of fine shaving preparations over 100 years. Offer good in U.S., Canada only.**

will be made a line of defence against the invader as long as there is a hope of succor. The factor of manpower has begun to assert itself now, however; mechanization is supposed to offset superior numbers, and when both are on the same side, the situation becomes heartbreaking.

YESTERDAY the government was again reported preparing to move. For administrative as well as strategic reasons, the selection of a small city so near Paris seems to have been a mistake. The offices of government were scattered over twenty square miles of villages, occupying town halls and schoolhouses, because there are no facilities for them in the city. Publishing the addresses of government bureaus is not permitted, and the regulations have been extended so that they forbid correspondents here to mention the name of the city they are in. The first days in the new capital were spent in a sort of furious hide-and-seek, trying to find the functionaries with whom one had business. The people of the city, unused to air raids and anti-aircraft fire, were hospitable but uneasy. They were also overworked, doing their best to take care of their unprecedentedly numerous guests and customers. Some restaurateurs met the emergency by increasing the water in their soup in direct proportion to the increase in business, but, to the credit of a desperate nation, it must be said that these were in the minority.

FRANCE retains its courage and an army that could still be enormously effective with the proper backing; no one under the rank of senator or bank president has yet considered that the Germans may win the war. Americans here, as in Paris up to the time of the exodus, benefit by what is perhaps the last shred of popularity they will have for a long time among the peoples of other democracies. France still hopes for an effectual gesture from our country. The question "What is America doing?," asked of each of us a hundred times a day, has not yet become the undiluted reproach that it may well be later in history. We who have been in France since last fall are more anguished and puzzled than the French.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

HOUSEKEEPER—For widower; not over 35; prefer woman willing to learn to ride and show gaited horses. Address C 799.
—*Adv. in the Kansas City Star.*

Upstairs or down?

# THE RACE TRACK

## *No Cutting the Corners*

RACING at Aqueduct last week produced more complaints about the track than about the favorites beaten on it. Fourteen out of forty-two first choices won over the remodelled course, and that, in case you have mislaid your ready reckoner, is 33⅓ per cent—not bad at all, when you realize that the average for all the tracks in the country last season was 35 per cent. Most of the lamentations came from trainers and jockeys whose horses ran wide and lost ground on the turns. It seems that when the track was shortened to one mile, supposedly to make it more popular, the builders neglected to bank the course at its four corners, and while nimble, short-striding animals can take liberties with the laws of centrifugal force, long-striding ones can't. At that, Aqueduct isn't quite as bad as the track at Ankara, the capital of Turkey, where, according to John Sloan of the Racing Commission, the turns are almost right angles, and the horses skitter all over the place when they try to get around with any speed at all.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis won both the important races at Aqueduct last weekend: the Shevlin Stakes with Jacomar, and the Tremont with Chicuelo. There is not much to say about the Shevlin except that Jacomar, who wore Carrier Pigeon down in the stretch, improves with every race, and that I wonder how Corydon, who ran badly again, ever managed to beat Bimelech in the Withers. Chicuelo may be one of the better young colts; mathematical handicappers rate him the equal of High Breeze and Blensign, for he beat Omission as easily in the Tremont as both those colts did at Belmont Park last month. Chicuelo is shiny black, and bigger and better-looking than his half-brother, El Chico, who was the best two-year-old out in 1938, was a failure at three, and broke a leg while training at Santa Anita last December. Chicuelo, who cost $11,000, was one of the most expensive of the yearlings Mrs. Lewis bought at Saratoga last August.

Mrs. Lewis, by the way, has had three trainers since the first of April. Mrs. Elizabeth Bosley handled the stable for a fortnight, until the question of tying horses' tongues down in races came up; Mrs. Lewis doesn't approve of the practice. After that, Alec Gordon, who had something to do with the early preparation of Bimelech for the Derby, took over for about a month. At the moment, Hugh Dufford, an up-and-coming young trainer who rode at horse shows and hunts before he moved along to the big tracks with Alvin Untermyer's string, has the job and is doing well at it. Dufford, my paddock snooper says, suspected Chicuelo would go well in the Tremont, and cashed a big check on the way to the track, intending to put all the money on his colt. However, well-meaning horsemen persuaded him that there were a lot of other good things in the race, so Dufford had only a small bet on Chicuelo, who paid $33.70.

EVER so many people, acting purely on the paddock rumor that the Woodvale Farms colt, Our Boots, had done an unusually fast time trial in private, bought tickets on him when he ran at Aqueduct the other day. Our Boots won by lengths. A tip that didn't click was Pete Bostwick's Double Pass. I've seldom seen such speed from the stall gates—in practically no time, Double Pass was half a dozen lengths in front of her field—but she tired and was beaten by something named Key Ring. Don't forget Double Pass, however.

WHEN Tony Pelleteri was getting ready to send Andy K. down to Delaware Park for the Kent Handicap last weekend, he remarked, "I hope he draws an inside post position. He's less likely to run out if he does." Just for that, Andy K. drew the outside post position, ran out, finished on the outer rail, as he did in the Hopeful Stakes last year, and won. I wouldn't be surprised if he were the favorite for the Dwyer Stakes here on Saturday. My choice is Your Chance—or Fenelon, if he runs.

MOXIE THE DICE CHEATER is back in town. "I got a brother-in-law working in the mutuels," he says, "and if you should want a ticket on a three-to-five shot, I can get it for you wholesale."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Vogue*]

Paris this June is like a resort.

An Attribute
of
Civilized Leisure

"GIN-AND-TONIC" Made with
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE WATER

A MARK of that civilization which becomes increasingly dear to us, is perhaps this: the freedom to enjoy leisure. The English brought that art to a high point. And one small detail of their ideal relaxation is the tangy, thirst-quenching "Gin-and-Tonic" made with gin, ice, a slice of lemon, and Schweppes Indian Quinine Water. Of course the vogue for this, as for all good things, has spread widely in America . . . so widely that imitations have sprung up. But the connoisseur is careful to specify Schweppes, at better bars and quality shops. The cost per bottle is only a few cents more. Try it! U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Schweppes
OF LONDON

*World-famous as the makers of*
SCHWEPPES SODA WATER
SCHWEPPES GINGER BEER

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

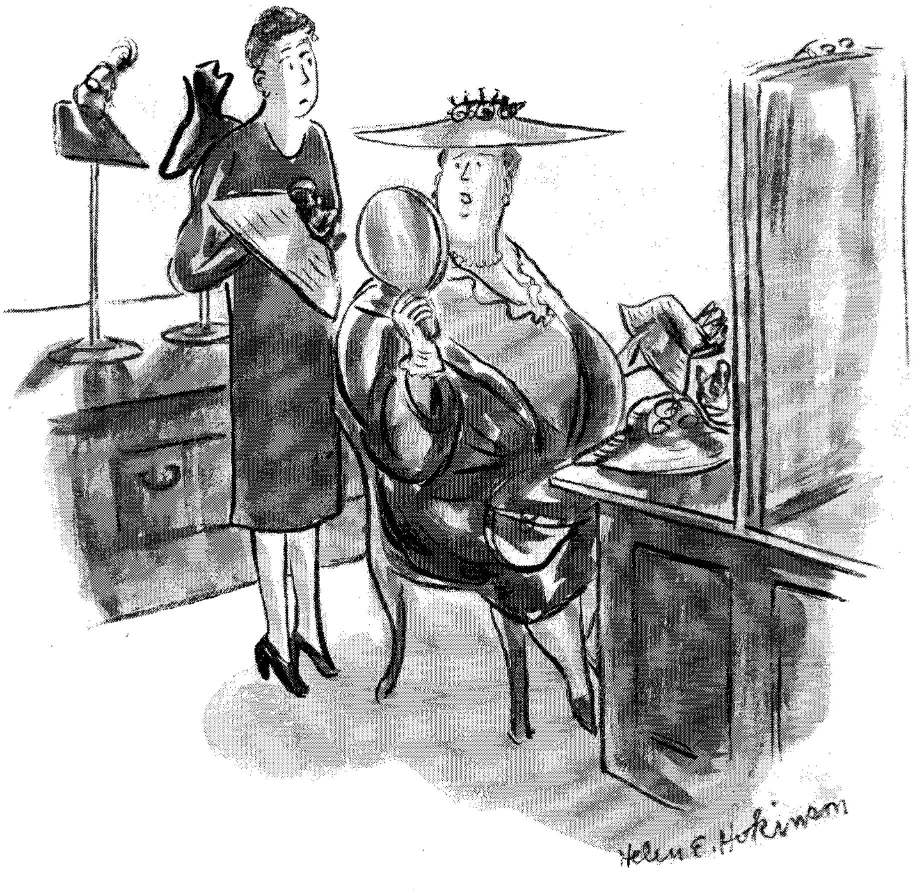
## ABOUT THE HOUSE

IN a season like this one, when America's debt to industrial designers confronts us in exhibits at the World's Fair, the Metropolitan Museum, and other seats of culture, as well as in articles in countless periodicals seriously devoted to design, it is comforting to the ego to reflect that at least one modern development in home equipment can be traced back directly to a simple whim of the public. It must be some fifteen years ago now, maybe even more, that bright young matrons here and there began to wonder why, with box springs in the advanced state they were, nobody was putting feet on them, so that by the addition of a mattress on top you would have a bed—a bed without headboard or footboard, to be sure, but nonetheless comfortable to lie upon. A few daring individuals called in carpenters to make low frames upon which spring-and-mattress units might rest, found the arrangement wholly practical, and presently thought up the decorative touch of faked headboards to hang on the wall above their homemade beds. Decorating magazines took up the idea, and by the end of the twenties (manufacturers sometimes are a little slow to catch on) it was possible to buy box springs with feet. From this evolved the most popular of modern beds—a pair of twin-size springs and mattresses side by side and hinged to one wide headboard, which is usually upholstered to match a boxed spread covering both beds under its broad, luxurious sweep.

The demand for this type of bed is an inspiration to specialty shops such as Hale. This bedding shop has moved from its old stand on Madison Avenue to a bright new spot at 605 Fifth Avenue (49th) just in the nick of time for the June-bride season, and is making a big point now of custom-built beds of the new order. Some of the Simmons spring-and-mattress units there are backed up to headboards so full of tricks you'd scarcely be surprised to find one with mechanical hands to tuck you in at night. A sofa-back type, upholstered in tufted velvets and satins, has arms that curve protectingly around at the sides and makes curling up with a good book and a supper tray seem the most desirable of occupations. One great, deep-springed double bed, a full six feet across and as long as you could want it to be, has a headboard upholstered in velvet and framed in mirror baguettes. Two sections of this jewel-like edging drop forward at a touch, to reveal reading lamps. This is called the He Reads, She Sleeps Bed, but presumably the rôles could be reversed. You may have headboards with radios or bookshelves or cabinets for this and that built in. For $54.50, they'll shape an upholstered headboard, suitable for slip-covering, to resemble some chair or sofa back that you'd *like* repeated; or you may choose from simple, stock headboard models, starting at $29.50 and sold separately for use with spring-and-mattress arrangements which you already possess. Also, if you happen to have an old Victorian or Regency sofa with a seat that is beyond repair, they'll use its still beautiful back and arms to make a headboard you won't see duplicated in a month of Sundays.

There's a pillow at Hale that should be invaluable to people who suffer from the heat on sweltering nights. It has a quilted cotton jersey casing, zippered along a side seam and enclosing a very loose, light, and springy filling of fine Australian horsehair that makes the pillow as cool to sleep on as any air cushion. When the hair mats down, which, naturally, it will after a while, you simply unzip the case, pull the stuffing out in handfuls, and fluff it up again. This remarkable pillow is the invention of a refugee now working in America, and it costs $5.95, or about what you'd ordinarily pay just for down.

BLOOMINGDALE, also convinced that early summer is as good a time as any for coming forward with new things in bedding, is out this month with the No-Tuk sheet, made by Pacific and, if you can stand the name, a dandy. This sheet is of a good grade of Sanforized muslin, about the next thing to percale in smoothness, and has seamed and mitred corners with a four-inch lap-under to boot, giving it a taut-as-a-drumhead fit on standard mattresses, either twin- or double-size. The No-Tuk, which, of course, can be used only as a lower sheet, will cut down bedmaking time appreciably, and it will also defeat every effort of your maid to get it on the bias. Twin-size, it costs $1.49; for the double, $1.79. I wish the makers could be persuaded to try the same thing in percale, and perhaps



*"Doesn't it seem to give me a double chin?"*

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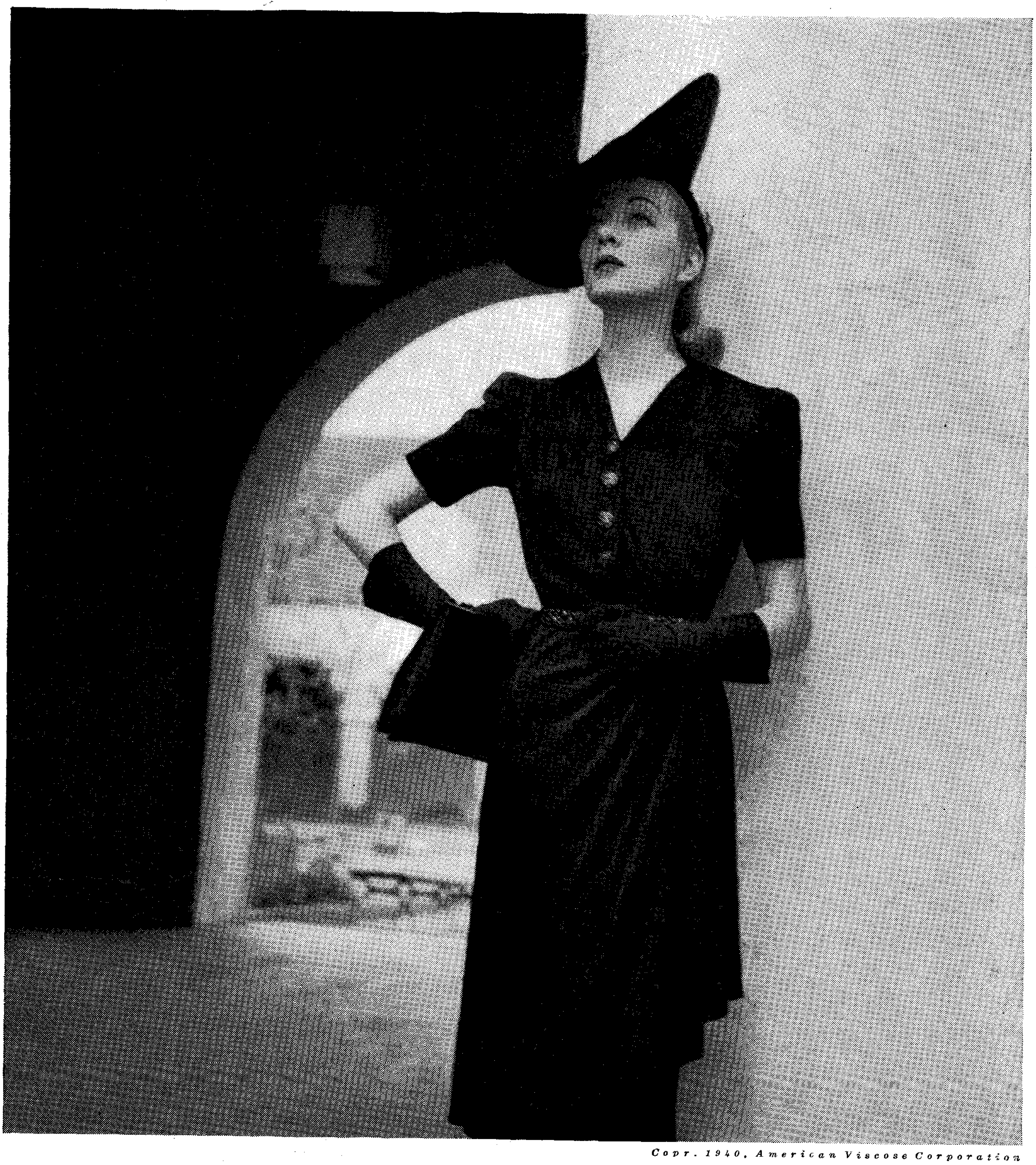

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# *Crown Tested Rayon Fabrics*

**MIDSUMMER BLACK**— *in cool Crown Tested Rayon jersey with the new side drapery that points the way to Fall... and jet studded belt. Sizes 12 to 20. Under $23. As seen at Bonwit Teller, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.*

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**THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON . . . THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY**

SEQUENCE IN

Blue Grass

The fragrance that's as fresh and wonderful as a new romance, in a complete, irresistible sequence... Blue Grass Flower Mist, to waft all over you lavishly after your bath, $1.25 (atomizer, $.35 additional)... Cameo Face Powder, scented with Blue Grass, $2, $3... Blue Grass Perfume... $6 to $60... Blue Grass Dusting Powder in a shaker box with puff, $1.50... Blue Grass Eau de Cologne, $1.25, $2.25, $5; Blue Grass Soap, $1; 3 for $2.50

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

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they will someday. Meanwhile, it's good to have even the muslin version around.

I DON'T know what it is about that Lewis & Conger store, but I find it as insidious as the five-and-dime. Shop there once, and if you can ever again pass its doors without going in, you are a creature of stronger will than mine. You won't want to overlook an array of hangers in the new transparent plastics, colored like flowers and so pretty it's a shame to cover them with clothes; or those fine Esmond Butterfly blankets, light as fluff, satin-bound, and only $3; or the hall-closet racks to hold golf bags, umbrellas, bridge tables, and other traditional clutterers. Rubber-coated dish racks of assorted types, to bring unprecedented order to crowded pantry shelves, are not a novel idea, but astonishing numbers of good housekeepers haven't tried them yet; you'll find them at this shop in fine new forms, the result of much experimenting. A little sliced-bread holder that grips the bread like mad as you reslice it thin for Melba toast isn't new either, and I'm ashamed of not having mentioned it before, for it's good; $2.85 in shining chromium.

You'll like a V-shaped roast rack if you subscribe to the breast-down theory of roasting fowl. Its sloping sides hold the creature bottom up in the pan with never a skid. You don't have to subscribe to any theories at all to value a non-squirt, never-fail opener for bottles of charged stuff; or the portable base plug with a wire that can be reeled in and out—a veteran by this time, but so good I feel I'm a public benefactor every time I mention it. It costs $2, and how people get along without it in rented summer places where the lighting system is inadequate, as it so often is, is more than I can see.

WARM weather brings back to the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), that comforting darning-and-laundry service for the man who's left on his own in town. The Exchange picks up and delivers in the most dependable fashion. It's also ready again to go over apartments that have been closed for the summer; this service includes a roundup of blankets in need of laundering and rebinding, comforters that must be recovered, lampshades to be cleaned or replaced, table linens to be mended, etc. A new service, too, is available. The staff will undertake to fulfill knitting obligations for overambitious war-charities subscribers whose hearts have proved to be bigger than their capacity for turning out work. This is an offshoot of something the Exchange has been doing for some time: taking on unfinished handwork—tatting, knitting, crochet, embroidery, anything—and carrying it through to the end, with such discretion that no one need ever know. —B. B.

## SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

### *—Shooting in the Seaweed*

LAST year I went timidly but at some length into the subject of shooting fish by bow and arrow from the deck of a boat. I say timidly because at the time I thought the sport might be considered too esoteric to appeal to any but the most enthusiastic archer. Well, although fishing in this manner is still far from being the great American sport, a lot more people than I expected have gone in for it, giving me courage to discuss the latest—and, I suspect, the last—development in mixing archery and fishing. This, so help me, requires the archer to stalk and shoot his prey under water.

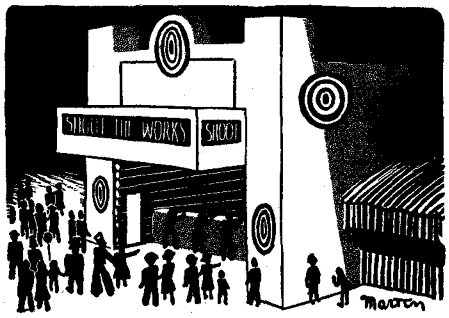
A good place to try out submarine archery would be any fairly shallow (say ten or fifteen feet deep) part of the Sound along the north shore of Long Island. The bottom is usually rocky there, and this makes good hunting grounds for sea bass and blackfish, which like to feed in such places. In addition to a swimming suit and a pair of watertight goggles, all you need is a special bow and arrow. If you're accustomed, as most archers these days are, to using a longbow, you'll probably have to practice some on land before going after your quarry, for this bow is something like an old-fashioned crossbow. It's made of a light and springy metal, weighs only three pounds, is strong enough to drive an arrow into a fish at thirty feet, and is carried on a strap around the neck. The bow has two stubby grips, similar to those on revolvers, by which you hold it, and a grooved stock in which the arrow lies. The bowstring slips over a catch just behind the arrow; to shoot, you simply pull a trigger controlling the catch.

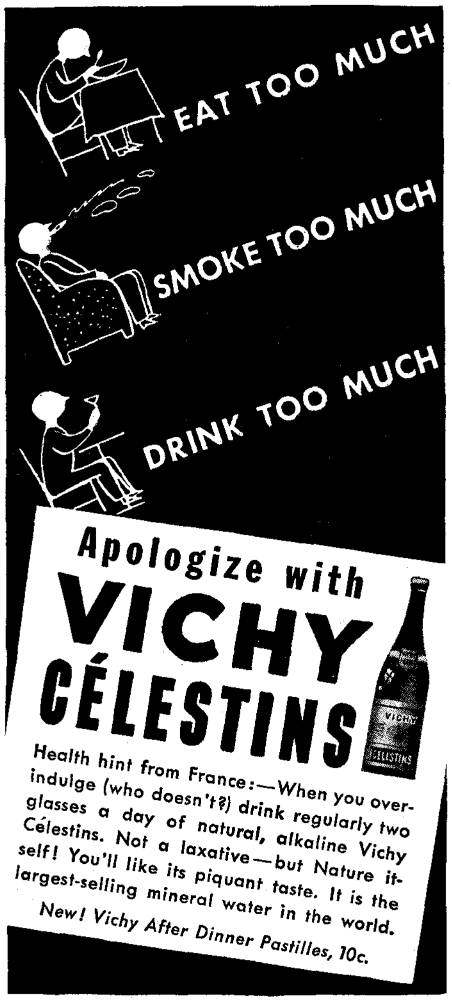
Now then. With your goggles on and your bow at your neck, you swim out to likely waters and then paddle about with your face under the surface, peering for fish. When you spot one, you take a breath—not too deep, for the more air you have in your lungs, the harder it is to reach bottom—and, using your hands as flippers, go down feet first. (Diving creates bubbles, which frighten the fish.) Descending quietly, you may be able to get within four feet of your prey, since fish are naturally curious and can't help sticking around to see what it's all about. The rest, if your aim is good, is easy. The arrow is attached to the bow by a line, which you grab once the strike is made. The underwater part of the sport is all over in a minute, and practically anybody can hold his breath that long.

The really dashing, I understand, carry sheath knives around their waists with which they dispatch the fish under water, but that would seem to be a pretty grim business. A more desirable accessory, I think, would be a pair of Swim-Fins—new rubber arrangements which you strap around your ankles and which give your feet the appearance and swimming effectiveness of a duck's. Abercrombie & Fitch have these for $5 a pair. There, too, you can get the bow and arrow; $65.

NOTE FOR THE NON-AQUATIC ARCHER: Those who, after practicing with light, target arrows, have found they have little or no control over the heavy shafts used for hunting will be glad to learn of some arrows Abercrombie has just got hold of. These have shafts with a threaded socket, into which either a hunting or a target head can be screwed. All the heads weigh the same, so the balance of the arrow never varies. A dozen shafts and three heads of your own selection cost about $25. One of the heads has three-inch wire barbs flaring out like spokes, which make it easier to hit birds on the wing.

NOW that it looks as though we'll have to rely almost exclusively on domestic manufacturers for our cameras, it's good to learn that a new domestic one of the so-called candid type has been brought out. This, a fairly promising attempt to emulate the best German makes, is called the Detrola, costs $69.50, and is to be found at Macy, Willoughby, and a lot of other places. Among its good points are a range-finder coördinated with an *f.* 3.5 lens and a maximum shutter speed of 1/1,500th of a second. . . . Eastman has a new box camera of the reflex type, a modern-looking unit about one-third as




EAT TOO MUCH
SMOKE TOO MUCH
DRINK TOO MUCH
Apologize with
VICHY
CÉLESTINS
Health hint from France:—When you over-indulge (who doesn't?) drink regularly two glasses a day of natural, alkaline Vichy Célestins. Not a laxative—but Nature itself! You'll like its piquant taste. It is the largest-selling mineral water in the world.
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STARLIGHT ROOF
GEORGES & JALNA
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★ Performances at Dinner and Supper
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★ Dinner and Supper Dancing
★ Buffet Luncheon at $2 and à la carte
★ Couvert after 11 P.M., $1 Saturday, $1.50
THE WALDORF ASTORIA

big as the old one. It's called the Brownie Reflex and costs $5.25.

MISCELLANY: Indolent bicyclists might investigate Abercrombie's new Whizzer, a small motor attachment that can be set in the frame of any standard bicycle. A one-cylinder gasoline engine operates a roller, which turns against the rear wheel at such a rate that you can make up to thirty miles an hour or so. It's $59.95. . . . Wilson's pitching irons this year have slightly bevelled edges intended to make them glide over the turf, when you take a misjudged swing, instead of cutting into the ground and spoiling the shot. You can get these through your pro at $8 apiece. . . . Spalding has neat golf umbrellas in gay colors at $5, sheath included. . . . Small boats, even outboards, are required by law to display bow and stern lights after dark, and E. J. Willis, at 91 Chambers Street, has some simple ones that are really just flashlights mounted on rods. Bow lights—one side red, the other green—are $4.50; white stern lights, $3.50.

NEW BOOKS, ALL WITH ILLUSTRATIONS: "Advanced Tennis," by Chester Bowers, has an unusual feature, a chapter on tactics in which the author goes into careful detail on how to win points. His experience as an amateur coach makes him a helpful adviser for practically any player. . . . "Modern Camping Guide," by George W. Martin, is an intelligent discussion of ways to avoid accidents and get along comfortably in the woods. . . . "Archery," by Natalie Reichart and Gilman Keasey, explains plainly and simply what you ought to know to master the sport. . . . "A Handbook of Salt-Water Fishing," by O. H. P. Rodman, is a pocket-size manual that comes, appropriately, in an oilskin cover and is a good source of information on the habits and ranges of American oceanic game fish and the tackle needed to take them.

—E. F. K.

•

## PORTRAIT

His mind was like a well-tamed hill,
stoutly fenced and planted
with timothy and winter wheat,
for all that they grew slanted.

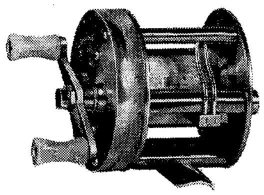
His heart was like a berry patch,
weedy, sunny-lazy,
with tangles where young rabbits, like
his little loves, ran crazy.

—FRANCES FROST

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

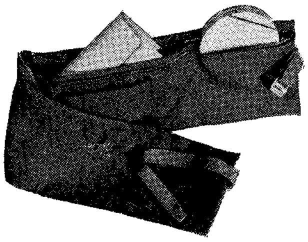
Bass Notes

Big lakers are where you find 'em...now shallow...now deep...now doggo in the reeds. Takes the right tackle to bring them in. And that's our specialty.



LEVEL-WIND BAIT REEL—fast, almost weightless aluminum spool for casting light lures. For 8 or 9 lb. line. $6. Other bait-casting reels, $1.35 to $18.75.

ANGLER'S BELT—has pockets for everything you want along. Green waterproof duck with zipper opening. $2.95.



POCKET TACKLE BOX—for casting reel, plugs, spinners and bugs. Green crackle finish, 11¾" long, $2.25. Same box in aluminum, $3.50.

*Send for Fresh Water Tackle Book*

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# WHERE IS FLORENCE CRANE?

NOW that the Germans are inflicting themselves on everybody's mind, they've started me thinking again about Florence Crane. I have never seen Florence Crane; I don't know where she comes from, or even if she exists. Yet for a while her destiny and mine mingled, and it was she who, by forcing me to live with the Nazis, made me violently anti-Nazi.

It was like this. A few years ago, I was spending some time in Munich with my young daughter Nancy, who was going to school there. For a while we lived at a hotel. Then we moved to a private house close to the school. The house was charming and so was our hostess, and we soon became friendly. She was strongly anti-Nazi and she expressed herself freely on the point. She had endless stories of brutalities inflicted by the Nazis on Germans who dared to antagonize them. One that I recall was about her brother-in-law, who had been a doctor with a large practice. For some small offence, he was subjected to long months in Dachau and his property was confiscated. He emerged from prison with his nerves shattered and one arm paralyzed. In the block where we lived was the house in which, it was said locally, Hitler had had his pal Roehm murdered. "Roehm knew too much," our hostess said. She lived alone in her house, which was well heated and convenient, and we had dug in for the winter, we thought, when Florence Crane disappeared.

That is, apparently she disappeared. The police telephoned me. I was out. When I returned, my hostess, trembling, gave me the message. I phoned the police, who asked me very politely to report to the station. I went, taking my time about it, as Americans do, and when I got there the official who wanted to question me had left. I was given an appointment for the following day. Back home, I found my hostess on the verge of hysteria. "What did they want?" she asked. I told her I'd got there too late but would go back in the morning. "You haven't told anyone anything I said to you?" Of course I hadn't. "You will be careful?" she begged. Indeed I would. The shadow of Dachau lay too darkly over Munich for one to forget it long.

Next morning at the police station, I waited my turn in a kind of reception room. There was a large picture of Hitler on one wall. It reminded me that I hadn't seen a picture of the greatly beloved von Hindenburg since I'd been in Germany this time—Hitler's was plastered all over the place—and I mentioned the fact when I finally had my turn with the official. He eyed me through his thick-lensed glasses and said I must not make remarks like that in Nazi Germany. Then he asked what I knew about Florence Crane.

"I never heard of her," I said.

"Come now. Surely you know where she's gone?"

"I don't even know her," I insisted.

"I cannot believe that," he said. "You have the same name."

I said there were lots of Cranes. He didn't believe that, either. When I started asking *him* questions about Florence Crane, he shut up tight and the interview ended.

When I told our hostess why I was wanted, she became circumspect, then silent, and after a day or two announced that relations were coming to pay her a long visit and she would need our two rooms. So, thanks to Florence Crane, we had to move. We were solaced by finding a place we liked even better. It was on the same street, in the apartment of a retired professor of history and his little, white-haired wife. There were a harp and a piano in the drawing room; a sweet, dark-eyed, full-bosomed maid; and, for my daughter and me, a bedroom and a sitting room with a balcony, on which the geraniums weren't yet touched by the frost. The couple obviously loved having us (their own children had grown up and left home), and the maid saw to it that we got real butter—not the whale-oil kind—and good meat, which, since we were foreigners, was our right under the System.

One morning the old lady herself came tottering in with the breakfast tray, and in a state because the *Partei* had ordered the maid dismissed. She had been in the household for fourteen years, but all at once, being deemed Jewish and under forty-five years of age, she had to leave. This started the old lady off. She confessed to us that one of her sons, a priest, was being hunted down by the Party, and that every ring of the doorbell sent her heart into her throat for fear it would mean they'd got him. And, of course, that very day the police appeared, looking for me, and asked me to report to the station again. I didn't mind at all, but the old lady was badly shocked.

"Well, what have you learned about Florence Crane?" the police official wanted to know when I appeared.

I said, "Not a thing."

"I will tell you this much," he said. "A knapsack with the name Florence Crane on it was found in the English Garden several weeks ago. Behind some bushes. *That could mean anything.* You see, she has not registered with the police anywhere in Germany. If you know her people, I would advise you to notify them at once that she is missing. And you had better tell me what you know, too." I insisted that I knew nothing, and was dismissed.

That afternoon, as I walked through the business section of the city, the loudspeakers strung everywhere bellowed for attention. Instantly streetcars, automobiles, and pedestrians stopped dead. The Leader was about to speak. A few foreigners, like myself, walked on to where we were going, but the Germans stood or sat wherever they found themselves and listened to the voice from the loudspeakers, knowing they'd get jailed if they didn't. The privilege of walking unrestricted through that stricken city gave me a wonderful feeling, a feeling I hope I shall never forget, but it left me the minute I got back to what we called home. The professor and his wife announced suddenly that they were expecting friends who would need our rooms.

In short, no one who was anti-Nazi dared harbor people who were being eyed by the police.

We moved into a *pension* that was a hundred-per-cent Nazi. The son of the house was high up in the *Partei.* A maid was having one of those fatherless babies sponsored by the Party. The Siamese cat had a voice like Hitler's. The radio was on full blast all the time. It still seems almost incredible that three men could talk as much in a lifetime as Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels talked during the next two months. You couldn't get away from them anywhere in the house. As a special treat, the Nazi young man, who had a lot of time on his hands, used to give me the latest dope on the United States and England. He had a singularly clear point of view, untrammelled by any real knowledge.

The periodic roundup of myself in respect to Florence Crane didn't bother

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Here's a flavor found in no other brew

When you meet Ballantine's Ale for the first time, its greater life may come as a surprise. Ale is not ordinarily so live and sparkling a drink. The secret is in the brewing . . . Ballantine's was created especially to please the American taste.

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these people. They were in too solid with the *Partei* to worry about my contact with the police.

THAT was a very beautiful autumn. The air was so clear that for weeks the distant, white-topped Alps seemed to hover over Munich. The beeches around the blue Bavarian lakes turned russet. The meadows stayed very green. There was early skiing in a dozen places within an hour or two of the city. Nancy's school satisfied me completely, and the opera, particularly the Mozart given in the Residenztheater, was grand. When the hoarfrosts came, the English Garden—where Florence Crane had left her knapsack—looked like a frosted Christmas card. Despite all this loveliness and satisfaction, the weight on my soul grew heavier each day. It was clear that if we stayed in Germany, we would have to go on living with our Nazis. Nobody we really liked dared have us, on account of Florence Crane and the incessant fascination she exerted on the police.

For a long time I balanced the advantages offered guests of the Fatherland against the Nazi son of the house, the screeching radio, the cat with Hitler's voice, the meek little maid heavy with child, who, though hallowed by the *Partei*, nevertheless had to heave coal up two flights for six porcelain stoves as well as do all the bedroom work in the *pension*, and—oh, hell, we left Germany. —FRANCES CRANE

•

The current issue of the New Yorker quotes this item from Double Detective magazine: " 'Yes,' he added softly speaking in perfect English," and the editor's comment is "The best is none too good" . . . The quote is from the Double Detective serial called "The Green Llama," written by Richard Forster. The quote was sent to the New Yorker by Ken Crossen, editor of Double Detective, who received $1 for it . . . "Forster" is the pen name used by Crossen.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

Mr. Lyons is right, except that the title was "The Green Lama," not "Llama;" the pseudonym was Richard Foster, not Forster; the magazine of which Mr. Crossen is editor is *Detective Fiction Weekly*, not *Double Detective*; and the story was a complete, not a serial, story.

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### DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Times*]

But when Challice felt a pistol muzzle pressed against his side, and saw the short barrel of the submachine gun, he realized something serious was afoot.

# TABLES FOR TWO

## *"Soft You Now! The Fair . . ."*

TO apply what might be called midtown, East Side-West Side critical standards to the night life at the World's Fair would be as unjust as to carp about the performance of a summer-theatre actor merely because one of the beams in the barn he was playing in happened to fall on him during a show, causing him to cry out inappropriately. Many of the Flushing late spots are as makeshift in character as they are in construction, and they should be approached in a tolerant way. If you are thinking of approaching them at all—and it's not a bad idea, since the Fair is much gayer at night than it was last summer—you might begin by having dinner at the Brazilian Pavilion, the only foreign building with a full-sized dinner, a full-sized band, and a dance floor (pint-sized). The dining room stays open as long as there are customers around, which is usually until midnight or so, and it's a comfortable, restful place, with curving pink banquettes along one wall and huge windows along another. Through these, if you are careful about choosing your table, you'll be able to see most of the fountain display in the Lagoon of Nations when it goes on at nine. The management thoughtfully dims the lights at this moment and the musicians take a rest, leaving you at peace to enjoy the fountains and that wonderful Brazilian coffee. The orchestra is Romeo Silva's and is supposed to be authentically Brazilian. Since my knowledge of Brazilian culture ceases somewhere this side of a complete grasp of Carmen Miranda, I can only report that the music was perfectly satisfactory for the rumba.

ONCE you get over into the Great White Amusement Area, or whatever it's being called, anything is likely to happen, and you may wake up the next morning feeling like one of Nature's Mistakes. Right now, the most popular, or at least most densely populated, spot in the district is the Zombie, a rural branch of the Beachcomber. It's a rambling place specializing, naturally, in those tall rum drinks, and it has a long, crowded bar with a band tucked noisily into a niche above it. As at most of the bars at the Fair, a pay-as-you're-served policy prevails; Elmer, it seems, is suspected of wanting to down his beer and rush into the night without settling his account. If you can fight your way through the crush, you'll arrive eventually at something called the Jungle Room, a dimly lit tent garnished with fish nets and palm trees. Here there's room for dancing, with John Kirby's swing band and a rumba crew alternately supplying the music and some pretty girls supplying the inevitable Zombies.

IT is time, I think, for a rising vote of thanks to Mr. Michael Todd. His Gay New Orleans is the most enjoyable spot I've found so far at the Fair, and it's all there, ladies and gentlemen, for the single price of a quarter of a dollar. The ambitious and highly professional shows which are staged in the courtyard more or less on the hour are well worth seeing. You can watch them, if you don't like to take your entertainment dry, either from the terrace of the Sazerac Bar or from the porch of the New Orleans Restaurant, which is rather far from the stage but not too far to prevent you from witnessing, for instance, the details of a singular anatomical performance by a lady named Carrie. Carrie, in her spare time, is pretty much in charge of La Do Bust Inn, one of Gay New Orleans' gayest assets and my nomination as the bar-quite-likely-to-succeed. It's a rowdy, informal nook where you can dance, if you feel so inclined, to an orchestra consisting of a single industrious pianist whose name is Putney Dandridge. You'll probably get better service at the bar than at any of the tables, since the waiters, four amiable Negroes, are also the floor show, sing more often than they wait, and like singing better than waiting anyway. They are a fine, spirited crew, and will harmonize any number you request. When I asked for "Basin Street Blues," one of them said cheerfully, "Do you want fifty cents' worth or a dollar's worth?" However much you take, I don't think you'll be disappointed. If you can feel at all lighthearted these days, the Inn at least will sustain your mood.

MR. TODD has had far better luck with his Gay New Orleans than Mr. Billy Rose, another entrepreneur, had with his Barbary Coast. This red-and-white structure started off as a Rose enterprise and had a standard floor show; when I last dropped in, nobody seemed to know who was running it and it amounted to little more than a bar. Now, I understand, there is some talk of asking Sally Rand to see what she can do for it. There are tables around for people too exhausted by Dodgems and Water Bugs to stand any longer, but most of the patrons lean on the bar, or on each other, and sing lustily, urged along by a lady and a gentleman who take turns sitting at a piano above the bar and leading the choir. Within ten minutes the other night, the crowd had gone from "Darktown Strutters' Ball" to "Down by the Old Mill Stream," stopping loudly en route at "Harvest Moon," "My Gal Sal," "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "Margie," and "After the Ball Is Over." That should give you the general idea. I've been told that the bar is the longest at the Fair, and maybe it is, but the drinks I was served at it certainly weren't.

ANOTHER Todd enterprise perhaps worth looking into, if only from a spectator's point of view, is the Dancing Campus, which has replaced Merrie England. It's a spacious, raised dancing platform surrounded by milk bars and occupied on festive nights by almost fanatically energetic jitterbugs. The music is good and, of course, swingy, and if you like to watch modern dancing at its most active, you might stop by and hang over the rail for a while. The terrace at the rear of the Campus, incidentally, affords a clear view of the fireworks on Liberty Lake, but you'll be able to see the big displays in the finale only at an angle. . . . A more direct view of the fireworks can be had from the Pabst Blue Ribbon Gardens, a sprawling collection of chairs and tables and illuminated trees fronting on the lake. There's no dancing here, but a band plays jazz from an octagonal stand above the bar, which serves only beer and ale.

And now to resume my training at the shooting gallery across the way.

—CHECK

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### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "A Star Fell," by H. H. the Ranee of Sarawak*]

Then one day he saw a terrible thing, a horrible thing. A thing that made his flesh creep, his hair stand on end, the blood to run cold within him. He saw a thing that obsessed him and haunted him and preyed upon his simple mind. It took away from him the frail foundation he had planted his feet upon in the mission school. It left him weak-minded and infirm of purpose, not knowing which way to turn or where to go. It was too bad it happened.

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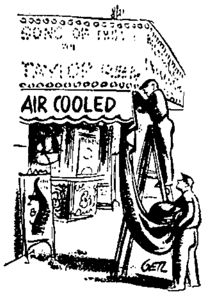
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *A German Story*

So far there have been only a few films, and those minor, rather fumbling, and rather unsuccessful, that have had to do with life in Germany since Hitler came into power. "The Mortal Storm," from Phyllis Bottome's novel, is the first that can be considered of any major consequence as a picture, the first to be manufactured with the best talent, the best judgment, and the material resources of a substantial studio. It is doubtless only the first of many to come. "Escape" is already in production, and "Escape," as readers of the book know, also takes us to Germany, even to the same South Germany which we see in "The Mortal Storm." I don't for a moment estimate this particular story, good and sanely treated as it is, as the great offering we are to have on the Germany of these years. The arrangement of incidents and the insight given us into characters are too facile, slightly on the slick side, not quite edged with that sense of reality which can be got in movies and which makes us say, when we find it there, that the picture is like a document. "The Mortal Storm" is no document, but it does present a story, terribly credible and familiar to us by this time, without any theatrical nonsense, and presents it with what, from the perspective of this period in our education, we must look upon as moderation.



The film shows us a German university town and a professorial family group. The head of the family is just such a successful, affluent, popular teacher as may be found in any college society. There is nothing Teutonic about the appearance of Frank Morgan, who plays the rôle, and he suggests perhaps a little too much our own American type, with the amiable absent-mindedness which it is conventional to associate with gentlemen in this profession. We gather that he has married a widow with two grown sons by an earlier marriage, that they have two children just growing up, and that nothing could be pleasanter than the dignified and delightful life they lead. His daughter (Margaret Sullavan) has a couple of young admirers (James Stewart and Robert Young), but that rivalry presents no problems as yet. Problems, however, come quick enough, for the time is 1933 and the Professor is not of pure German stock. The insults begin, and one incident after another, increasing in force each time, shows us how violence and disaster at last destroy this household.

What is outstanding about Frank Borzage's direction is its restraint. The cruel story is told without any of the highlights of horror. We feel that what lies behind is worse than what we are shown. There are nasty episodes with the Nazis and their victims, yet none so vicious as they might have been made. We see the Professor in the concentration camp where he is to die, but in only a quiet moment when he is permitted three minutes with his wife. The boys who turn Nazi (Robert Young and some others) are given times when they may indicate their own despair and distraction at the things they find themselves compelled to do. Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart, as the young lovers who would ski over the Alps to the border and safety but are shot at, seem very human people, and very restrained young people, too, with all their bewilderment and desperation. Various others in the picture, Irene Rich and Maria Ouspenskaya among them, help to make this Borzage film notable, an unnerving chronicle.

If you prefer animals to anything else these days, you will find a few in "Safari," but I must say they're just some old stock shots of giraffes and alligators and that old lion movie people always seem to have on hand. "Safari," all of it rather hack and blurred, is busy, to be sure, with a triangle plot, involving Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Tullio Carminati, who were evidently forced to work on a day they wanted to do something else. You wonder a bit why anyone bothered at all. . . . "Gangs of Chicago" must be listed as a mere mossy relic. Poor Chicago! It seems now like a very mild and tranquil hamlet.

—John Mosher

•

### LAVENDER AND OLD LACE DEPT.

[*From the Rand McNally World Atlas, 1939 edition*]

Germany . . . By peace treaty, the effective army is limited to 100,000. All fortresses west of a line about 31 miles east of the Rhine have been demolished. No air force is permitted. A small navy on a volunteer basis is allowed, but no submarines.

## BEAUTY ON RAILS

Technological progress is always stepping on somebody's toes, and I'm worried at the moment about what will become of Joan Crawford if the railroad train rolls too soon into transportation history. Miss Crawford has just perfected a method of using to great advantage the three days she spends on a train from Los Angeles to New York, and it's obvious that the seventeen and a quarter hours offered by the air lines would be completely insufficient for her. Her method was described in her own words in a newspaper article I read recently on one of the back pages of the *World-Telegram*.

"A three-day train trip is a three-day facial for me," said Miss Crawford. "And there's no time like a train trip for trying out new kinds of makeup. You can experiment with powders and lipsticks and rouge to your heart's content. After all, if they're not right for you, you can find it out before everybody else does." Without mincing words, Miss Crawford went on, "The first day I spend in bed, relaxing my face and my body. No creams, no lotions—nothing but good soap and water so the pores of my skin will have a chance to breathe. I drink gallons of orange juice, too." Thus Step No. 1 goes on just long enough to conquer the Great Divide.

What finally gets Miss Crawford out of bed, on the second day, is Step No. 2. A considerable portion of the day, as Miss Crawford detailed it, is devoted to lubrication. For one thing, she removes the polish from her fingernails and soaks them in oil. This is something I'd never heard about, but Miss Crawford makes it sound mighty important. Perhaps it would be wise if, from now on, all women taking long train rides kept a little chart pinned somewhere on their persons as a reminder to lubricate their fingertips every thousand miles. I'd hate to have them burn out a cuticle. Another task of Miss Crawford's second day is to lubricate her skin with texture creams. All this goes on while deserts, cacti, badlands, and plains fall behind.

Much of the final third of the journey—stockyards, steel mills, forests, and the Hudson—is given to experiments with powders, lipsticks, and rouge. In my mind's eye, I can see Miss Crawford bearing down upon Buffalo with cheeks of hollow gray. Her lips have a jovial upward turn at Rochester, a deep-lined, tragic downsweep at Utica. Long eyelashes at Schenectady, short, curly ones at Albany. Magenta rouge, cold

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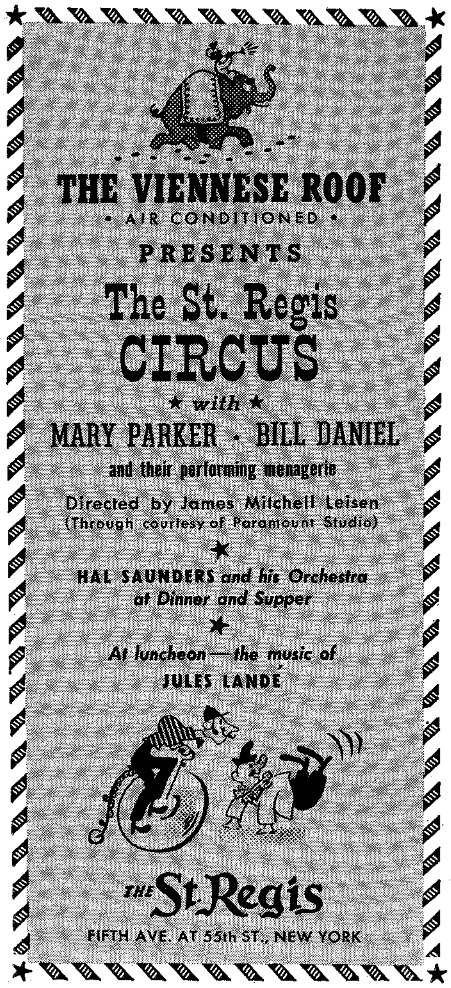
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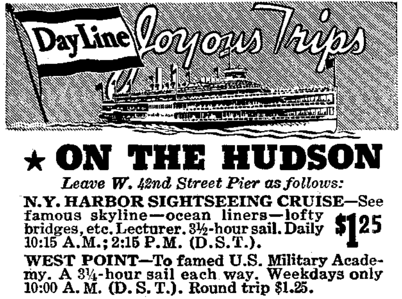
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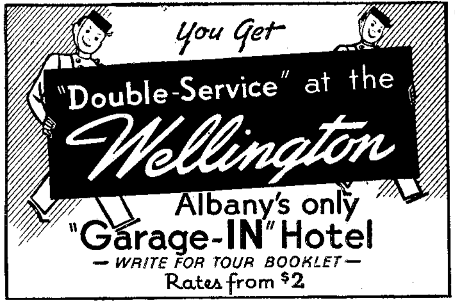
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red, hot red, Shocking pink as the singing rails go by.

THE test of Miss Crawford's mettle comes during the last hour, as her train is speeding down the Hudson toward New York. While average travellers spend these final minutes counting their pieces of luggage and getting panicky, Miss Crawford brushes her hair the regulation hundred strokes and gives herself a manicure.

This accomplished, and with perhaps eighteen minutes to go, she tackles what she calls, in the *World-Telegram* article, the "mascara problem." Problem, yes, but solved by Miss Crawford as if it were no more than one of my own trifling everyday difficulties. "I take a stand with my feet as far apart as possible," she says, "dig my elbow into the wall, and start to work." Eschewing any credit for a feat so fraught with peril on a moving train, she modestly adds, "It takes a steady nerve and the will to succeed, but it can be done if you brace yourself." This "will to succeed," it seems to me, is the important thing, and the result is that when Miss Crawford steps upon the platform at Grand Central Terminal, she is something to behold.

I have already prepared a telegram, to my senator. If he takes my advice, he will see to it that the railroad train, by Congressional fiat, is made a permanent feature of our national transportation system. Never mind those skysleepers and stratosphere planes. There's no time for lubrication.

—HOWARD WHITMAN

•

### Junior Honored

Corporal Russell E. Hoyt Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, announced last night that James Tobias '41, of Dunster House and Freemont, Ohio would be honored with the Post's first annual citizenship award for his attempt to save Lenna Levins, three-year-old baby from drowning in the Charles River on March 14.

The post commander expressed the hope that the award would improve relations between the veterans' organization and Harvard men. Last year the post's Memorial Day exercises were marred by the sniping by a Harvard student with an air rifle.—*Harvard Crimson.*

Somebody should have thrown a baby over.

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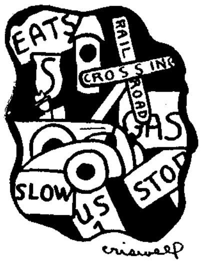
# MOTORS AND MOTORING

## *Tolls, Tolls, Tolls*

IF it isn't one thing, as you may have discovered, it's another. Take away a bluecoat and you get a red light; take away the red light and you get a tollbooth. It's true that you can drive today all the way from the green counties of Connecticut to Canal Street without encountering a single traffic light, but you still have to stop (at three points, to be exact), and every time you stop you have to fish around for a dime or pocket change with one hand while shifting with the other.



The people who build highways, it seems, have been better able to cope with the good, solid three dimensions of the earth than with the shadowy fourth one of economics. Since they must respect that quaint old capitalist custom called "footing the bill," their immediate reaction is to build another tollbooth. It's a reasonable one, I suppose, but I don't think we should boast too loudly of our unobstructed approaches to Manhattan till the last toll is taken and the last booth razed.

The latest addition to our system of fiscal fortifications is the Fleetwood Bridge toll barrier on the Cross County Parkway, which, as you doubtless know, cuts across southern Westchester, connecting the Hutchinson River Parkway with the Saw Mill River Parkway. At Fleetwood, the Cross County passes over the Bronx River, and there, on weekends, one used to see about the choicest collection of new cars in an old bottleneck to be found anywhere in the metropolitan area. A short while ago this knot was untied by the opening of the new bridge, a handsome, four-laned structure, well equipped with the latest in booths and cash registers. Westchester has found it legally easier to collect on a new bridge than on an old parkway, and that, possibly, is why the booths are at Fleetwood rather than elsewhere on the Cross County, although the bridge itself is so short that the collectors must almost be ashamed to take the money.

The toll in time at Fleetwood is the merest fraction of what the bottleneck used to exact; the toll in cash is ten cents, which seems fair enough, except that the Cross County Parkway continues to be one of the pokiest thoroughfares around. City-bound cars racing down through Fleetwood continue to pile up in jams further west, not only on the quarter-mile-or-so stretch of Yonkers Avenue, with its trolley tracks and all, but at the hazardous left turn off that avenue into the single feeder lane which winds into the already overcrowded Saw Mill River Parkway. It's good to know that new approaches will be completed there before the end of the summer, although they will, to be sure, do nothing to relieve the load on the Saw Mill.

THE nuisance of Fleetwood and the dime it costs you are trifling in themselves, but when you count up all the ten-cent, twenty-five-cent, and fifty-cent stops motorists are asked to make in getting around these parts, the effect is impressive; indeed, not one really satisfactory gateway to Manhattan is without a toll stop. Of course, the answer is that back in the days when all the roads into the city were as free as Fourteenth Street, there were no really satisfactory gateways to Manhattan at all; you had to battle your way through infuriating traffic scrums at ferry landings, at 225th Street and Broadway, at all the Harlem and East River bridges, and along Fordham Road.

Toll gates have unquestionably helped clean up the mess, but it's hard not to wonder where the tendency to install them is going to stop; already the number that have sprung up nearby is astonishingly large, and more are promised for the near future. It may surprise you, as it did me, to realize that there are now at least sixteen toll stops within fifty miles of New York. There may be others that I haven't come across, but here's a list of those with which I am familiar, together with their prices: Henry Hudson Bridge, ten cents; Fleetwood Bridge, ten cents; Merritt Parkway, ten cents; Perkins Memorial Drive (up Bear Mountain), ten cents; Marine Parkway Bridge (Brooklyn to Rockaway), ten cents; Far Rockaway-Atlantic Beach Bridge, twenty-five cents; Whitestone Bridge (Queens to the Bronx), twenty-five cents; Triborough Bridge, twenty-five cents; the Jones Beach causeways, twenty-five cents; Holland Tunnel, fifty cents; Lincoln Tunnel, fifty cents; George Washington Bridge, fifty cents; Bayonne Bridge (Staten Island to Bayonne), fifty cents; Goethals Bridge (Staten Island to Elizabeth), fifty cents; Outerbridge Crossing (Staten Island to Perth Amboy), fifty cents; Bear Mountain Bridge, eighty cents for car and driver, plus ten cents for each passenger. Later on, when the new Wilbur Cross Parkway is opened, extending the Merritt Parkway from its eastern terminus at Nichols, Connecticut, to New Haven and beyond, new tollbooths may sprout at Milford, east of the Housatonic River, adding a fourth dime to the New England run. I don't know what the Queens-Midtown Tunnel will charge. Tunnels seem to be fifty-cent jobs, but the East River, at current toll-bridge quotations, is a two-bit body of water.

THE most original car, in an elegant way, that I've seen in a long while is being exhibited, or was when I last checked up, in the Nash showrooms at Broadway and Fifty-fourth Street. There are only something like twenty in existence, four of which were allotted to New York. The model is the result of a collaboration between Nash and Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, who has some startling ideas about the design of automobile bodies, and the Nash people are gingerly trying it out on the public to see whether it would be a good thing to add to their regular line. The Count's creation is a six-passenger roadster—very low and very long. Its two doors have been cut down to elbow level and their tops padded with a roll of grain leather right where the window slots appear on convertibles and closed cars. This gives you all the comfort of an armchair while riding. There is the hitch that, since there are no windows, you have to snap on side curtains to keep out the rain, and I could wish that the manufacturers had seen their way clear to throwing in an automatic top. The upholstery is whipcord with leather facing, and the body of the car I saw was a rich wine red trimmed with copper bronze, a courageous departure from chromium. Others, I'm told, have been finished in tan, gray, and black and red. The price, delivered, is $2,500.

—L. K. B.

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### HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

A of the 14 first-omers were aduts. The hospita's pediatri department wi be opened in a few days. Notwithstanding the preponderane of women among the pioneer 14, no maternity ases were admitted yesterday. That department wi go into operation this morning for the first time.

# BOOKS

## *World's End*

TO those who still care to weigh such matters, it is becoming clear that the roots of this Armageddon lie deeply intertwined in the dark and bloody ground of the first World War and the deceptively tranquil years preceding it. The disentangling of this chaos of roots will someday provide a great theme for a great novelist. Some of the volumes of "Men of Good Will" already show what can be done, but much time must pass before the job can be successfully attempted. For we are all, writers and non-writers, groping in the thick of the forest now. Night is falling. We are too frightened or furious to care greatly *how* we came into this place. We ask only how to get out.

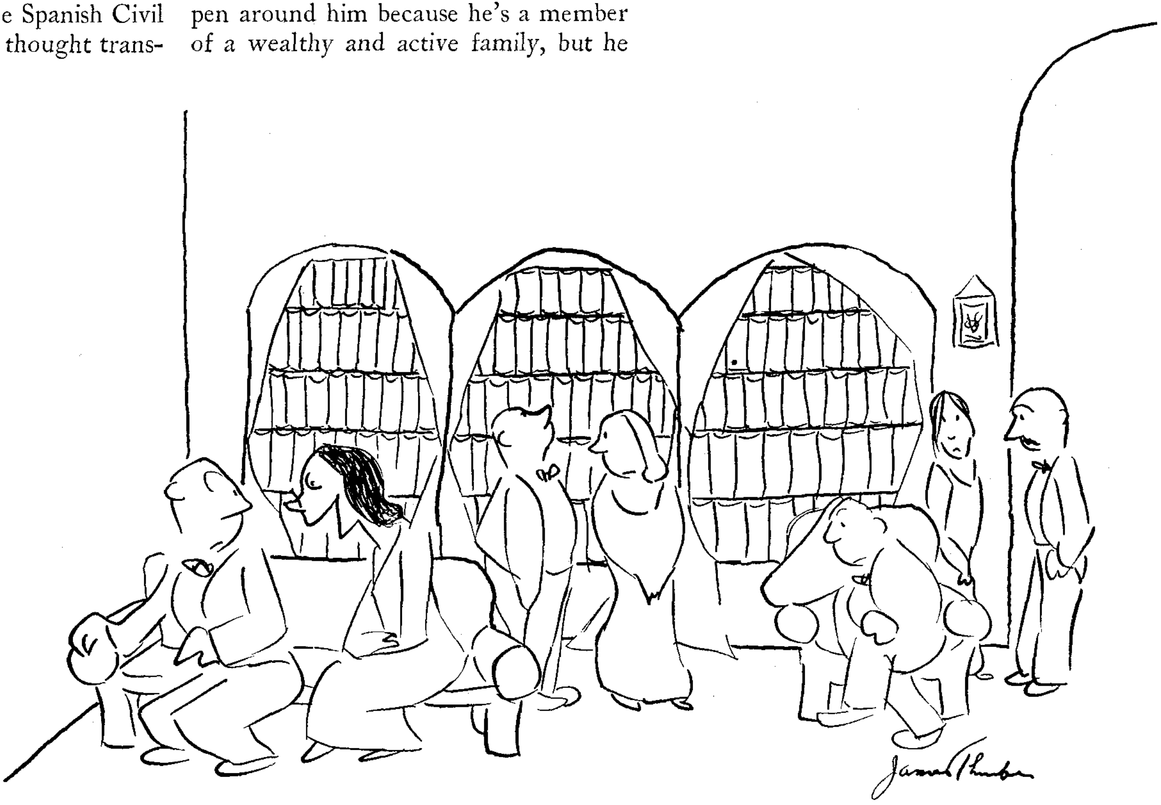
Still, there are men who, as the darkness deepens, pause for an instant and peer backward. Here, for example, is Upton Sinclair with 740 pages of earnest retrospection called "World's End." I suppose this curious hodgepodge of fiction, history, and journalism is his most ambitious novel. Certainly its subject is the most portentous he has ever tackled—and Mr. Sinclair has tackled, in the course of his fervid career, the Civil War, the packing industry, organized religion, education, prohibition, the Spanish Civil War, William Fox, and thought transmission.

If "World's End" is designed to show us the end of a world—and I think it is—it's just a vast, fairly interesting fiasco *d'estime*. The subject—Europe from 1913 to 1919—is too big even for the dauntless Upton Sinclair. He does not embrace its circumference and, more pertinently, he lacks the emotional equipment to penetrate it. Mr. Sinclair has many talents, among which temerity is one; sensibility is not one. "World's End" offers a slow-moving passing show of some of the events of the war years, reaching a climax in a 374-page "inside dope" narrative of the Versailles Conference. It propels a half-dozen plain and fancy love affairs across this stage. It studies—but not as thoroughly as does Taylor Caldwell—the machinations of the munitions manufacturers, both European and American, during the period. It opens up glimpses (and I don't think Mr. Sinclair is really at home here) of the fashionable and aesthetic worlds of the time. In other words, Mr. Sinclair covers a lot of ground without revealing much that we didn't know before.

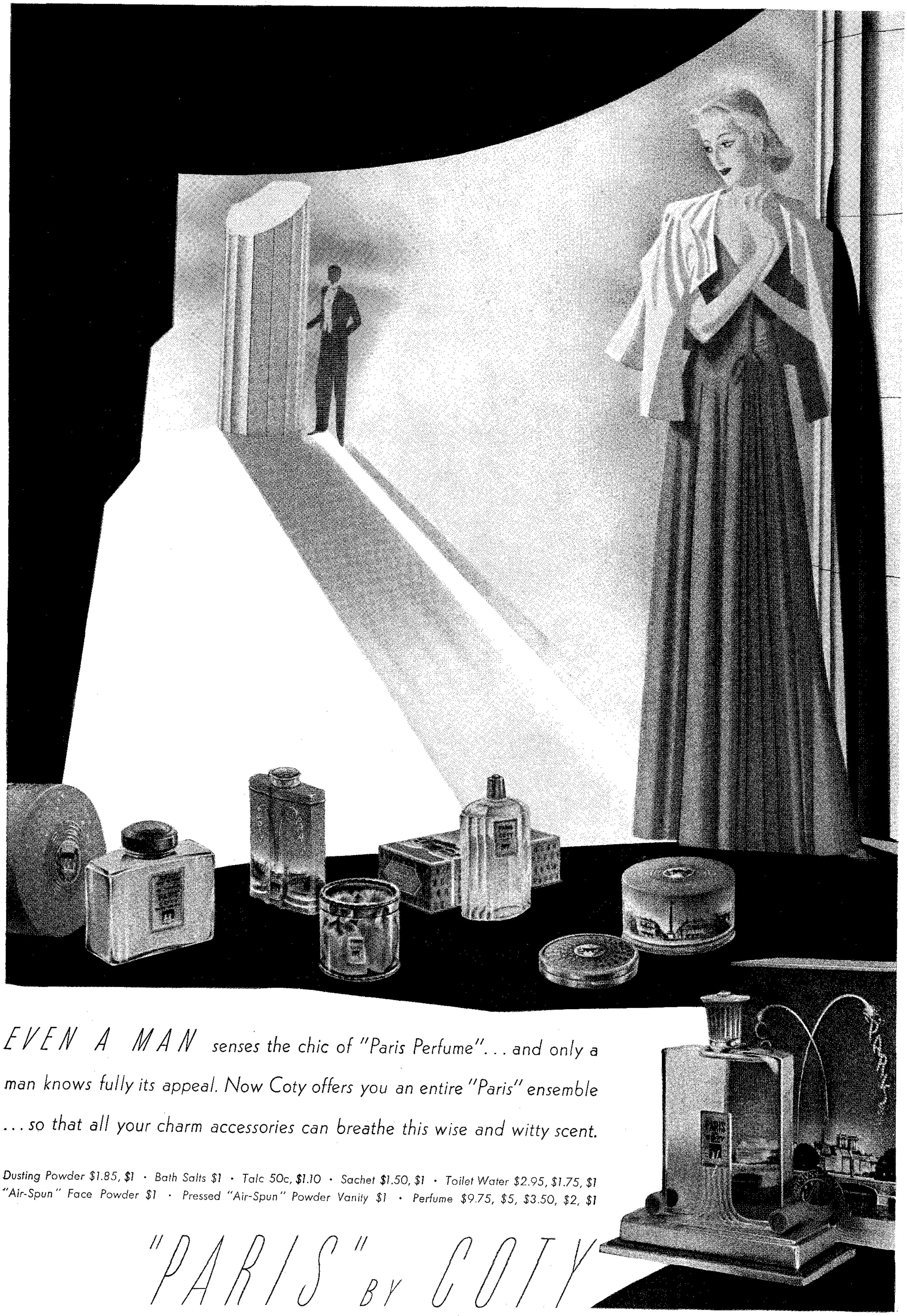
The centre of the chronicle is Lanning Budd, illegitimate son of Robert Budd of Budd Gunmakers. Lanny is in his early teens in 1913, too young and too rich to be caught in the conflict itself. He's American, but has lived in Europe all his life, and his viewpoint is meant to be cosmopolitan. Actually he has no viewpoint at all. He's a sponge soaking up the ideas and experience of others. The only salient feature of his amiable, mildly charming character is a not too sharp conflict between his impulse toward the life of art and the family tradition, which bids him become an American Zaharoff. As a matter of fact, we don't much care which he chooses in the end (it happens to be art). Lanny is simply a line laid across the centre of the story to give it pattern. Things happen around him because he's a member of a wealthy and active family, but he himself is colorless. Whether this is purposive or not on Mr. Sinclair's part, I cannot quite make out.

The flavor of the period has evidently been carefully studied. The costumes are all there, the popular songs, the appropriate Mark Sullivanisms. Isadora Duncan, Shaw, Dalcroze, T. E. Lawrence, Zaharoff, Anatole France, Wilson, Clemenceau go through the motions one would expect. The portraits of Wilson and Zaharoff are well done, though hardly penetrating; the rest are good reporting, with just a touch of imagination. Oh, I forgot; the author has done a first-rate job on Lincoln Steffens, the man who had seen the future in Russia and thought it worked.

I imagine most readers will weary before the final half of the book, dealing with the Peace Conference. To my mind it's the best part, though only when it's being least novelistic. Mr. Sinclair gives you a really lively sense of the chaos amid which the experts worked, the way in which Mr. Wilson was hoodwinked or perhaps merely tired out, the tragic inevitability with which the foundations for further slaughter were conscientiously laid, the criss-cross of national, class, and personal ambitions. This is good stuff, the effect of which is partially weakened by an



*"I'm so glad you're a writer—I'm just full of themes and ideas."*



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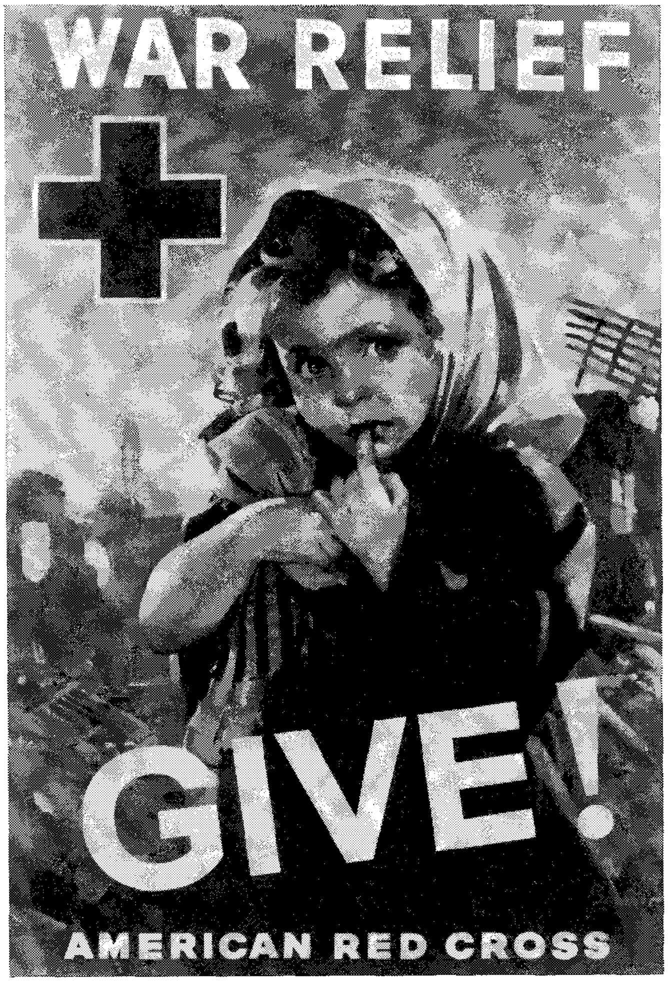
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E. Phillips Oppenheim spy-and-counter-spy intrigue that limps through it.

Though "World's End" is a failure, it's readable and surprisingly free of Mr. Sinclair's usual didactic touch. Not that it's expertly written. On the contrary, it exhibits that heavy energy which is the hallmark of Mr. Sinclair's style, and the prose at its worst is mid-Victorian. Here's a sample: "Lanny's mother, floating through life like a butterfly over a flower bed, was so charming and so gay that few would ever note how little honey she gathered." By this time, however, we have become used to the fact that Mr. Sinclair simply does not write well. It's possible to read him so quickly that you don't mind his crudities at all.

Perhaps, if Mr. Sinclair hadn't been so anxious to paint what is known as a crowded canvas—I haven't even mentioned the hundreds of two-dimensional figures that people "World's End"—the purport of his book would have been clearer. As it stands, it's partly the record of the education of a nice young playboy, partly an "Our Times" of the war, partly a patchwork of love stories, partly journalistic history. It isn't any one thing, and particularly it isn't a convincing demonstration of how the years 1913-1919 did their bit to produce the years 1938-19??.

It's the kind of novel that's so big and so serious and has so many famous names and crucial events in it that you figure maybe it's important. And then a few months later—I'm just guessing now—you realize it wasn't important at all, just long.

Douglas Reed, a clever British journalist whose "Insanity Fair" you may remember, has written a quick and easy biography of Otto Strasser, Hitler's Enemy No. 1 and a possible candidate for the leadership of the Fourth Reich, if any. It is called "Nemesis?" Reed feels that "Hitler has nearly played his part," that he's "finished," but before one condemns Reed for wishful thinking one should recall that his book was completed some months in advance of the present offensive against Western civilization. When it was written, Reed believed, together with most of us, that the Allies could not lose the war. A part of the foundation of "Nemesis?," therefore, has been cut away by the quick-moving scythe of Time.

What remains is an interesting, even thrilling story of the man who joined Hitler in 1925, fell out with him in 1930, was hunted over Europe for several years, and has been living in Paris,

*Clifton Fadiman says*—

**"'The Heart is a Lonely Hunter' is a sit-up-and-take-notice book for anyone to write, but that a round-faced, Dutch-bobbed girl of twenty-two should be the author makes hay of all literary rules and regulations.**

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Whose word is law
in farthest Borneo
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**Land Below The Wind**
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directing the secret organization of the Black Front. The Black Front aims to overthrow Hitler (whom Strasser hates with a bitter hatred because Hitler caused the murder of his brother Gregor in the purge) and replace the present abomination with a new and, to my mind, not very promising kind of society. Strasser will emphasize socialism rather than nationalism but will retain some of the Hitlerite policies, including anti-Semitism, this to be pursued "in dignified form." (Reed, by the way, is candidly anti-Semitic himself; in fact, he has contempt for the Führer because Hitler, he thinks, is hypocritical in his treatment of the Jews.)

What Reed is after is to have the Allies support Strasser instead of being fooled by Göring, whom he believes will be Hitler's probable successor. I don't think he need worry; Englishmen, Frenchmen, and, may I add, Americans are not going to be fooled now or ever by anyone who mouths totalitarian phrases, whether it be Göring or anyone else. I'm not convinced by this book that Strasser is really the man to effect a regeneration of the German spirit after the war, but Reed does his lively best for him. His book is interesting and full of hitherto unrevealed Nazi intrigues and politics, but its analysis of the internal situation in Germany and the war on the Continent makes little sense in view of recent happenings.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

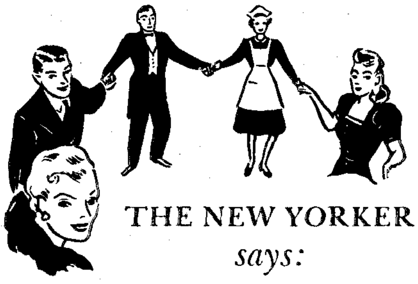
### FICTION

REHEARSAL, by Fredericka Faxon. The story of a woman's life and of the three men she loved. The locale is a New England city in the twentieth century. Miss Faxon has attempted a serious job of character drawing, and as such her book commands respect. But she has forgotten that a novelist's chief job is to be interesting; she is sometimes tedious and stiff. Give her credit for a good try.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON, by Robert Neumann. A present-day "Bridge of San Luis Rey," the dénouement taking place in Palestine when a miscellaneous group of Jews are killed in a bus that plunges over a cliff. Mr. Neumann tells the story of each of them and of how they came together, with many shrewd comments on the modern world.

### GENERAL

DEMOCRACY AND THE THIRD TERM, by Fred Rodell. Short, above-the-



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battle discussion of the history and present status of the third-term tradition—a principle, says the author, which has degenerated into a prejudice since Jackson's time, though the dangers of patronage control are still evident. He believes the Republicans can win in November "only by hitting the President squarely on his foreign policy." If they don't, he thinks, F. D. R. will be the first third-term President.

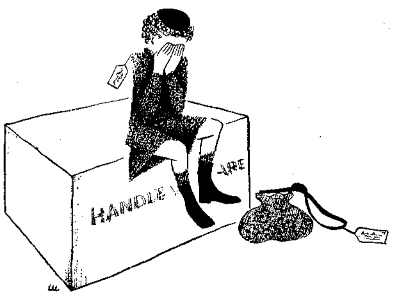
WE PRESENT TELEVISION, edited by John Porterfield and Kay Reynolds. Twelve pioneers—executives, writers, engineers, actors, directors—give us an over-all view of a new communication device. Interesting stuff, and not too difficult. Introduction by Waldemar Kaempffert. Illustrated.

EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION AFTER SIXTY YEARS, by J. G. Pratt, J. B. Rhine, Burke M. Smith, Charles E. Stuart, and Joseph A. Greenwood. Summary of the evidence for and criticism of E.-S.P. investigations, by the Duke University group, including the author of "New Frontiers of the Mind." Very technical. Illustrated.

CHALLENGING YEARS, by Harriot Stanton Blatch and Alma Lutz. The autobiography commenced by Mrs. Blatch, the daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has been carried on by Alma Lutz, who recently published a biography of Mrs. Stanton. Solid, earnest, but good-humored history of the women's-rights movement, half social, half missionary, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Foreword by Mary R. Beard. Illustrated.

UP FOR AIR, by Frank Meier. A veteran professional diver from New York's East Side tells his story: Navy diving, salvage work, treasure-hunting, sharks, octopuses, and so on. A ghost writer may have taken a hand in the narrative, but it is absorbing stuff, nevertheless. Much of it has come out in the magazines. Illustrated.

MODERN ARCTIC EXPLORATION, by Gunnar Seidenfaden, translated from the Danish by Naomi Walford. An intelligent book about the methods



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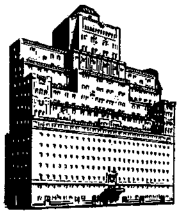

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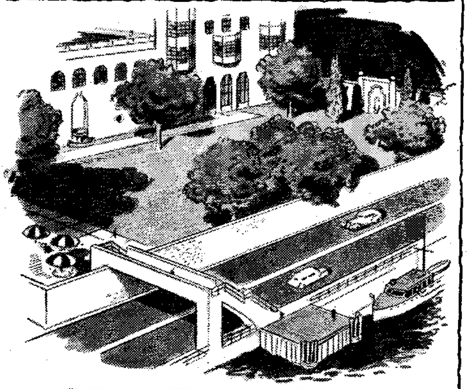

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and equipment of present-day polar exploration, with notes on its value to the sciences. Introduction by Peter Freuchen. Excellent photographs.

THE PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY, by Harry A. Franck and Herbert C. Lanks. Mr. Franck's text and Mr. Lanks' many photographs describe and picture in detail the motor road from the Texas border to the Canal Zone, including those parts of it still under construction in Central America.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WHISPERING CUP, by Mabel Seeley. Solveig Nayes returns to the small Minnesota town where she was born and finds malice, murder, and love waiting for her on Main Street. A really spectacular job of writing by a woman who is leading the field in American mystery fiction.

MURDER ON THE FACE OF IT, by Emma Lou Fetta. Alma Peters, empress of the American cosmetic industry, is found dead aboard the steamship Island of England, a suicide note on the night table by her bed. Lyle Curtis, Assistant District Attorney of New York, discovers that Miss Peters busied herself with more than lipsticks. Very fine mystery, remarkably free from feminine clichés in spite of a background of fashion shows and cocktail parties.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS, by Michael Innes. English family reunion at Belrive Priory, where the cousins, reckoned by the dozens, play at Shakespearean quotations and target shooting. A member of the gathering gets shot, thus saving himself from being bored to death. Lots of words in this one for highly educated readers who find them soothing, but feathebrains may fall asleep.

MURDER IN THE BLACKOUT, by J. Russell Warren. Timely tale of murder when the people of Trenton, England, stage a blackout rehearsal for an expected air raid. Although the rehearsal is apparently all in fun, a young lady is found dead, bandaged and wearing a gas mask. May aggravate readers who get impatient when a character holds back and won't tell all he knows.

•

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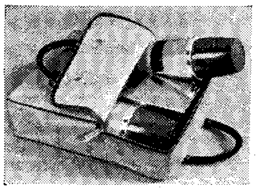

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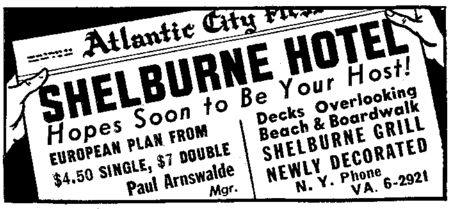

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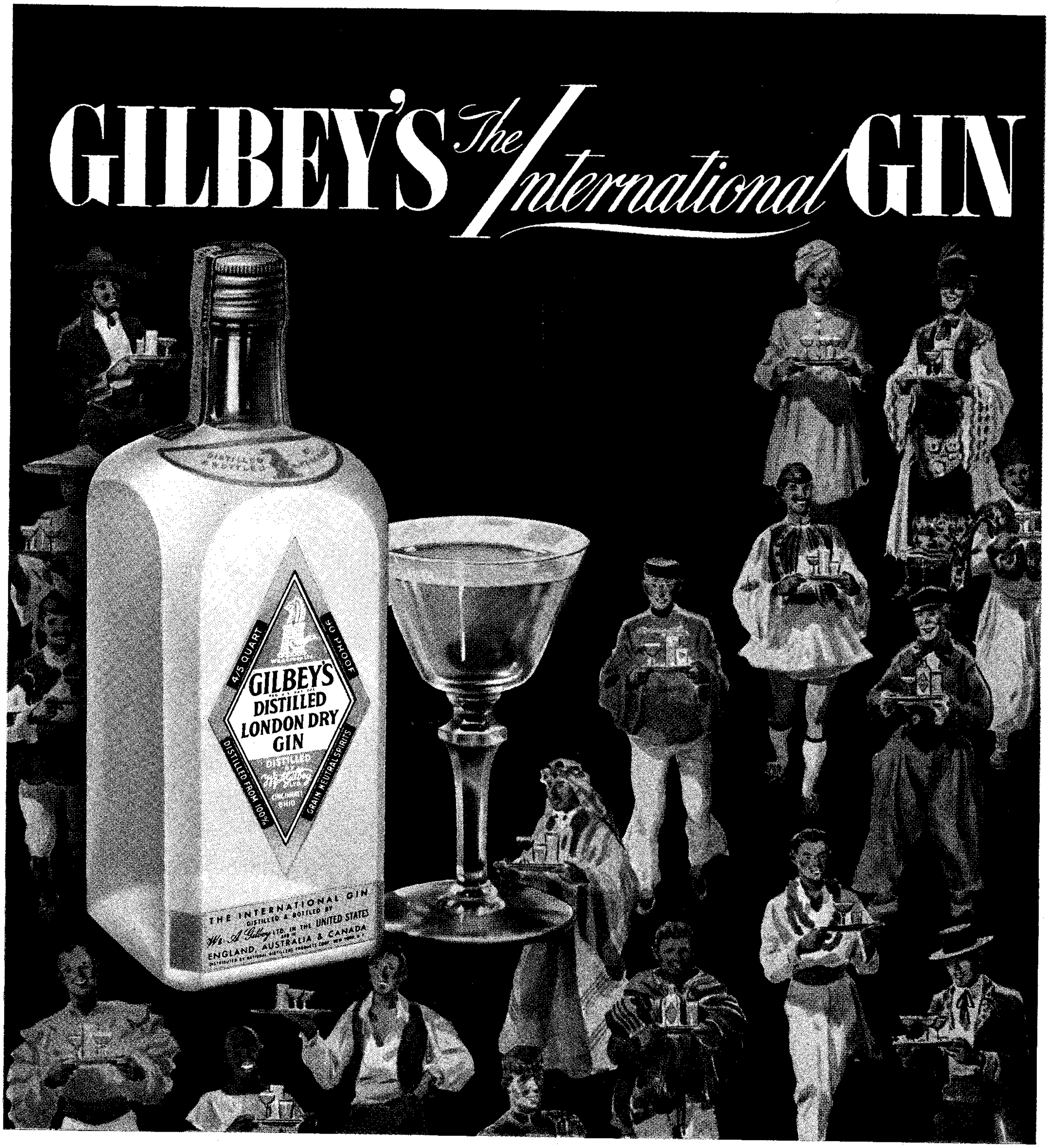
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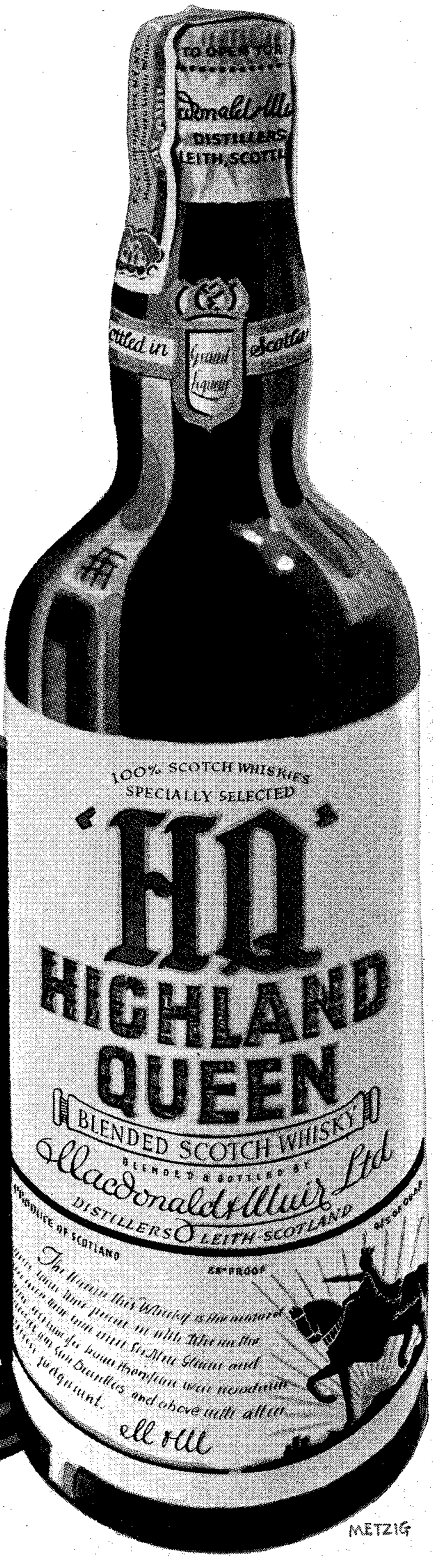
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